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R. Polwhele

Born 1760. Living 1826.

Published by J. Nichols & Son, Jan.y 1826

TRADITIONS

AND

RECOLLECTIONS;

DOMESTIC, CLERICAL, AND LITERARY;

IN WHICH ARE INCLUDED

LETTERS

OF

CHARLES II. CROMWELL, FAIRFAX,

EDGECUMBE, MACAULAY, WOLCOT,

OPIE, WHITAKER, GIBBON, BULLER, COURTENAY, MOORE, DOWNMAN, DREWE, SEWARD, DARWIN, COWPER, HAYLEY, HARDINGE, SIR WALTER SCOTT,

AND

OTHER DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS.

Frequenter hortatus es, ut Epistolas colligerem publicaremque. Servato ordinis tempore, collegi. Superest, ut nec te consilii, nec me pœnitent obsequii.

.....Hoc est
Vivere bis, vitâ posse priore frui.

By the REV. R. POLWHELE,

VICAR OF NEWLYN AND ST. ANTHONY, AND AN HONORARY ASSOCIATE OF THE ROYAL LITERARY SOCIETY.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. I.

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LONDON:
PRINTED BY AND FOR JOHN NICHOLS AND SON,
25, PARLIAMENT STREET.

1826.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following "Traditions and Recollections" were originally put together for the sole use of the Author's very large family. He had intended to print no more than fifty copies. But the Editor, assured that the Anecdotes and Letters would be extremely interesting to the Public (and pleased with the numerous specimens of poetry as yet unprinted), has prevailed on the Author to permit them to go beyond a private circle.

To obviate a strong objection that the charge of vanity would be incurred by such a publication, the Editor had no scruple in stating his opinion, that the production of the praises of critics, and of complimentary letters from the highest authorities, must be deemed no other than an honest vindication of a literary character, which has either been unaccountably neglected, or unfeelingly calumniated.

Parliament-street, Jan. 1, 1826. J. N.

INTRODUCTION.

In recollecting "the years that are passed," I have endeavoured to distribute my materials in lucid order; and my children's children will be gratified with clear and interesting views of characters and transactions.

The Work consists of Eleven Chapters and an Appendix. Every Chapter is divided into two Sections: the first Section exhibiting Notices, Biographical and Critical; the second Section, Familiar Letters and Poetic Epistles. The two Sections run parallel in point of time; the second illustrative of the first.

In apology for my "Traditions and Recollections," I have nothing to offer.

To address myself to those who are deficient in candour, would be frivolous; and the more liberal will recognise in me, without a clue, the pleasure which is satisfied with "the praise of the praised"—not the wish for indiscriminate ap-

plause. I am assured that, in all I have written, they will discover more frequently the sentiments of friendship than the effusions of vanity. And they will oftener perceive a becoming vindication of character, and a correction of erroneous statements, than the obtrusion of dogmatical opinion, or an invidious spirit of recrimination. Whether I have respect to my Domestic, or Clerical, or Literary life, in no passage, I trust, will even my enemies detect the slightest symptom of petulance or censoriousness; though I am aware of expressions which they may readily place to the account of a wounded sensibility.

In regard to "the Familiar Letters," my friends have repeatedly suggested to me, that a correspondence of forty years might admit of many valuable selections; especially as the writers were for the most part distinguished persons, whose sketches of a careless moment may be more amusing than compositions finished for immortality.

R. P.

Polwhele,
near Truro, 1825.

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TRADITIONS

AND

RECOLLECTIONS.

CHAPTER I.

SECTION I.

Notices chiefly Genealogical.

BEFORE I proceed to my "RECOLLECTIONS," it may not be improper to state to my children a few particulars of a family to which (as to other respectable houses of long standing) Cornwall was indebted for many substantial services.

In paying my compliments, therefore, to my predecessors, let me premise, that at the time of the Norman Conquest, about two miles east of Truro, stood the *Castle* of POLWHELE, not far, probably, from that high ground called "The Barrows*," in which sepulchral urns had been de-

* "The barrow," or "barrow-close," refers us unquestionably to those early days, when the bodies of the dead were burnt and deposited in urns. At no great distance from what is a *via strata*,

posited (and were not long since dug up), and between which and the present mansion-house, fragments of gothic arches and pillars, and sculptured and inscribed stones, and baptismal fonts (the work of after ages), have been discovered, and are perhaps still discoverable.

At the other extremity of what is now the parish of St. Clement, stood the *Castle* of MORESK, overshadowing from its turrets "a branch of the sea." Not a vestige of it remains; nor will tradition assist us in tracing out its site with accuracy; but its name implies "the sea-creek house."

Of *Moresk* (in Domesday *Moireis)* Ordulf was the owner in the time of Edward the Confessor; and when the Exeter survey was taken (before the year 1083), the Earl of Moreton and his villeins were its owners or occupiers.

The manor of *Polwhele*, in Domesday *Polhel*, was occupied by Winus de Polhal (or Polwel or Polwyl) under Edward the Confessor, and then by Ulfius, a villein of the Earl of Moreton *; but

the "Silver close" is Roman. Adjoining to this field are two inclosures, called the San-parc and the San-parc-meadows; and San-parc is "the sacred enclosure." Here we have a memorial of later times, when a plot of ground contiguous to the church or the chapel of the manor-house, was usually consecrated and set apart for burial. Another field on Polwhele *Edles* or *Ethedles* (*i. e.* the court-house or palace of Ethed or Ethelred) points to the Saxons. In a vale about a mile distant, is the village of Edles, once the property of Polwhele, as was all the intermediate highland.

* The last syllable of a Cornish dissyllable is, properly, long. Of this the Normans were not aware, nor are the English at

this was a temporary occupation. To make room for the Earl of Moreton, the Conqueror had expelled the former Earl and all his adherents from their hereditary lands.

In the year 1140 (when we see Stephen her prisoner) the Empress Matilda had immediately respect to her friends, who had assisted her in fighting her battles. To the Cornish she was more especially attached; and in this very year (1140) we find her giving lands in Cornwall to Drogo de Polwheile, her Chamberlain *.

Amidst the obscurity of ancient records, there is one point sufficiently plain, that the Cornish Earls, like the Princes they succeeded, affecting independence, were frequently at enmity with the English Monarchs; and, after the creation of the

present, laying the stress on the first syllable of a word, and pronouncing and spelling the last, ad libitum. Hence Polwhēle, or Polwhēēlē, was pronounced and spelt Pōlhăl, Pōlwăl, Pōlwyl, &c. &c. indiscriminately. There were several branches of the Polwheles once flourishing in Middlesex, Staffordshire, and Herefordshire; but there exists not one at present. Whence came that respectable family the *Polhills?* Had the Polwheles and the Polhills one common origin?

* By a deed which begins thus, "*Drogoni de Polwheile Camerario meo,*" &c. &c. This family document bears date 1140. Tonkin calls this Drogo "The Lord Chamberlain of the Empress Matilda." *See Tonkin's MSS. penès Lord de Dunstanville.* See in the Gentleman's Magazine for January 1823, a curious letter from my friend Mr. Bowles, respecting the foundation of St. Mary *De Drownfont*, or "*the fountain of Drogo, Chamberlain of the Empress Matilda.*" Unquestionably the very Drogo who stands at the head of the Polwhele pedigree.

Duchy, even the Duke of Cornwall was often seen acting in opposition to the King of England.

Of the Castles of Moresk and Polwhele we have no distinct account till the reign of Edward IV. It was then, in 1473, that William of Worcestre came into Cornwall; and in the vicinity of Truro he notices these two rival castles. The Castle of Polwhele was the property of a gentleman then in the service of *the King*, as Worcestre tells us. The Castle of Moresk was occupied by a vassal of the *Duke of Cornwall*, standing near the sea, at the extreme point of the Duchy manor. Polwhele, unconnected with the Duchy, and independent of the Dukes, "in *Villa* Polwhele," or "on the *Manor*," (as Worcestre expresses it,) had towered on a commanding site for ages. But we are told by Worcestre, who passed the night in "Villa Polwhele," a guest of Otho, that the Castle of Polwhele was then reduced to ruins; and it was so reduced, probably, by the adherents of Queen Margaret. Of Otho we have the following notice in the family pedigree, in perfect correspondence with Worcestre: "John Polwhyle de Polwhyle [37 Henry VI.] married Alicia, the daughter and heiress of Otho Lukie, whose son and heir was Otho Polwheile de Polwheile [Edw. IV.], who married Mary, the daughter and heiress of Walter Killigrew. It appears that Stephen, son of Otho, married Mary, the daughter of Erisie* de Erisie, or Erizzey;

* It should seem, that "Erizzey" was pronounced "He-

that John, their son, married the heiress of Tresawell de Tresawell; and that John, their son, married Grace, the daughter of Lower de Trelask; and this John was Knight of the Shire 4th and 5th of Philip and Mary. It is remarkable, that of the families which had the honour of producing persons to represent their native county, from Edw. I. to Phil. and Mary, not one exists at the present day, except Basset, Tremayne, and Polwhele. I possess the picture of John, an admirable portrait. Dr. Wolcot used to say (in his hyperbolical style) that it was "a sun, at whose sight all the stars of the Royal Academy would hide their diminished heads." And Opie (employed in painting my portrait), when he first saw my whiskered ancestor, "gaped in wonderment."

The pedigree exhibits the son and heir of John, the member for Cornwall, as "Degorius de Polwhele et Treworgan," who married Catherine, daughter and coheiress of Robert Trencreek, of Treworgan, the first Recorder of the Borough of Truro, under the charter of Elizabeth *. The son

REST" in the time of James I. from a pun of that facetious King upon the name, in compliment to the *orthodoxy* of Mr. Erisie, then at Court. *See Tonkin's MSS. penès Lord De Dunstanville.*

* The four daughters and heiresses of Trencreek were married—1st, Julian, to Carminow; 2nd, Jane, to Penwarne; 3rd, Catharine, to Polwhele; 4th, Honor, to Mohun. Some little scattered property still remains with the Polwhele family, a memorial of their alliance with Mohun and Carminow; as also a few small tenements commemorative of their connexion with Edgcumbe, Glanville, and Godolphin. In the north aisle of the old church at St. Erme there was an aged monument

and heir of Degory, "Thomas, superstes 1620," married "Dionysia fil. Johannis Glanville de Ta-

(now placed in the vestry-room of the new church), charged with five shields of armorial bearings.—1st. *Trencreek*, quartering a chevron between three dolphins, and impaling *Vivian*. 2nd. *Carminow*, impaling *Trencreek*. 3rd. *Penwarne*, impaling *Trencreek*. 4th. *Polwhele*, impaling *Trencreek*. 5th. *Mohun*, impaling *Trencreek*.

It is remarkable, that Vivian's arms, Az. three fishes in pale Arg. are the same as those which belonged to the Bodmin Priory.

Isabella, daughter of Polwhele (who married Trencreek), was married to Richard Chiverton, of Trehunsey in Quithiock, and had eleven children; one of whom, Sir Richard Chiverton, was Lord Mayor of London in 1658.

The epitaphs on the Chivertons, in Quethiock church, are curious.

On Richard Chiverton, who died July 28, 1617:—

"Friends (whoe'er you be) forbeare
On this stone to shed a teare:
Keep thine ointment, for indeede
Bounty is made goode by neede.
Here are *they* whose *amber* eyes
Have embalm'd the obsequies:
Who will think you doe them wronge,
Offeringe what to them belonge?
Beside this, their sacred shrine
Sleights the *myrrhe* of *others* eyne.
Then forbeare — when these growe drye,
We will weepe, both thou and I."

Epitaph on Isabella his wife, who died May 25, 1631:—

"My birth was in the month of May,
And in that month my nuptial day.
In May a mayde, a wife, a mother;
And now in May nor one nor other.
So flowers do flourish, so they fade;
So things to be undone are made.
My stalk here withers; yet there bee
Some lively branches sproute from me;

vistock, unius Justiciar. de communi Banco." Of the Judge and his lady there is a stately monument in Tavistock Church, and a good painting in this house, of which I once saw a copy at Godolphin, now in possession, I suppose, of the Duke of Leeds.

John, son of Thomas and Dionysia, married a Baskerville of Dorset. He was member for Tregoney; his colleague Sir Richard Vyvyan of Trelowarren, Knight. In 1643 we observe this gentleman and his relations and friends, Lord Mohun, and Edgecumbe, and Glanville, and Godolphin, and Lower, and Killigrew, rallying round the sacred person of Majesty: and, at Oxford, the magnificent hall of Christ Church was their senate-house. (See King Charles's Works, vol. II. pp. 375, 376—384, 385.) To his loyalty this faithful senator, John Polwhele*, devoted a large part of

On which bestowe thine April rayne,
So they the livelier may remayne:
But here forbeare—for why? 'tis sayd,
Tears fit the livinge, not the dead."

* There was a great intimacy between *John Polwhele* and the grandfather of Tonkin, the Cornish historian. "My grandfather (says the credulous historian) being seized with the spotted fever, which carried him off July 6, 1672, and his old friend *John Polwhele, Esq.* (who had been his fellow prisoner in Pendennis Castle) dying the same night, and, as it is supposed, the same moment, at his seat of Treworgan..... my grandfather, as he was expiring, cried out three times, 'Polwhele! Polwhele! Polwhele!'..... to signify, as it were, that as they had suffered together in this world, so they were going together to partake of an eternal reward in the next. This I had both from the eldest daughter of my aunt Ley, and from a servant of

his patrimonial estate. His brother Degory, fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, was created M.D.

his, Will. Rickard, who were both present when he died." *Tonkin's MSS. penès De Dunstanville.*

In 1677 we find *Thomas Polwhele* vicar of Newlyn.

It was in this year that *Nicholas Borlase,* of Treludra in Newlyn, was buried, on the 9th of November. This Nicholas Borlase had been colonel of horse for the King; a title on which he so much valued himself, that he inserted it, to his dying day, in all his deeds. "I have heard (says Tonkin) a pleasant story of him, from my father, and the old Mr. Wood of Withiel. There was no good blood between him and the old Richard Lord Arundel; from their being, perhaps, too near neighbours, living in the same parish, and there being no great difference in their estates. Alluding to an exploit, therefore, on which he valued himself, his Lordship would often hit him in the teeth with "how he routed a great detachment of the Parliament army with only one single troop of his regiment."—"Yes (added the Lord Arundel), by running away." The fact was, the Colonel being very much pressed, and making a running fight, had so much presence of mind, as to set a large brake of furze on fire in the night, which the parliament forces taking for the fires made on the approach of the King's army, immediately fled, and left him both bag and baggage, which he seized the next morning.

The usurping powers would never admit Colonel Borlase to a composition, but kept him out of the greatest part of his large fortune, till the Restoration; and he, with his whole family, would have been reduced to beggary, but for another stratagem very singular and curious. One Sunday, under a pretended mistake for another's, he placed himself in the Protector's seat; and shuffling to get out, on Oliver's entering it, "No, no (saith he), cousin Borlase! I am glad to see *you* here!" (for Borlase was a papist) and he kept him with him during the sermon; and, withal, smelling the joke, promised him assistance, on his preferring a petition for a maintenance. The Protector was as good as his word. *Tonkin's MSS. penès De Dunstanville.*

Not a relic of the Borlase, worth noticing, remains at Tre-

by that University in 1660. In the Chancellor's letters for that purpose we find the following ac-

ludra. I looked for the old Treludra pippin, the parent of pippins, equal, I think, in flavour to the golden; but I found the stump only of the original tree.

Amidst all the acrimony of the civil war, urbanity was a distinguishing feature of "the Cornish gentleman." It was more, indeed, than urbanity; it was genuine benevolence. Tonkin speaks thus of —— Lance, Esq. of Penare, in St. Clement's: "Though a Justice of the Peace under the usurping powers, he behaved himself with great civility to the distrest cavaliers, whom he redressed as well as he could (as I have been informed by Mr. Polwhele, whose family owe their decay to these villainous times), and was looked upon as a fine gentleman." *See Tonkin's MSS. in St. Clement's, penès Lord De Dunstanville.*

I have said that the Cornish, in this war, were peculiarly liberal in their allowance for opposing sentiments and interests. We must here except the Arundels, who were so inflamed with loyal zeal, that they treated even their relations on the contrary side with unrelenting cruelty; and they met with reprisals. "John Arundel of Trerise, known by the name of "*the old Tilbury*," (as having been in the camp there in 1588), or *John for the King*, was a colonel in the King's army, and governor of Pendennis Castle, which he bravely defended against the rebel army till forced to surrender it for want of ammunition. One of his daughters died in a boat on the *Ore*, before Truro, where the family were refused admission." "A Colonel John Arundel, son of old Tilbury, breaking in on the enemy's intrenchments at the siege of Plymouth, in 1644, was shot dead on the spot by Captain Braddon, who had the assurance to go to Trerice, and demand of the old gentleman the reward given by parliament to one that should kill a field-officer of the King's army." "The parliament was so exasperated against the whole family, that, deprived of their whole estate, they were reduced to great distress during the usurpation." *Tonkin's MSS. penès Lord De Dunstanville.*

"John Arundel (says Hals) had such zeal in that war, that it suppressed in him all natural affection. To his relation, Colonel Hals, who, immured in Lidford dungeon, addressed to him a

count of him: "That he had, from the beginning of the late unhappy troubles, vigorously and faithfully served his Majesty, under the command of Ralph Lord Hopton, then Sir James Smith, in the quality of a major of horse, and continued in arms until the surrender of Pendennis Castle; from whence he went to his late Majesty of blessed memory, and afterwards* followed his now Majesty (Charles II.) in Holland and Flanders; and, in and about the year 1650, he returned into Cornwall, his native county, where he betook himself to the study and practice of physic." *See Walker's Sufferings of the Clergy, &c. under Oxford.*

John, son of John of Polwhele and Treworgan, married a Redinge of Northampton. His son and heir, Richard of Polwhele and Treworgan (my grandfather), married Collins.

Of the Polwheles Carew thus speaks: "We will close this hundred with the gentlemen of mark ..... Polwhele, whose name is deduced

letter representing his sufferings, he made only this verbal answer: 'that he would hasten, if possible, his deliverance from Lidford jail, by a gallows execution, which he and his companions well deserved'." *Hals's MSS.*

* The tradition is, that some of the royal family took refuge at Polwhele. I cannot vouch for the truth of this; but that the King and Prince Charles had a frequent intercourse with the Polwheles at Oxford, and Boconnoc, and Truro, and Mount-Edgecumbe, I have royal documents to prove. Queen Henrietta, passing through Cornwall, was assisted on her way by one or two of our family, to whom she presented (it is said) her miniature picture.

from his dwelling, and his dwelling may be interpreted *the miry work;* linked in wedlock with the coheir of Trencreek, in English the *town of the borough.* His mother was Lower of Trelask. Polwhele beareth Sable, a saltier engrailed Erm." To which Tonkin subjoins: "I think Polwhele should rather signify 'the top of the work,' according to the situation of the place, it lying high. This place gave name to a family of very great antiquity, which flourished here before the conquest; about which time they were so eminent, that Drew de Polwhele was Chamberlain to William the Conqueror's Queen (it should be Maud the Empress). Ever since the said Drew, they have lived in much esteem in this their ancient habitation, till Degory P. on his marriage with Catherine, daughter of Trencreek, removed to Treworgan. The present possessor, Richard P. Esq. was Sheriff of *Cornwall* 9th of Geo. I. This family were forced to sell a large part of their estate for their loyalty to Charles I." *See Lord De Dunstanville's Carew, p.* 338. The Polwhele crests are, "a blackmoor's head, with an olive-branch in its mouth," and a "bull *Gules,* with horns *Or.*" The Polwhele motto, "Charena whelas Charena."

Richard was High Sheriff of the county of Cornwall in the reign of George I. He married Mary, sister of that learned divine, Edward Collins, Vicar of St. Erth and Breage, and of John Collins (of Penhellick), who married Miss Basset, aunt to the present Lord De Dunstanville of Tehidy Park. Thomas, son of Richard Polwhele,

" married (says Gilbert*) Mary, daughter of R. Thomas, alderman of Truro, by whom he had issue Richard, Mary, and Grace. Grace, a child of uncommon intellect, and a sweetness of temper the most engaging, died at eleven years of age. Mary is resident at Bath. Richard, author of the histories of Devon and Cornwall, is the present representative of the family." " The above-mentioned Thomas Polwhele, Esq. was a gentleman much respected and esteemed both in public and private life, for his sound judgment, impartiality, and integrity, as well as for the urbanity of his manners and benevolence of his heart. By his noble relation, Edgecumbe of Mount Edgecumbe, he was presented with a sword, in 1745, which he had no sooner drawn against the Rebels, than their defeat at the battle of Culloden restored it to its sheath; and, as deputy-lieutenant, &c. &c. he was equally inclined to serve his country. Much, however, is it to be regretted, that his severe lot was, seclusion from that society to which those abilities, and that disposition, might have been so highly beneficial; as the gout, to which he died an early victim, long chained him to his couch. It was there his exemplary fortitude and resignation were witnessed by many, who still survive to lament how rare, at this moment, are such truly christian virtues."

" The present *manor-house* (says Lysons) is now enlarging for the family residence †."

* See Gilbert's Hist. Survey, &c. vol. II. p. 240.

† See Lysons's Cornwall, p. 60.

With these glances at the pedigree of the Polwheles I must close this Section; not stopping to particularize such intermarriages as would display their alliance with the distinguished houses of Carminow, Mohun, Edgecumbe, Arundel, and Dunstanville.

Section II.

Letters of Charles the Second; Cromwell; Fairfax; Basset; Waller; Edgecumbe.

Letter from E. Edgecumbe *Esq. to the worshipful* John Polwhele, *Esq.* *

Lincoln's Inne, January 7, 1637.

* * * * * * *

* * * * * * *

Parson Harrison, who was indicted in the King's Bench on Monday, was fined £5000 to the King,

* In a MS volume of Poems, by John Polwhele, I find an elegy on the death of his honoured friend, Richard Edgcumbe of Bodrugan, Esq. (January 1655), full of conceits: but a pleasing vein of tenderness runs through it.

* * * * * * * *

" Keepe perfecte peace in mine owne conscience,
Be kinde as love, harmlesse as innocence,
Beare all with patience, malice can impose,
Counting myselfe a gainer while I lose.

and was this day presented to all the Courts in Westminster, with a paper in his hat signifying his offence; and though he were ordered by the Court to read his submission, which was drawne up in writing, yett his stowtenes would not give him heart to read that parte which concerned his offence against the judge. He was afterwards carried back to the King's Bench; and what will be

* * * * * * * *

Then! not till then shall I be qualifyed
To guesse at whatt He did before he dyed."

* * * * * * *

" How did ideas of pure spirit rest
On him, to keepe a sabbath in his brest—
A little Heaven!"
" Humilitye enogh was in that man
To dwarfe the sons of Anak to a span.
How like a falcon—gentle, when most high,
Would seeme but verye little to the eye!"

* * * * * * *

His lines on Sir John Elliot, who died a prisoner in the Tower of London, in 1632, shew uncommon candour, as his political sentiments by no means corresponded with Eliot's.

" Heer a musitian lyes, whose well-tuned tongue
Was great Apollo's harpe, soe sweetly strunge,
That every cadence was on harmonye,
Noe crotchets in his musicke! onlye hee
Charmed the attentive burgesses alonge,
Ledde by the eares to listen to his songe.

* * * * * * * *

" For innocence, sad widdowes, orphan's teares,
(The dumbe petitioners of unfeigned feares)
How smoothlye could thine eloquence alone
Create a helpinge pittie where was none."

* * * * * * * *

Jo. Polw.

the issue of this his contempt, I know not. The Judge is left at liberty to right himselfe, by taking his legall course against him. Sir Richard Wiseman received his doom in the Starre-chamber yesterday, where he was fined £10,000 to the King, £5000 to my Lord Keeper, £1000 to Mr. Justice Jones, and £500 to Mr. Tompson. He is to be degraded from his Baronettship, to stand in the pilory, and to lose his ears! I pray you would be pleased to acquaint Mrs. Baskerville that her cause in Chancery was heard on Monday, where she came off with victory, without loss of much blood.

Mr. Polwhele is now well recovered of his hurt taken by his fall, which was not without much danger. I desire to be reckoned among those who will be alwaies ready to doe you service, &c. &c.

E. EDGCUMBE.

Sir WILLIAM WALLER *to Sir* RALPH HOPTON *.

SIR, Bath, June 16, 1643.

The experience I have had of your worth, and the happiness I have enjoyed in your friendship, are wounding considerations, when I look upon the present distance between us. Certainly my affections to you are so unchangeable, that hostility itself cannot violate my friendship to your person; but I must be true to the cause wherein I

* From the Prideaux MSS. at Place, Padstow.

serve. The old limitation, *usque ad aras*, holds still; and, where my conscience is interested, all other obligations are swallowed up.

I should most gladly wait on you, according to your desire, but that I look on you, engaged as you are in that party, beyond a possibility of retreat, and, consequently, incapable of being wrought upon by any persuasions; and I know the conference would never be so close between us, but that it would take fire, and receive a construction to my dishonour.

That great God, who is the searcher of my heart, knows with what reluctance I go upon this service, and with what a perfect hatred I look upon a war without an enemy. But I look upon it as *opus Domini*, and that is enough to silence all passion in me. The God of Peace in His good time send us peace! and in the mean time fit us to receive it.

We are both on the stage, and we must act the parts that are assigned us in this tragedy. Let us do it in a way of honour, and without personal animosities. But, whatever be the issue, I shall not willingly relinquish the dear title of your affectionate friend and faithful servant,

W. WALLER.

To my noble friend,
Sir Ralph Hopton, at Wales.

FRANCIS BASSET *to his Wife, after the news of the victory of Stratton.*

Truro, this 18th May 1643, 6 o'clock, ready to march.

DEAREST SOULE,

Oh, deare soule, prayse God everlastingly. Reade this enclosed, ringe out the bells, rayse bonfyres, publish these joyfull tydings. Believe these truths, excuse my writing larger, I have no tyme; wee march on to meete o^r victorious friends, and to seaze all the rebells left, if wee can finde such livinge. Your dutyous prayers God hass heard. Bless us accordingly, pray everlastingly, and Jane, and Betty, and all you owne. Thy owne, FFRS. BASSET.

Pray let my cousin Harry know these joyful blessings. Send word to the ports south and north, to searche narrowly for all strangers travellinge for passage, and cause the keepinge them close and safe.

To my dearest, dearest friend, Mrs. Basset,
att the Mount. Speede this, haste, haste.

The same to the same.

This thyrd of July 1644.

DEARE WIFFE,

* * * * * * * *

Here is the woefullest spectacle my eyes yet ever look'd on; the most worne and weake pitifull creature in ye world, the poore Queene, shift-

ing for one hour's liffe longer. Here is also Prince Maurice, but all the soldiers are fled from us. Essex is at this tyme at Barnstable, or neare it, where there is at present greate rebellyon..... Farewell sweete. Bless Tehidy. God bless us ever, sweete love. The prayers off y^r^

F. BASSETT.

To my dearest ffriende, Mrs Bassett, at ye Mount—speede.

Lett the bearer hereof pass quickly to the Mount. Laun. 15th July 1644. F. BASSETT.

The same to the same.

Lostwithiel, Saturday—sunset—1644.

DEARE WIFFE,

This messenger will tell you how affayres goe here and in these lande parts. Here is infinite want of match. For God's sake send to Mr. Lane as soon as this comes to y^r^ hands, and cause him with all speede to press horses and bring away six hundred weight of match from the Mount to this army, first to Lostwithiel, and thence to the army, which I hope in Jesus Christ will so bless us as we shall be free and merry and joyfull againe in Cornwall. . . . . My Lord Mohun has lent me £100. I trust my ffriend Rolle will doe at least the like ffriendship; and I am sure you will procure what possibly you can. If it be but sixpence, my love is just and full to y^u^ still. Pray let Jacke write to me truely what match he hass in all; and I conjure you both to get as much as possible to be made with all possible

haste, at what coste soever. Send to Fubbs for all his oakum. I write in as much haste as ever in my life. I love you and Jane, and John, and Bess. God give mee good news of you all, and of poore Punch. Deare hart, love still y^r^ own harty part. F. BASSETT.

I thanke Christ I am very gracious with Kinge and Prince. I hope w^h^ all.

To Mrs. Bassett, my deare Wiffe, at her Tehidy.

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*The same to the same**.

Thanks to our Jesus.

DEAREST HARTT,

L——— is the happy messenger to the West of Cornwall. Peace, and I hope perpetual. Sadd

* The King at Boconnock received from his trusty Sheriff, Sir Francis Bassett, Knight, the sum of £300, on the 4th of September 1644.

Near the gate of Rookwood Grove, leading to Boconnoc-parsonage, there remains the stump of an aged oak, in which, tradition says, the King's standard was fixed. The upper part of the tree was broken off by the wind in March 1783, about nine feet above the ground. Within the memory of the oldest inhabitants of this county, it had produced scarcely any other than variegated leaves, which originally changed colour (as tradition further says), from an attempt to assassinate the King while receiving the sacrament under its branches. The ball is said to have passed through the tree, and a hole made by the woodpeckers was shewn in confirmation of the tale, which probably arose from the King having been actually shot at when in the hall-walk, and a fisherman killed who was gazing at him.

† (Tehidy MSS.)

houses I have seen many, but a joyfuller pleasanter day never than this. Sende the money, as much and as soon as you can. Sende to all our ffriends at home, especially, this good news. I write this on my saddle. Every friend will pardon the illness of it, and you chiefly, my perfect joy.

F. BASSETT.

The Kinge and army march presently for Plymouth. Jesus give the King it and all.

The King, in the hearing of thousands, as soon as he saw me in ye morning, cryed to mee "Deare Mr Sheriffe, I leave Cornwall to you safe and sound."

To my Lady Bassett, at her Tehidy, joyfull.
After the success near Lostwithiel.

PRINCE CHARLES *to* RASHLEIGH, POLWHELE, *and* SAULE.

After our hearty coñendacõns, in pursuance of our order of the 5th of this instant, seconded by lett^r^ to you of the 15th, inasmuch as by reason of some accidents since happened the enemy is approached nearer to this our Dutchy, for the repelling of whome we have raised the posse comitatus to be summoned by the H. Sheriffe; theis are to desire and require you to redouble y^r^ diligence for the speedy getting up to the army all the trayned men, stragling soldgers, and others within the hundred of Powder, who are expected to advance upon this occasion; in the effecting

whereof you will doe a very speciall good service to o^r^ Royall Father, to o^r^ Self, and to yor Country. And so, nothing doubting of yor ready execution hereof, we bid you heartily farewell. Given at our Court at Truro, ye 24 of February 1645.

CHARLES P.

You are frequently to advertise both us and the Lord Hopton of y^r^ proceedings herein.

Superscription.—To Mr. Rashleigh, Mr. Polwheele, and Mr. Saule, and to every or any of them. (Post haste—Post haste.)

For His Royall Highness's special service. RIC. FANSHAWE.

FAIRFAX *(in behalf of* JOHN POLWHELE, *Esq.)*

To the Officers and Soldiers under y^r^ command.

These are to require you, on sight hereof, to forbeare to prejudice John Polwheele, Esq. of Treworgan, in the county of Cornwall, either by plundering his house, or takeing away his horses, sheepe, or other cattell or goods; or by offering any violence to his person, or the person of any of his familie, as you will answer to the contrarie; provided hee bee obedient to all orders and ordinances of Parliament. Given under my hand and seale at Truro, this 18th day of March 1645.

FAIRFAX.

Letter from CROMWELL *to Colonel* CIELY, *at Pendennis Castle.*

December 10, 1645. Teverton.

SIR,

Its the desier of Sr Gilbert Pickeringe, that his deceased brother, Col. Pickeringe, should bee enterred in your guarrison; and to the end his funeral may bee sollemnized with as much honor as his memorie calls for, you are desired to give all possible assistance therein; the particulars will be offered to you by his Major, Major Gubbs, with whome I desier you to concurr herein; and believe itt, Sir, you will not only lay a huge obligation upon myselfe, and all the officers of this armie, but I dare assure you the General himselfe will take it for an especial favor, and will not lett it goe without a full acknowledgment. But what neede I prompt him to soe honorable an action, whose owne ingenuitye wil be argument sufficient heerin. Whereof rests assured your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL *.

* * The original is among the family papers of the Rev. G. Moore, of Grampound.

" At St. Ives, during the interregnum, lived Major Thomas Ceeley, a decimator and sequestrator of the royal party's lands, goods, and chattels at that time, but deputy under Major General Desborough, one of those fifteen Major Generals, who had the gubernation of all the counties of England, as Desborough had of Cornwall; in which post Mr. Ceely got a great estate out of the King's and Church lands, and was so topping and magisterial therein, that imperatively he swayed the country's dominion, and

Letter from CHARLES II. *to the* EARL OF NORWICH.

Paris, Oct. 5, 1652.

MY LORD NORWICH,

I have receaved your letter of the 26 of the last; and though I will not say you are sullen, I may tell you, that you are misinformed in many particulers, wch gives you more trouble than the knowledge of the truth would doe. I assure I can never in the least degree suspecte your affection to me, of wch you have alwaies given so good testimony; and you shall have as little reson ever to doubte my kindnes to you; nor hath any thing bene proposed from you to me wch I have not given that answer wch I conceaved fittest for my affaires. For the differences betwene my sister and the P^cesse^ Dowager, you know my mynd, and how much I am troubled for there and my owne sake, as haveing a great share of sufferinge by it; and I wish with all my harte that you could doe good offices betweene them, and dispose them both to such a union, that our common enemyes may gett no more advantage from those contests; and you may lett the P^cesse^ Dowager know how exceedingly I desire it, and how much I would take myselfe beholding to her for any complyance and indulgence on her parte; and if you advise me

therefore was commonly in derision called 'The King of the West.' But after the Restoration, being deprived of his office and estate, he lived a poor man in the Sheriff's wards—a prisoner for debt at Bodmin." *Hals's MS. in St. Ives.*

what I may doe in order thereunto, will gladly performe it.

I am as willing to be gone from hence as you can be to see me in any such place; and I wish you could name any other place to me where you have reason to believe I shall be welcome, and find my meanes to subsist. I have no minde to be idle; and if you can advise me how I may be doeing, I shall thanke you, and follow your councell; and doe any thing to confirme you, that I am your constant affectionate friend,

CHARLES R.

For the Earle of Norwich *.

* A neat autograph of the King. Sealed with an elegant little impression of the royal arms.

CHAPTER II.

SECTION I.

Notices, Biographical and Critical.

I am now come down to the period of "Recollections," that more immediately concerns the present generation. For myself, be it understood, that, in quoting panegyric, "non de meo, sed de meorum judicio loquor; qui, sive judicant, sive errant, me delectant *." And here I first open a volume of "The Public Characters," where the report of me bears on its front the stamp of impartiality. The writer is perfectly unknown to me. Like the satyr, indeed, he seems "to blow hot and cold with the same breath;" yet I have escaped wonderfully well, from a person writing under the auspices of Sir R. Phillips, whose politics and mine are so much at variance, and who was fully apprized of my connexion with the Anti-Jacobin Review, and its magnanimous supporter

* Plin. Epist. l. vii. Epist. 4.

Mr. Whitaker,—no friend to the Monthly Magazine.

"Mr. Polwhele, the son of Thomas Polwhele of Polwhele, Esq. was born in the year 1760, and received his education at Truro School, under the Rev. Dr. Cardew. Here he evinced the early promise of a rising genius, and wrote some poetical pieces far beyond the usual productions of boys of the same age. Two of these were published in a quarto size, even whilst he was at school, namely, "The Fate of Lewellyn, or the Druid's Sacrifice;" and "The Genius of Karnbre." The last piece is an ingenious flight of poetical enthusiasm, composed on a romantic hill near Redruth, called Karnbre. This spot has also been consecrated by an ode, the composition of Dr. Wolcot, who greatly favoured the aspiring genius of young Polwhele while at Truro School, and assisted him in his classical studies. It is to the Doctor's honour, that two such ornaments of their country as our Poet and Opie the painter, should have been assisted by his judgment and taste *."

It is true that I was "born in 1760" (on the 6th of January), not at Polwhele, but at Truro, during a short residence of the family there whilst the country-house was repairing. Sent to the Truro grammar-school at an early age, my first playfellows and companions in the Accidence were Gregor and Williams; the former well known as a representative in parliament of his native county,

* Public Characters, 1802, 1803, p. 265.

the latter as a European merchant. Under the auspices of Mr. Conon (whose memory is revered by all who have respect for learning and religion), Truro School became a distinguished seat of education. The principal gentlemen of Cornwall received not only the first rudiments of learning there, but were instructed for the Universities; and some who were afterwards conspicuous as men of wit and talents, were indebted to Mr. Conon for their knowledge of the ancient languages. Of this number was Sam. Foote, the comedian. There Foote was initiated in Terence's plays, and in acting his part excelled (as may be imagined) his schoolfellows; and it was in consequence of his success within this little circle that he caught the theatrical manner, and entered as an actor on the London stage,—a circumstance which occasioned to Mr. Conon great uneasiness, and determined him to fling away the sock, or rather to discontinue the acting of the plays of Terence; for a good master, I believe, would consider the education of his boys without Terence as miserably defective. With respect to "the acting," Mr. Conon's was rigid morality, and in many it would have appeared ridiculous; but it by no means appeared so in a character whose chief feature was Christian simplicity. Mr. Conon, however, was always on good terms with Foote, who once (when I was present, then about nine years old) entered the school unceremoniously, and, advancing on his wooden leg, dismissed the boys without the least previous address to the

master. As it is the object of this scrap-book to speak of others rather than of myself, and whenever any person of distinction is presented to notice, to endeavour to amuse my readers with some anecdotes of his character or conversation, I shall not dismiss Sam. Foote from our school-room so hastily as he dismissed us, but fix him there by a stroke of the poetic wand, between the two Corinthian columns, under the figure of Mercury, whilst I recollect a few of his odd originalities.

The son of Samuel Foote, Esq. and Eleanor his wife; he was baptized in the parish church of St. Mary's, Truro, Jan. 27, 1720, by Joseph Jane, Rector, as appears from the Truro register of baptisms, which I sometime since consulted. Foote was not born at the Red Lion (that first-rate inn of the West of England) as all his biographers have told us, for the Red Lion was the property of Henry Foote, another branch of the family; but he was born at a house commonly known by the name of Johnson Vivian's. I well remember his person—about the middle size; rather clumsily made, with a broad fleshy face, and a certain archness in his eye, which at once proclaimed him the genuine humourist. There are several prints of him, both in his dramatic and private character; the most perfect of which is the French print published immediately after one of his trips from Paris, and which is prefixed to Cook's Memoirs. Though Foote seldom favored his native town with a visit, yet there are still many in Truro who have a perfect recollection of

him, and one or two, I believe, who were laughing witnesses to his jokes. Those, however, are gone, who used in his presence to mix trembling with their mirth. Conscious of some oddnesses in their appearance or character, they shrunk from his sly observation. They knew that every civility, every hospitable attention, could not save them from his satire; and, after such experience, they naturally avoided his company, instead of courting it. This argued in Foote a disingenuousness, of which Dr. Wolcot (of whom I shall soon speak) was never guilty. Foote, indeed, had no restraint upon himself, with respect either to his conversation or his conduct. He was, in every sense of the word, a libertine. One of the earliest instances of his jocularity, as practised upon his father "the old justice," is yet in the minds of several aged people of his neighbourhood. Imitating the voice of Mr. Nicholas Donnithorne, from an inner apartment where his father had supposed Mr. D. was sitting, he drew his father into conversation on the subject of a family transaction between the two old gentlemen; and thus possessed himself of a secret, which, whilst it displayed his mimickry, justly incurred his parent's displeasure. He was certainly a very unamiable character. Polly Hicks, a pretty silly simpering girl (as a veteran memorialist of Truro described her to me), was dazzled by his wit. She had some property; he therefore made her his wife, but never treated her as such. Of his jokes, the following is in print: I repeat it for the sake of its

parallel. "Dibble Davis, one of Foote's butts in ordinary, dining with him one day at Northend, observed, that, well as he loved porter, he could never drink it without a head." "That must be a mistake, Dibble," returned his host, "as you have done so to my knowledge above these twenty years *." Similar to this was a witticism which I once heard at the Truro Catch Club, from the mouth of Bennet, the late organist of Truro, who was acquainted with Foote, but was too original a humourist to be guilty of a plagiarism or a *parrotism*. A gentleman in company was complaining of "a tumour on his neck, which had been long gathering;" "Yes (says Bennet), many years; but it will never, I fear, come to a head." Not so good as this is a pun of Foote, which a gentleman who sat next him in Truro Church repeated to me. The first lesson related to Noah: "Are these the words of *No-ah?*" Said Foote, "*Ah-No!*" But during the service several better things dropped from this profane jester, which I have forgotten. Of the characters in Foote's Plays I was acquainted with several of the prototypes, particularly in "The Mayor of Garratt †;" but I will not give offence to their children by the

* Cooke's Life, II. 84.

† "The Mayor of Garratt" was intended to ridicule some particular characters in the militia, not then so respectable as the militia of the present hour. In Major Sturgeon we have a simple fishmonger apeing all the gallantries of a lover and a soldier. The heroes of our volunteer companies have at this day, indeed, some resemblance to the Major; they spring in

disclosure of their names. I possess a tract which was once Foote's. It has the stamp of his name in gold letters. Its title, "The Man of Manners, or the Plebeian Polished;" to which, perhaps, many of Foote's witticisms (interspersed through his play) may be traced. There is some humour in "The Manner of a City Family's sitting at Dinner;" "Rules recommended to Preachers;" "The Irishman's Caution and Modesty in refusing to look at the Corpse of a Dead Man, on account of his having a stinking Breath when living;" and "A Verbal Encounter between two Ladies that deal in fresh Cod and live Lobsters."

general from as low an origin, and affect as ridiculously the military gait and manners.

"Late, too, the Colonel of a troop he shone,
To military tactics mighty prone;
And fond his warrior-genius to display,
As mock-fights glitter'd to the beams of day,
Oft from his high-plumed steed the field harangued,
Or fiercely rush'd where bloodless armour clang'd!
See, at his beck, young *Pug* the pestle quit,
Whilst maladies or cease or intermit;
And at the word heigh-presto! heigh-begone!
Old *Jack* the grocer start up Captain *John;*
And Ensign *Bob*, dismissing all the clerk,
His parchments pale abandon with a jerk:
Nor more the slippery brethren of the quill,
'Midst shrivel'd deeds, in sunless holes, sit still,
But to their recent coats attention win,
As each, a sleek young serpent, casts his skin,
Kindling in burnisht glory, glides along,
And brandishes abroad his double tongue."

(See Poems in three vols.—vol. II. p. 126.)
Cadell and Davies, 1806.

Conon (we observed) was Master of the Truro School. This venerable man retiring to Padstow, was succeeded by Cardew, to whose judicious method of reading portions from the English classics to his scholars may be attributed that early taste for poetical composition, which to more than one of them has afforded refreshment amidst weariness, and comfort amidst trouble and vexations. A translation into English verse, from a Latin classic, or from the Psalms into Latin verse, was the Saturday evening's exercise of our class; and by the assistance of Wolcot, physician at Truro, I was enabled to excel my fellows in English. In the Latin versions, Wolcot sometimes tried his hand, but preferred the English. Accompanying me from Truro to Polwhele, he would often applaud the facility with which I perfected my task, and at the same time approve the execution of it. Yet neither from the Master nor the Poet had I such an incentive to perseverance as from the fond Parent, who, pleased with those puerile essays, was always happy in exhibiting them within the friendly circle. To Mr. Penrose, in particular (Vicar of Gluvias), my father introduced me, with a school-exercise from the Book of Job in his hand; when I remember the transition from poetry to editorial learning (in which that reverend gentleman was deeply versed) was not the most agreeable to the school-boy. But I was delighted with Mason's edition of Gray, which I first saw in the library at Gluvias. After having

mentioned the name of Penrose, it would shew a perfect indifference to talents and virtues of the first order, not to add, that the children and grandchildren of the worthy Rector are now reflecting honour on their country from various points, in various attitudes; all quick in intelligence, sound in judgment, polished in taste, amiable in disposition, correct in morality, and strict in religion. Trevenen "linked in wedlock" with Penrose, hath an equal claim to this just panegyric. Of a numerous family, I know not one exception. What a noble contrast to some houses of our English gentry, whose only boast is their opulence, but on whom, degraded or depressed by crime, and trouble the result of crime, their riches seem to fling "a cruel sunshine."

With the Vicar of Gluvias Dr. Wolcot had, I believe, but a slight acquaintance. He was pleased, however, with Mr. Penrose's attention to my first poetical sallies; among which was a version of Rapin's Ode to the cicada.

To introduce the Doctor to my readers in due form, may be unnecessary; but here, if any where, I should state, that Dr. John W. was born at Dodbrooke * in Devon, about the year 1740. It

* At the south end of the town, on the west side of the street, and on the east shore of the estuary, which approaches Kingsbridge, is an ancient house with gardens, which for many generations belonged to the Wolcots. Here was Dr. W. born; and so fond had he always appeared of the place, that for several years he talked of re-building it for his own residence. Some years ago he went so far as to have a plan and estimate of the

is commonly reported, that he received his school education at Kingsbridge, under a Quaker, and that he went from Kingsbridge to France to complete his studies. I am greatly mistaken if I have not heard him say, that he was placed in his childhood under the care of his uncle at Fawey in this county, and sent at a proper age to Leskeard school, when Hayden was its Master; and that he was afterwards removed to Bodmin school, where he owed part of his scholarship to the Rev. Mr. Fisher. His uncle was a surgeon-apothecary of character, and a single man; to whom young Wolcot returned, with the view of succeeding him in business. Such, at least, appears to have been his uncle's wish. But Wolcot was too early attached to the fine arts to submit to compound drugs in a little sea-port town. To the Muses he had already begun to sacrifice. I cannot fix the date of that plaintive song, one of the sweetest of Jackson's Melodies—

> "How long shall hapless Colin mourn
> The cold regard of Delia's eye," &c.;

but I know that Wolcot's Delia was no imaginary mistress. His Delia was Miss Coryton, one of the Crocadon family, with whom he became acquainted during his residence at Fawey. There,

expence; but at length he changed his intention, and in 1795 disposed of the fee to the Rev. Nathaniel Wells, who has since built (as I have heard) a neat house there. In honour of the Poet, the neighbourhood good humouredly called it "Pindar-Hall."

also, he discovered his genius for drawing. In 1769, Sir William Trelawney, of Trelawney, Bart. was appointed Governor of Jamaica; when Wolcot, a distant relation of Trelawney, attended him to that island. On his voyage thither he wrote some fine descriptive sonnets. At Jamaica he commenced surgeon; but he was still disposed to cultivate the art of poetry more than the art of medicine. From his "Persian Love Elegies" of that period, I could extract many beautiful passages. "The Nymph of Tauris" (which may be found in the Annual Register for 1773) was Anne Trelawney *, who died in Jamaica. The Elegies have more merit than Collins's Persian Eclogues, inasmuch as they characterize Eastern manners and moralities, and express passion and sentiment as an orientalist would express them. A valuable living in Jamaica now happening to fall vacant, drew Wolcot's attention to the church; and he came, we are told, to England for institution; but the Bishop of London refused "to admit him (it is said) on account of his premature assumption of the clerical office." He had begun "to act the parson" immediately as the living fell vacant. Thus disappointed, he resumed his original profession, was dubbed M.D. and stepped

* According to the Doctor's report, Anne Trelawney was uncommonly credulous. Wolcot used to tell a story of a cherub (caught one evening on the Blue Mountains), which was put into a cage with a parrot. Before the morning, the parrot had picked out the eyes of the poor cherub. This the Lady received, on the Doctor's credit, as an indisputable fact.

at once into good practice at Truro. As to his clerical pretensions, he was always reserved. He once, I remember, was asked to repeat grace before dinner, which he did with some hesitation; but in another company very soon after declined saying grace: so that at first he was a sort of amphibious being. Here, then, commenced my personal acquaintance with him. And I can say with truth (for I could wish to steer with impartiality between the reports of his censurers and admirers), that he had the credit not only of a skilful, but of a benevolent physician. In fevers, he was uncommonly successful. In some cases within my knowledge he suffered his patients to drink cold water, which other medical men would *then* have deemed fatal. From consumption many were rescued by his hand, who had been given up as irrecoverable. As a physician he prescribed medicines; but he did more: he examined them, not trusting to the apothecary; and sometimes detected with indignation a cheap medicine substituted for a costly one. He was thus no favourite with the apothecaries or druggists of the place; but his merit, bearing all before it, shewed the impotence of their resentment. And here I should not omit (as it is connected with his poetry) a visit to my grandmother Polwhele during her last illness, which had more of social pleasantry than of medical gravity. On the verge of 85, and reduced very low from weakness, she retained her natural cheerfulness and good humour. About a week before her death, whilst Wolcot

sat by her bedside, "all is well (said she) but for the crumbs under me; they are so hard; boil them, and it would do," said she, smiling. "Come, I'll tell you a story, She then told the story of "*the Pilgrim and the Peas.*" Wolcot seized the idea, and we all know with what felicity he afterwards turned it to his poetical advantage *.

Wolcot disliked his profession. He was always a sensualist; but his chief luxury was music and painting. His market bills were very inconsiderable. A single domestic was, day after day, the solitary inhabitant of his house on the bowling-green; and (Mr. Daniell's tenant) he held the premises, I believe, rent free, through the liberality of that good old gentleman. When vacant from business, the wit and pleasantry of Wolcot's conversation would always render him a welcome visitor at the houses of all his acquaintance in Truro and the neighbourhood; and at that time there was a much more hospitable disposition, a much more social intercourse among the people of Truro, than at the present day. Mr. Daniell's, indeed, was the house to which our poet chiefly resorted. There he was usually to be found, and was never considered as an intruder; and in Mr. Daniell he saw with gratitude (for he had gratitude) a second Allen. To my father, too, he

* What a beautiful death was hers! "O that I could die such a death," said my father; and, at her funeral, he exclaimed repeatedly, "Pompa mortis magis terret quam mors ipsa!"

was not unacceptable, as an accidental visitor*; though, tremblingly alive as that honoured parent was, to every insinuation of an irreligious tendency, there was oftentimes such a mutual distrust between both, as to check the Doctor's lively sallies, and, from the experience of former feelings, render my father fearful of what was to come, in proportion to the vivacity of wit, which was growing more and more familiar every moment, or taking a more licentious range. Yet Wolcot was fond of my father's company; from frequenting it was induced to think seriously; and, had he more frequented it, would have become, perhaps, not only almost, but altogether a Christian. But it were better to advert to his poetry. I remember my father's expressing his approbation of Wolcot's "Ode to the Genius of Great Britain." It was a beautiful ode, the stanza of which I soon after adopted in a little poem, entitled, "The Genius of Karnbre,"—a mountain in Cornwall. Wolcot, indeed, had, a few days before, read to me some stanzas on Karnbre, of which I retained but a faint recollection. This was in 1776, when

* Among other visitors were the Giddys: and I remember in Davies Giddy (now Gilbert), at Polwhele, such indications of genius as are seldom discoverable in a child. So occupied (at one time) was his attention during dinner, by a print (I think) of the death of General Wolfe, that he laid down his knife and fork, and ate nothing. At a Truro sessions, not long afterwards (accompanying his father, as he always did from early childhood), he astonished the bench by the quickness and correctness of some arithmetical calculations.

the Doctor was heard, half jestingly, to complain to my master, that I had assailed his mountain and carried it by storm; and, in language less sublime, he charged me with having committed a trespass on his grounds, and ludicrously threatened me with an action.

It was in 1776 that Wolcot was called in to a beloved sister, who had been seized with a sudden stupor, and died after a week's illness, notwithstanding all his efforts, and those of Dr. Gould, then resident at St. Austel, now at Truro. Both physicians, though unable to define her disease, entertained hopes of her recovery; particularly Wolcot, of whom my father's high opinion was much shaken, after his protestation, the day only before her death, that she was in no danger. "I vow to God I see no danger!" said he: it was very seldom, however, that the Doctor thus committed himself. To the memory of that sister, even now, I drop a tear—

"She, too, congenial mind! she, too, is gone,
Whose cherub features yet the scene endear;
She, whom a brother's love with pride shall own,
As long as love shall heave the sigh sincere!
Thy lively voice yet vibrates in my ear,
While on thy favourite crocus' golden hue,
Thy lily's tender tint, I drop a tear;
While I again salute, as life were new,
Thy gai len's southern hedge, where peeped the hare-bell blue.

Yes! where those lilacs flaunt their vagrant shade,
With thee I seem to haste, as once we hied,

To the trim spot, and wield my careless spade,
And plant thy roots the sunny fence beside,
And prop thy hyacinths, thy tulip's pride;
Or listen to thy wood-notes clear and sweet;
And bid thy gentle redbreast there abide—
Poor cheerless bird!—methinks thy form to meet,
Still hopping o'er each print that marks thy little feet!

'Twas there the blackbird built his early nest,
Neat artist! plastering its pale moss with clay,
And, 'mid the yet unblossom'd hawthorn blest,
Swell'd to the morning light his sprightly lay.
And there, while fleecy clouds sank west away,
Thy own melodious robin pour'd her throat,
Nor ceas'd, tho' all around were dusky gray.
E'en now the melancholy warblings float—
I see thee charm'd, as erst, by every pensive note*."

To Wolcot's bold prescription of calomel (not then in fashion) my father had to attribute a temporary escape from the gout, which had attacked his stomach. But at length arrived the fatal hour, which no medicine could avert, and he died the death of a saint. On the 8th of February 1777 he was buried at St. Clement's, not in the family-vault in the Polwhele transept, but in the church-yard; where, nigh his mortal part, my remains, I hope, will be deposited. He disliked vaults in churches; and, in his objections, anticipated what has lately been argued on the subject.

I have elsewhere observed that his life was truly apostolic. The respect with which he was treated, by the high and the low, proved the strong influ-

* See "Local Attachment," last book.

ence of a religious example. To his honesty and integrity * all who knew him would have entrusted, without a scruple, the whole of their property. I will mention one instance only of the veneration with which he was regarded. On his way to his parish church, on a Sunday, meeting a surgeon of Truro, Mr. I. (though not the family-surgeon), apologized to him for the apparent indecency of being seen upon the road in a contrary direction from that to the church; declaring that his "journey was a work of necessity;"—a fact scarcely credible to our apprehension at this hour, so changed are our manners and our morality. If my father had a fault, it was too great quickness or fervour in the expression of his feelings. For instance — General M'Carmick (his neighbour) had desired him to throw down the fences opposite to the General's grounds, for which the General "would substitute park-pales." "No (said my father), not for pales of gold." This

* Justum et tenacem propositi, &c. &c. was exactly characteristic of my father. In 1762 he shewed, on a public occasion, the same upright and independent spirit, and determination "to think for himself," which, in private life, so strongly marked his character. I allude to the exclusion of the heir of the Glynn estate from his patrimony, in consequence of a charge of lunacy. The special jury had made up their minds, all but my father, twenty-four hours, I believe, before he had come to a final resolution on the subject. During that long and harassing interval, he was most anxiously and unweariedly employed in examining the evidence in all its bearings. *See Glynn's Letter in the next Section.*

was decisive language; the best, perhaps, in answer to unreasonable importunities.

I was still a school-boy: and, accompanying my mother to Bath, and thence to Bristol, (whither she had been advised to go, in consequence of a nervous indisposition,) I had occasion to submit my little poetic effusions to several persons, in whose judgment I thought I might safely confide, and who advised me to give two of them to the publick: "the Genius of Karnbre," and "the Fate of Lewellyn *." The first I had written before my father's death; and it was during the journey (particularly at Okehampton, where we were detained all day by a violent thunder-storm) that I composed the greater part of "the Fate of Lewellyn." Soon after our arrival at Bath I met, in a mixed company, Mr. Rack, to whom, in the course of an hour, I became warmly attached; such is the velocity of juvenile spirits in their partialities, and (it may be added) in their aversions. But this friendship, though rapidly formed, was permanent; it lasted during the life of Mr. Rack, and the idea of it is still cherished with pleasure.

I had the honour of being introduced, likewise,

* These poems were immediately printed by Cruttwell; they were favourably received by the publick.

"If this young gentleman of Truro-school be still *at* Truro-school, he hath either overstayed his time, or is a promising genius for a school-boy." *London Review for December* 1777.

"If he be not within the description of the scholars of Mr. Hart, who teaches grown gentlemen to dance, these poems are not without merit." *Critical Review for December* 1777.

to Mrs. Catharine Macaulay and Dr. Wilson, at Alfred House; and, at the celebration of Mrs. Macaulay's birth-day, April 2, 1777, was encouraged, among other competitors for her smiles, to present her with an ode*. I was introduced, also, to the young dramatic poetess of Bristol, Miss Hannah More; who, whilst Catharine was receiving homage at Bath from greybeards and from boys, was herself enthroned amidst a crowd of boarding-school misses, tutored to lisp, in soothing accents, her dramas and her praises.

* It was soon after published, together with five other odes, which had been likewise presented and read to "a polite and brilliant audience," on the same memorable occasion. The first ode (as it is called) by Graves, the author of the Spiritual Quixotte, closes with

> "Britannia's glory thro' the world display'd,
> And dauntless freedom, by one matchless maid!"

to wit, by Mrs. Catharine Macaulay. The second is an irregular ode, by Mr. Rack, who tells us, that "Apollo is god whom all revere!" The author of the third ode was a Mr. Hinks. The fourth was by the Truro school-boy; the second and third stanzas of which were worthy (as the critics of the day asserted) of being rescued from oblivion. In the fifth ode, Mr. Hippesley

> "Amaz'd, half drowsy, waken'd in a fright,
> Arose, and penn'd his vision of the night."

And in the sixth, Mr. Meyler (os magna sonaturum) exclaims,

> "Lo! the child of Liberty!
> 'Tis she! 'tis she! 'tis she!"

It is well known that Mrs. Macaulay was afterwards married to Dr. Graham (who, in the introduction to the six odes, presents his acknowledgments to Dr. Wilson, "through her agreeable medium"); and that, with Dr. Graham (and other champions of democracy) she emigrated to America, and died there.

SECTION II.

Letters of Glynn, Wolcot, Collins, &c.

JOHN GLYNN, *Esq. to* THOMAS POLWHELE, *Esq.*
Polwhele near Truro.

August 4, 1762.

DEAR SIR,

I take the freedom very earnestly to beg the favour of your attendance at Bodmin, next week, upon the special jury, to try a question of so much consequence to the Glynn family, that every branch of it must wish to have it determined by gentlemen of rank and consideration. Yours faithfully,

JOHN GLYNN.

March 1775.

DEAR COUSIN,

I will tell you a family anecdote, which, possibly, you may never have heard. It will set your muse at work, perhaps: subjects more trivial have often engaged the maids of Helicon.

Grace Saunders, your nurse, was standing one day at the door of her cottage at Bolitho, with your sweet self in her arms, a babe about a fortnight old, when a *yellow-hammer*, that was perched on a neighbouring tree, fell suddenly into the mouth of *an adder*, but a few feet distant from her. The nurse screamed, and perhaps the infant

too; the adder resigned its prey, and the bird with difficulty regained the tree, its wing injured, if not broken.

What say you to this? What does it augur? Are you to be fascinated by the basilisk eyes of beauty? Are you to be in danger, and to be rescued from it? Are you to be a great naturalist, or ornithologist? Or, is it all—a song? Yours truly, J. B. C.

From Rev. J. COLLINS *to his sister* JANE COLLINS, *respecting an "Ode to Harvest," written at school by* RICHARD POLWHELE, *when he was about twelve years of age.*

MY DEAR SISTER,

* * * * Tell our poetical cousin I think his verses very pretty; they shew he has a good ear for poetry, which I hope he will cultivate. It is a more respectable talent than fox-hunting or cock-fighting. I have not room to say all I wish on this subject. In short, tell him, his verses, though not so correct as he will write some years hence, have no faults but what are usual, perhaps necessary, to youth. There is a sentiment or two that I most admire, because they shew a good heart. Such a tender one may properly be called; and without that, all the poetry in the world is but mere jangle—*three blue beans in a blue bladder*, &c. &c. If he won't be too proud of it, you may add (and I think it is an opinion

that may be supported with truth), his verses have more poetry, as well as more music in them, than the ode Mr. Pope wrote at about his age. But he has better models in his own language, at least, than Pope had; and I hope such will be selected for him. Let him read all sorts of Poetry except satire; for I would by no means have him a satirist. Less poetry than ill-nature is requisite for that purpose, and I am sure he wants the principal ingredient.

The "Ode to Harvest," above alluded to, is as follows:

I.

Ye powers of each Autumnal scene,
And thou, propitious Ceres! queen
Of heart-delighting glee,
With numbers full of glowing fire,
And strains of gratitude, inspire
Thy little devotee.

II.

Ye gilded meads which charm the eye
Beneath the azure of a sky
That brightens to the sun!
Ye velvet lawns, ye whispering shades,
Contiguous to the watery glades,
And rills that tinkling run!

III.

O may I wild to pleasure bound,
And bid the vocal groves resound
To all a lover's joy;
And whilst the wonders of the plain
Exhilarate yon healthful swain,
May such delight the boy.

IV.

With blissful heart and rapt in song
Warbled amidst the feather'd throng
That greet the rosy morn,
He sees, along the loaded slope,
A treasure to crown every hope,
His undulating corn.

V.

The merry maidens cross the brook,
Each, in her hand a gleaning-hook,
To reap the ripen'd good.
Thus, thus, thy bounties, gentle power!
Descending in a silver shower,
Supply us all with food.

VI.

And, lo! in blooming Phillis blest,
Amyntas shares the rural rest,
And, of a generous soul,
Diffusive, opens every door
To welcome in the flocking poor,
And deal out many a dole.

VII.

And now in buxom troops they glean
The scatter'd corn-ears, gather'd clean,
And thank the unsparing hand
Whence all we can enjoy below,
Whence blessings in full current flow
To feed a happy land.

VIII.

Too happy, if it knew its bliss,
But ah! no man on earth shall miss
The bitter cup of woe!
If, promising unfading joy,
Fancy's gay train our spirits buoy,
They glitter, and they go.

IX.

But yet, in life's all varied scene,
The down, the dell, the daisied green,
A blameless transport yields;
And thou, O Ceres! dost impart
The sweetest pleasure to the heart,
From silver-waving fields.

This was a school exercise. Not many weeks after, an "Ode to Justice" was proposed as the subject for a Thursday evening's lucubration; and I recollect (as if but an hour ago) one of our class mistook the divine Astræa for a justice of the peace; and it was with difficulty we could dissuade him from trying his hand at a Pindaric, in serious celebration of a petty sessions at Tresilian. About this time the following lines were approved by the master, as a good, free translation of a Greek epigram, "on Pallas bathing:"

Rosy with eternal bloom,
Pallas courts not rich perfume
Nor breathing unguents, to adorn
Cheeks that emulate the morn.
Bright are her expressive eyes,
Lucid mirrors which despise.
When the wanton Phrygian, mov'd
By a form so madly lov'd,
Judg'd, that an all conquering grace
Shone from Cytherea's face,
Pallas felt no vain alarms,
Conscious of superior charms;
Nor to glassy Simois hied,
But scorn'd its gleam with proper pride!
And the imperial wife of Jove
Look'd down upon the Queen of Love.
Venus, by her mirror's aid,
Anxiously herself survey'd;
And with secret doubt and care,
Thrice compos'd one flying hair.

From Job.—A school-exercise.

Hast thou, with vigour and superior force—
Frail man!—hast thou endued the generous horse?
With thunder hast thou cloath'd his brawny chest,
And with a blaze of lightnings arm'd his breast?
Proud of his sinewy strength, amidst the alarms
Of war he foams, he courts the clash of arms;
And, to the dazzling helm, the bristling spear,
Shakes his exuberant mane, and laughs at fear.
The yielding ground with fiery rage he paws,
And to the shrilling trumpet neighs applause;
Exulting, smells the battle from afar,
And with broad nostrils snuffs the shouts of war.

Dr. WOLCOT *to* RICHARD POLWHELE.

I congratulate you on your progress in our delightful art. I have told you again and again that you were too *epithetish*, and I am glad you have taken my advice, by sending epithets to poetasters. You will acquire nerve every hour, if you get rid entirely of those damned epithets—go on and conquer! You will descend to posterity with honour if you write like this. Yours, &c.

JOHN WOLCOT.

It was in allusion to the following epistle I received the above note:

Written at Polwhele, Feb. 27, 1777.

Epistle to W. T.

Pulse of my heart, to whom alone
My every fondest wish I breathed;
Fire of my bosom, art thou gone?
Alas! (thy temples laurel wreathed
Where Camus sleeps upon his rushes)
Thou wilt remember but with blushes

The simple madrigals we play'd,
As erst we hail'd this quiet shade.
From others far, who lash the hoop
Or strike the ball, a clamorous troop,
We joy'd, adown that arching wood,
To gaze upon the yellow flood;
Or, when it pass'd its marly bed,
Its deepening foam from ochre red;
To mark the wild duck midst the sedge;
To saunter nigh the hawthorn hedge,
Or there, if nest might haply be,
To pry into the hollow tree!
But often where the old stag's horn
Still catches the first beams of morn,
Or, where the mouldering banner trembles,
Or yon pale chief, his beaver up,
(Whose lip so much my sire's resembles,)
Looks down upon these days with scorn,
We us'd, in thoughtful mood, to stop,
To sigh, to meditate, to ponder,
The picture arms or antler under,
And, like a couple of hoar sages,
To call back long-forgotten ages.
'Twas then we rhymed—the strain how dear O!—
From Martial quaint or pastoral Maro;
And spun out verse enough (poor elves!)
In sweet complacence—from ourselves.
Nor wonder that I prized each measure:
He, who is now no more, with pleasure
Hung o'er my lyre's weak tremulous chord—
He—"loved in life, in death adored!"—
Alas! not one faint moon away
Hath pass'd, amidst the sombre skies,
Since, beckoning to eternal day
His little son (who mingled sighs
And tears to fond affection due)
To bliss his parted spirit flew!

About the same time I translated

THE HONEY-STEALER OF THEOCRITUS.

As Cupid once, the errant'st rogue alive,
Robb'd the sweet treasures of the fragrant hive,
A bee the frolic urchin's finger stung.
With many a loud complaint his hands he wrung,
Stampt wild the ground, his rosy fingers blew,
And strait, in anguish, to his mother flew.
"Mother (he cried, in tears all frantic drown'd)
'Twas but a little bee, and what a wound!"
But she with smiles her hapless boy survey'd,
And thus, in chiding accents, sweetly said:
"Of thee a truer type is no where found,
Who, tho' so little, giv'st so great a wound!"

Dr. WOLCOT *to the Printer of the* SHERBORNE MERCURY.

SIR,

The following stanzas, from a just printed production (called "*the Fate of Lewellyn*") of a young gentleman of Cornwall, still at school, will do no discredit to your entertaining paper. They possess a strength seldom discoverable in a muse so young, and a colouring which would not disgrace the pencil of a master. Elfinda, after an address to Lewellyn, is alarmed at the shout of a battle, in which her father, the Earl of Radnor, is engaged. At length she discovers him a prisoner. The spectacle of a father in chains, too powerful for her sensibility, deprives her of her life. But let the young poet speak for himself:

She ceas'd: when, lo! the shouts of war
Re-echoed thro' the trembling gloom;
Elfinda hears the rattling car,
Pale horror warns her of her doom.

Unthinking maid! what beck'ning power
Thus hail'd thee to the spectred grove?
Ah! heedless nymph! is this an hour,
Is this a time for timid love?
Behold, the dread steel dimly gleams;
It is no visionary sword:
See troops in arms—hark! thrilling screams—
Thy father! lo! the captive lord!
She swoons. O'er all her features spreads,
O'er their young bloom a deadly pale:
So the sweet rose's crimson fades;
So droops the lily of the vale."

Dr. WOLCOT *to* R. P.

Do send me my ditties. Miss F. must be a dull scholar, indeed, if she hath not read 'em. Take 'em away from her; they'll spoil her: girls need not tutors to communicate romantic ideas. I am just writing to Tom Warton. If you've a mind to know what 'tis, leave one moment your studies, and descend from your Helicon, alias spider-loft, and come and see.

Since I saw you I have been in company with a beautiful lady, who is particularly acquainted with the author of "The Visions in Verse," and his elegant daughter, to whom they are addrest. If you possess the first volume of Madame Maintenon's History, you'll oblige me by sending it.

6 o'clock. J. W.

Wolcot had sent a young lady at my mother's house an Elegiac Epistle from "Matilda Queen of Denmark," &c. &c. and

other poems. This epistle has never, I believe, to this moment, been printed. It is beautifully elegiac. Dr. W. thought (he said) the sentiment here attributed to the King of England, inconsistent with his character, and therefore declined publishing the epistle. It is as follows.

Epistle from MATILDA QUEEN OF DENMARK *to* GEORGE THE THIRD.

To thee, whose bosom bleeds at nature's cries,
The lost Matilda lifts her feeble voice.
Waste not the softness of thy soul in sighs:
Behold, I journey where the just rejoice.

A child of sorrows I, alas! was born;
My birth was usher'd by the raven's song,
That, croaking, told me I was doom'd to mourn,
And drag a painful load of life along.

When from my country and from thee I went,
Dear objects whom these languid eyes adore,
How on our parting kiss my heart was rent,
A spirit whispering "Ye shall meet no more."

O'er the dark waves I urg'd my hopeless way,
And bid the Genius of the storm arise,
Shade with his gloomy wing the beams of day,
And gather all the thunders of the skies.

In vain I wish'd the elements to join,
And whelm my griefs beneath the roaring wave:
To pour a heavier groan the lot was mine,
And sink with keener anguish to the grave.

Britain with rapture saw a crown my dower,
And in the bright possession deemed me blest.
Then smil'd the fiend that watch'd my natal hour,
And envy smote for joy her canker'd breast.

What thoughtless thousands for a sceptre sigh,
And praise it with an idolizing breath,
Whose rays, like distant lightnings, please the eye,
But prove, too near approach'd, the shafts of death.

You column, that in stately ruin spread,
Heaps with its splendid spoils the field below,
Heav'd to the stars of heaven its towering head,
But crumbled to the bolt's avenging blow.

Vain are the charms that deck the shrines of Kings,
There dove-eyed innocence is scarcely known;
There lurking treachery darts her scorpion stings;
And flattery, like a spaniel, licks the throne.

Lo! impudence the royal ear invades,
Where modesty is seen to wander far
In rural scenes to cheer the twilight shades,
With lustre mild, like evening's lonely star.

What joys await the sylvan maid (I 've cried)
Blest fortune midst the harmless flocks to dwell,
Content for ever smiling at her side,
And Peace the soft companion of her cell.

With sweet Simplicity, whose lip divine
Sips with her sister Health the crystal spring:
How swiftly glide their moments; but of mine,
Each mournful, leaves me with a leaden wing.

Without a friend to join my dreary way
I wander'd, labouring with a thousand woes.
Urg'd by my fate I went, but wept the day,
And offer'd with my hand my soul's repose.

Around, while Grandeur bade his axle roll
With all the beams that splendour could impart,
Pale Melancholy to my bosom stole,
And with her darkest shadows chill'd my heart.

That heart in solitary silence sigh'd;
Wan, drooping, heedless of the gaudy scene.
Say, whence the charm amidst the glare of pride
To plant in misery's cheek the smile serene?

All guardless in an unsuspecting hour,
Too fondly and too easily betray'd,
Luckless I felt oppression's iron power,
That sought the ruin of a simple maid.

A Husband saw me on my knees for life;
My suppliant cries he heard, but trembling stood:
Slave to his fears, he left a helpless Wife
To stain the knife of murder with her blood.

O, were my sorrowing heart a husband's care,
His love would soften every killing pain;
His tenderness would steal me from despair,
And call my spirit to the world again.

But far from me, with riot's madding throng,
My parting struggle yields his soul delight:
Whilst Pleasure wins him with her syren song,
I sink desponding to the shades of night.

Yet, yet, Matilda, in thy latest sighs
Thou droop'st not unlamented and alone;
Lo! innocence forsakes her native skies
To soothe with hope of future bliss thy moan.

Why was I rescued from the threatening steel?
For harder trials why prolong'd my breath?
Then blessing I had bid my babes farewell,
And on their beauties clos'd my eyes in death.

Sweet infants, you ere long will hear my fall,
By Denmark told, to blast a parent's name;
Let not with you, my loves, the lie prevail,
Nor let my memory wake the blush of shame.

By all the tears that dim these dying eyes,
And warm with all my soul's affection flow,
Ah, by my heart's last melancholy sighs
That heave with all the energy of woe,

I have not stain'd with infamy your line,
Though slander's venom would my fame defile,
Know, pity cheers me with her dirge divine,
And conscience views my actions with a smile.

Your artless asking tongues will oft enquire,
What laid a parent in an early grave.
Then calumny will start with eyes of fire,
And bid your little hearts with sorrow heave.

Rise, then, O blushing truth, my cause to plead,
And drive the dæmon from their listening ears.
Thus will they weep at Denmark's cruel deed,
And my ghost triumph in their tender tears.

Lo, my last sand! My brother! O, adieu!
Ere thou shalt hear, a sister's groans are o'er:
Far other scenes shall meet my wondering view,
Where friendship's bands unite—the blissful shore;

Where wild ambition waves no blood-stain'd wing,
Nor envy's restless fiend is seen to pine;
Where love's pure spirit bids the valleys sing,
And virtue glories in a heart like thine.

Wolcot's admirable translation of "Somme levis," &c. &c. which he wrote for me at Polwhele on a Saturday evening, has already appeared in one or two Biographical Notices. I had paraphrased (for a school-exercise) that beautiful little epigram, as follows:

Come, gentle sleep, with all thy balms,
And lull me to repose:
The very image, thou, of death,
Yet soother of our woes!
Kind to thy votary's wish, O come,
Companion of his bed.
How sweet to live, thus void of life;
To die, and not be dead.

I shewed it to Wolcot, who liked it well enough, and said it "was much better than any other of Cardew's boys could produce;" but seized a pen, and instantly translated the lines in this superior manner:

Come, gentle sleep, attend thy votary's prayer,
And, though death's image, to my couch repair!
How sweet, thus living, without life to lie,
Thus, without dying, O, how sweet to die.

He read poetry extremely well; and these lines, I remember, he repeated to me two or three times, with a voice so plaintively

soft, so musical in its cadences, that his whole soul should seem to have been attuned to sensibility and virtue. But what a medley is man of good and evil!

The following song on the birth of a son at Boconnoc in 1775, was given me by Dr. Wolcot. It was set to music (if I recollect rightly) by Bennet, the organist of Truro.

With joy these sacred shades I hail,
Where Cornwall's genius crowns the vale,
And views with sparkling eye
Her sons, whose bosoms boast the fires
That Heaven-born freedom's cause inspires,
In which they dare to die.

CHORUS.

Depart, ye gloomy sons of care:
Let mirth with smiles the scene adorn,
And to the raptur'd groves declare,
"A son of liberty is born."

By all our Druid tribes I swear,
Whose harps resound on fancy's ear
With freedom's hallow'd lay!
By all those heroes who have bled,
And nobly join'd the patriot dead,
I bless the glorious day.

CHORUS.

Depart, &c. &c.

Prophetic, lo! I see the youth
For Britain bear the shield of truth,
Her dearest rights defend.
I hear his tuneful periods roll,
And see the transports of his soul,
That mark him Britain's friend.

CHORUS.

Depart, &c. &c.

I see fair fame her page unfold
To blazon with immortal gold
His more than attic wit.
Ah! goddess! spare the long record—
Enough! enough! one single word—
Inscribe the name of PITT!

CHORUS.

Depart, &c. &c."

CHRISTMAS HYMN, *by* WOLCOT.

The weeping world in anguish lay;
Despair to madness lent her sighs;
In blood went down the orb of day,
And death-like horror dimm'd the skies.
When lo! in Mercy's robe array'd,
The infant God at length appears,
Smiles comfort on the Holy Maid,
And bids the world resign its fears.

CHORUS.

Hosanna! let all earth and Heaven
Unite, this happy morn—
To-day the promis'd child is given,
And God himself is born.

The fiend of death shall hide his head,
Abash'd, with all his spectre train;
And war, so long with carnage red,
Shall glut no more the blushing plain.
Fair Justice shall again rejoice,
As, pale Revenge, thy triumphs cease,
And Innocence attune her voice
To soothe the universe to peace.

CHORUS.

Hosanna!, &c. &c.

O, how shall mortals fall'n requite,
Or how his wondrous goodness scan,
Who left the glorious realms of light
To snatch from death the race of man.
Hail! hail! again this blissful hour,
And trace the path that Jesus trod,
Who fell'd the serpent's tyrant power,
And lifts the sinner to his God.

CHORUS.

Hosanna! &c. &c."

This was a "joint concern." It was *invitâ Minervâ* that Wolcot turned his attention to sacred poetry. The following, in ridicule of Christmas Carols, is "all his own."

A CHRISTMAS CAROL, *composed by* ATTY WHITE, *the Cryer of Truro.*

Rejoice and be merry, good folks of our town,
Since our Member and Richard Curgenwyn's come down;
As they travell'd, their dialogues, nine out of ten,
Were of nothing but princes and parliament men.

CHORUS.

Then rejoice, for such tidings I never did tell,
Ever since that I 've travell'd about with my bell.

Many times in his coach the *great man*, with an air,
Took off his own speeches to make Richard stare;
So that often Dick's locks were with terror uncurl'd,
To think he sat next the first man in the world.
Then rejoice, &c. &c.

Not like Jehu he drove, but all snugly and quiet,
For fear his arrival might kick up a riot;
For fear we might tear from the traces his blacks,
And carry the coach and himself on our backs.
Then rejoice, &c. &c.

Though born so far west, he's a man of great brightness,
And all must allow, that he shines in politeness;
As King George hath declared to Queen Charlotte his wife,
He ne'er met with a man like Rosewarne in his life.
Then rejoice, &c. &c.

There 's Richard and Sampson and Stephen declare,
That his speeches made all the whole parliament stare;
That he knock'd down each speaker as 'twere with a hammer,
And that all that he spoke was according to grammar.
Then rejoice, &c. &c.

They report that the Londoners say, one and all,
That we bow to Rosewarne like the wicked to Baal;
That he piles up his riches in Bodrigan-barn;
That in Cornwall nought 's heard but the name of Rosewarne.
Then rejoice, &c. &c.

Folks may say that his speeches were terrible stuff—
False grammar, false English, and nonsense enough;
But if Richard tells truth I shall ne'er believe that,
As Tom Tub made them all for the poll of his hat.
Then rejoice, &c. &c.

I have heard that he hath not the soul of a cat—
In the country I grant it—but what of all that?
In the parliament (look ye) he stands like a steeple,
And roars like a bull for the good of the people.
Then rejoice, &c. &c.

And then in the church we must surely declare,
That nobody ever saw such a fine Mayor;
E'en the bagmen did never a finer cast eye on,
Where he read like a Bishop and look'd like a lion.
Then rejoice, &c. &c.

About twenty years since, both the men and the women
Swore no mortal alive could compare with old Lemon:
But now from our Magistrates gladly we learn
That old Lemon's a blockhead to Measter Rosewarne.
Then rejoice, &c. &c.

So great is his power, that, without asking for 't,
He rides in his coach through the turnpikes for nort;
And though 'tis a theft for which well we might try 'un,
The commissioners all are afraid to deny 'un.
Then rejoice, &c. &c.

As he knows like a King that we really regard 'un,
He declares he 's asham'd of the post of vicewarden.
Is it so, Measter Morris? If that be the case,
Your servant so humble will soon have your place.
Then rejoice, &c. &c.

The best of good victuals his palace is rich in:—
Roast goose in the parlour, and beef in the kitchen:
Gratis all—the votes call for whatever they please;
So their hands and their chops are as busy as bees.
Then rejoice, &c. &c.

Both out-doors and in-doors, by night and by day,
The crowds and their catgut are screeching away;
Whilst the maids to each neighbour, as mute as a mouse,
Tell of measter's great feats in the parliament-house.
Then rejoice, &c. &c.

So great is his credit, he makes London town
Believe all the tin that 's in Cornwall his own;
E'en a taylor that made 'un a jacket and coat
Trusted Measter Rosewarne without asking his note.
Then rejoice, &c. &c.

People say, and the tale every body believes,
That the Prince and our Measter are great as two thieves;
That Measter will give 'un some pines, and get by 't
Great honours, and ride into Cornwall a Knight.
Then rejoice, &c. &c.

There's Madam will go, too, to see Measter Prince,
To show her fat sides and fine breeding and sense.
Joyce, too, will make one, and then raise her nose higher;
Good enough, after that, to be sure, for a squire.
Then rejoice, &c. &c.

Then Truro bow down to this second Colossus,
Whose greatness and cunning so deeply engross us;
Let us sing to his praise, though the county divide us—
For we must be his moyles whilst he means to bestride us.
Then rejoice, &c. &c.

A POETICAL DIALOGUE *between two Camborne Dogs,* TRIM *and* PINKEY, *overheard by Dr.* WOLCOT.

Scene, the little Parlour at Rosewarne.

PINKEY.

Trim! what's o'clock? Where's sweet Miss Jenny?

TRIM.

Why, snoring up in bed, you ninny!

PINKEY.

Fie, Trim! you are too bold, indeed!
Could you not say, 'asleep in bed?'

TRIM.

Dear Pinkey! with those eyes of grace,
That mouth demure, and Whitfield face,
Thou canst not quit thy canting prate yet,
Dont be a hypocrite—I hate it.
To T———— prithee Pink, repair—
Thou 'lt be an alderman and mayor;
By meanness to preferment clamber,
And vote one day for honest Bamber.
I'll never whine and make up faces,
To get in Jenny Vivian's graces.
But thou art such a fawning wretch——
But wherefore do I idly preach;
'Tis only throwing pearls to pigs.

PINKEY.

Pray, Trim, no longer run your rigs:
I never was in thieveries taken;
I never robb'd the dish for bacon;

I never stole the bread when toasting;
Or lick'd a leg of mutton roasting;
I never to the pantry ran,
And slily skimm'd for cream the pan.

TRIM.

Well, Pink! whilst I have strength to tell ye,
By hook or crook I'll fill my belly:
My guts shall never cry for hunger.
Pinkey! dont stare so, like a conger!
If gentlefolks keep dogs so great,
'Tis very fit those dogs should eat:
And if I take from off the dish
A piece of pudding, flesh, or fish,
I do not for attendance call—
I only help myself—that's all.
* * * * * * *
Pink! when I see thy simpering jaws,
Thy ghostly looks and begging paws,
Such meanness is beyond all bearing;
I own I scarce can keep from swearing.

PINKEY.

My humble manners bring me praise,
But people hate your surly ways.

TRIM.

Now, that's a lie, you canting scab,
For I'm belov'd by Captain Bab.
There 's Reynolds—what 's his name—Carthew—
With him I am a favourite, too.
There 's Doctor Wolcot, too, who says
He hates thy despicable ways;
Declares he could, with great good will,
Give such a sycophant a pill.
The Doctor's judgment all revere,
For he hath travell'd far and near;
Hath been with Whites and Blacks in crowds,
And lodg'd in houses 'mongst the clouds;

Hath seen the sun get out of bed,
A drunken landlord, all so red;
Hath seen him on the west wave shine,
And dip his whiskers in the brine.

PINKEY.

Yes, yes, I frequently have heard
The Doctor's tales, but not revered—
His histories in strings like onions—
I dont say lies, but Patagonians.
* * * * * * *

Cetera desunt.

A very humourous lampoon of Wolcot on the Corporation was thus answered by a lady of Truro—not, we may conceive from this specimen, the most delicate of her sex.

A busy physician—no matter his name—
T'other day, at the full of the moon,
Quite lost to all modesty, dead to all shame,
Was so mad as to pen a lampoon.

A being invincible chanc'd to be nigh,
Who determin'd to make it his prize;
And before the poor Doctor knew wherefore or why,
His lampoon was convey'd to the skies.

Minerva, bright goddess, perus'd it the first,
And, giving a loose to her mirth,
Exclaim'd, while with laughter just ready to burst,
'Can there be such a fool upon earth?'

Apollo then read it, and made this reply—
'O, ye gods! do not take it amiss—
At a satire so silly I laugh till I cry,
And the muses all laugh till they p—s.'

ODE ON CARNBRE, *by Dr.* WOLCOT. *Truro*, 1776.

Near yonder solitary tower,
Lone, gloomy, 'midst the moony light,
I roam at midnight's spectred hour,
And climb the wild majestic height.
Low to the mountain let me reverent bow,
Where Wisdom—Virtue taught their founts to flow.

Pale on a rock's aspiring steep,
Behold, a Druid sits forlorn:
I see the white-rob'd phantom weep;
I hear his harp of sorrow mourn.
The vanish'd grove provokes his deepest sigh,
And altars open'd to the gazing eye.

Permit me, Druid, here to stray,
And ponder 'mid the drear retreat;
To wail the solitary way
Where Wisdom held her solemn seat.
Here let me roam, in spite of folly's smile,
A pensive pilgrim o'er each pitied pile *.

Poor ghost! no more the Druid race
Shall here their sacred fires relume;
No more their showers of incense blaze;
No more their tapers gild the gloom.
Lo! snakes obscene along the temples creep,
And foxes on the broken altars sleep.

No more, beneath the golden hook
The treasures of the grove shall fall;
Time triumphs o'er each blasted oak,
Whose power at length shall crush the ball.
Led by the wrinkled power, with gladden'd mien,
Gigantic ruin treads the weeping scene.

* Less pardonable alliteration than T. Warton's

"Beneath the beech, whose branches bare,"

which Wolcot used to censure.

No more the bards, in strains sublime,
The actions of the brave proclaim,
To rescue from the rage of time
Each glorious deed approv'd by fame.
Deep in the dust each lyre is laid unstrung,
While mute for ever stops the tuneful tongue.

Here Wisdom's, Virtue's awful voice
Inspir'd the youths of Cornwall's plains:
With such no more these hills rejoice,
But sullen death-like silence reigns:
While Melancholy in yon mould'ring tower
Sits listening to old Ocean's distant roar.

Let others, heedless of the hill,
With eye incurious pass along;
My muse with grief the scene shall fill,
And swell with softest sighs her song.
Ah! pleas'd each Druid mansion to deplore,
Where Wisdom, Virtue dwelt, but dwell no more."

THE GENIUS OF CARNBRE; *an Ode.* *By* R. P. 1776.

The moon, in radiance o'er the sky,
Soften'd the shadows of the night:
Sleep hush'd the world. To fancy's eye,
Carnbre rais'd in awful height,
Where gold-ting'd clouds, slow rolling, spread,
Shook his monumental head!
Shudder'd my deep-thrilling soul!
Through all my freezing veins the damp of horror stole.

Sudden appear'd in azure vest
The guardian genius of the rock;
While heav'd with sighs his tortur'd breast,
Spite of throbbing grief he spoke.
The pearly drops began to break,
And glitter down his dark-red cheek;
As Cynthia, sporting with his woe,
Bade the soft tears in sparkling lustre flow.

'Child of the dust!" the Genius said,
'Listen with religious fear:
Holy Druids here are laid—
Bards of old lie buried here.

Once, alas! the sacred shade
Round my raptur'd mountain grew;
Once the hand of nature spread
Woods magnificent to view.

Oft, where meek and modest Eve
Freshening dews benignly shed,
When the soft elves joy to leave,
Sportive their luxuriant bed;

When faint Summer, feverish power!
Blissful hails her twilight reign;
Whilst to taste the fragrant bower
Toil forsakes the sultry plain;

When the sweetly-purling springs
Soothe the stillness of the vale;
When the breeze on whispering wings
Fans the flower-embroider'd dale;

Oft the silver harps, around
Awful notes, high echoing, flung:
Pleas'd, Religion heard the sound,
While to Heaven this temple rung.

Desolation now appears;
Ruin holds these drear abodes!
Now, beneath the weight of years,
Lo! the tottering mountain nods.

Once where oaken foliage rose,
Once where roll'd the amber wave,
There the deadly nightshade glows;
Hemlock hides the Druid grave.

Once where Wisdom rear'd her seat,
Hissing glides the speckled snake:
Now in friendship's lone retreat
Venom swells amidst the brake.

* * * * * *

My Dear Cousin, February 20, 1777.

Will the following effusion suit the monument? Your good father merited a better poet.

Yours ever, J. B. C.

The epitaph intended for my father is as follows:

Let adulation pour the venal strain
O'er the proud ashes of the great and vain;
Whilst gratitude, with rude unfeigned lays,
Shall haste, Polwhele, to speak thy juster praise;
And Piety, in tears of joy, shall tell
How firm the Christian stood, how calm he fell!"

Mr. Collins was a man of talent; such he would have been considered even at this fastidious moment. He was a most intimate friend of Dr. Bathurst, the venerable Bishop of Norwich. Of a Latin poem, spoken in the theatre at Oxford, the following lines will shew the Virgilian spirit:

"Sat bello fatisque datum": sat terruit orbem
Armorumque furor præceps, et barbara virtus.
Ecce enses sparsi fraterno sanguine rorant!
En lacrymis matrum frustra madet horrida laurus!"
* * * * * * * *
"Precipuè hæ placidæ sedes, hæc rura quieta
Assensu læto plaudunt; ubi præpete lapsu
Isis iter liquidum, sinuans silientibus undis,
Conjugis in gremium genialia brachia tendit."
"————————Forsan, feliciter audis
Anglice Mæcenas!—Nam tu quoque sanguine regum
Deducis genus, et præclarâ stirpe refulges."
* * * * * * * *
"Ecce tuo adventu nutanti pondere turres.
Demittunt caput, et circum plaudente tumultu
Fervet iter, vicique fremunt! Tibi pompa Theatri
Assurgens gratatur, et ardenti æmula voce
In laudes, juvenum manus emicat, et tibi tantis
Pro meritis dignas memori dat pectore grates'

His epitaph on his first wife, who died in 1773, proves that he had not lost his facility in writing Latin verse.

" Chara vale conjux! pete regna beata piorum,
Et patris Abrami casta recumbe sinu!
Jam te expectat ibi, parvisque amplectitur ulnis
Filia; et O utinam sit mihi vita brevis!
Quid precor insanus? Quo me dolor improbus urget?
Me prava in vitium tædia lucis agunt.
At tu, discipulis mœstis, absente magistro,
Cui ferre auxilium plurima cura fuit,
Nunc adsis, miseransque animo succurre gementi,
Vulnus et inflictum da mihi posse pati."

This Epitaph was paraphrased by Mr. Penrose, Vicar of Gluvias, in lines not worth printing. His original English Epitaph has some merit.

Who lieth here? this sculptur'd verse
('Tis all it can) records:
Her worth and virtues to rehearse,
Transcends the power of words.
Oh! from thy friends too early torn!
Yet were thy hours well spent:
Thy babe, who died as soon as born,
Was not more innocent."

Epistle to Mrs. CATHARINE MACAULAY.

Bristol Hot Wells, April 4, 1777.

Dear Madam, my loss how I deeply regret,
As I rapidly posted along, overset
And forced to return! With big tears in my eyes,
I lament my sad loss of creams, jellies, and pies;
And of odes and sweet sonnets; of quips and of cranks;
And of chat so familiar with folks of all ranks;
But most of harangues upon Freedom I own,
With History herself, where she sat on her throne,

Your birth to emblazon. I'm sure the whole Isle,
In the vapours before, was arrayed with a smile.
And Bath (so a letter from Rack himself tells),
All Bath was in rapture 'midst ringing of bells,
And various explosions of pleasure. Each lyrick
Was sublime in its flights above all panegyrick.
"The delivery," it seems, "would do honor to Garrick."
But, alas! my dear Madam, the thing I have lost in, is
"The action, the manner, the voice of Demosthenes!"
Enough—I wish only, *through you*, to convey,
With a sacred regard to that singular day,
To your Doctors* in writing, who chas'd away tedium,
My compliments—through *your agreeable medium.*"

R. P. of Truro School †.

* Doctors Graham and Wilson.

† See Introduction to Six Odes in celebration of Mrs. Macaulay's birth-day, 22d of April 1777.

The Second and Third Stanzas of "THE SCHOOL-BOY ODE TO MRS. MACAULAY."

By glorious Sparta's magic strain,
Which bade the tyrant frown in vain,
And all his rage disarm'd;
By all those Druid harps of old,
Whose notes (as ancient tales unfold)
The fiends of madness charm'd;

By that deep visionary wood,
Where freedom's hallow'd altar stood,
The work of hands divine;
By all that laureate band, which pray'd
In transport to the generous maid,
Around her gifted shrine."

* * * * * * *

Miss M. *to* R. P.

SIR, Oct. 10, 1777.

When you did me the favour of writing to me in the spring, I was on the point of setting out for London, from whence I have been returned but a very short time. I would not answer your letter till I had had the satisfaction of perusing the poems you gave me reason to expect I should soon see. I now beg leave to return you my thanks for the entertainment they have afforded me. There is an agreeable vein of imagination runs through them; the numbers are, in general, smooth; and I particularly congratulate you on your success in imitative harmony. This last is a great beauty in skilful hands, but it requires much management, and a peculiar nicety of ear, not to let it be too frequent, or appear too mechanical; by the former it loses its effect, and by the latter its gracefulness.

The truly poetical Mr. Gray is, I will venture to pronounce, your favourite, and you cannot labour upon a finer model; but exquisite as he is—from the grandeur and sublimity of his images, the richness of his fancy, and the melody of his versification, he is frequently obscure, sometimes unintelligible—a fault blameable in any writer, but in a poet unpardonable. In a poem every thing should be easy, natural, and perspicuous; intricacy in books of abstruser literature is to be expected and forgiven, because the subjects may be so difficult, that no familiarity of style can pro-

duce a perfect apprehension to a common reader; whereas poetry, whose end is to please, as well as to inform, should, without losing its beautiful and becoming elevation, be stripped of every thing that would obscure its clearness, and hide its perspicuity.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient and obliged humble servant,
—— M.

Mr. C. *to* R. P. *previously to his matriculation at Oxford.*

With regard to the College or University to be pitched upon for you, it is, I think, in a great measure a matter of indifference; the advantages to be derived from a University education depending so much as they do on one's own application, and inclination to make a good use of one's time.

Yet I cannot help expressing a wish, that your inclination may not lead you to a society generally made up of your own school-fellows or countrymen. Not that I mean by this to discommend your keeping up or forming a connexion with those whom you know to be worthy of your friendship, or with whom you may be likely hereafter to pass your days, far from it; I only wish you, in the University, not to pass your time altogether or chiefly among these, which would defeat one principal end of your going from home; while

mixing with strangers, would be the surest bar against contracting partialities or prejudices, too commonly the result of confinement to one set of people. It would open a larger field to your knowledge of men and things, and would be the most likely method of acquiring or preserving an ingenuous and liberal turn of thinking as well as acting. J. C.

CHAPTER III.

SECTION I.

Notices, Biographical and Critical, from 1778 *to* 1782.

"In 1778 (continues the writer of the 'Public Characters') Mr. Polwhele * was entered a commoner of Christ Church, Oxford, where he regularly kept his terms until he was admitted a student in civil law; but he quitted the University without taking any degree †."

In recollecting the undergraduates (nearly of my own standing) with whose persons I was acquainted at Christ Church and elsewhere, I shall name only public characters. Such were Abbot, and Sawkins, and Grenville, and Wellesley, and Hall, and Gwillim, at Christ Church; and among

* P. 266—Mr. Polwhele put on a Civilian's gown, to avoid the expences of a "Grand Compounder." But he went through all the examinations for a Batchelor's degree; without which no member of Christ Church was permitted to put on the Civilian's gown.

† This outline will be found filled up in a Letter to a Friend, written in 1782.

those in other colleges, whom I occasionally met at the rooms of my schoolfellows, were Dallaway and Pennington of Trinity, and Henderson of Pembroke; characters well known in the world of literature* and science. Not that Henderson should be placed on a footing with Pennington or Dallaway. He was a strange anomalous being, affecting a knowledge of the occult sciences, and pretending to an intimacy with spiritual intelligencies. Of this man I had heard wonders, but was surprised only by his logic, or rather his casuistry, which enabled him to silence all who ventured to dispute with him. At length, by poisons, he destroyed his stomach, and died a martyr to chemical experiment.

In the country, Wolcot was still wondered at, and still dreaded; and we were amazed by his

* It is, indeed, on account of their literature that I introduce their names. With Gifford, of Exeter College, I had once the honour of an interview. A part of his translation of Juvenal was put into my hands, and read in our little circle; and in that specimen we foresaw the future eminence of an author to whom we are indebted for the best satire and the most enlightened criticism. "We *foresaw* his future eminence"..... which reminds me of our favourite amusement, in predicting the fates of those with whom we conversed, and whom we met accidentally; and our fortune-telling has, in many instances, been verified. We saw in Gwillim the judge in embryo; in Grenville the Chancellor; in Abbot the senator, whose "voice was law" (though not, perhaps, distinctly the Speaker); in Burgess (as in Christ Church walk we first hailed his silver tuft) the literary Bishop. With respect to our own party, names shall not be mentioned. But it is remarkable that two (if not three), at present dignitaries of the Church, were seen as such through our prophetic telescope.

new publication, "A poetical, supplicatory, modest, and affecting Epistle to those Literary Colossuses, the Reviewers *."

* Another Epistle was likewise published by Wolcot (not long afterwards), "The Noble Cricketers," addressed to two of the idlest Lords in his Majesty's three kingdoms; but, I believe, it excited little attention, and was suffered by its author to sink into oblivion. I remember his reading the poem to me in MS. and his omission of one or two passages, to which I excepted, on account of their gross vulgarity. The most pleasing lines in this forgotten Epistle are the following:

"No, by the Muse, a Muse of humble skill,
Perhaps the meanest of the Aönian hill,
Whose smiles, when care's dark clouds around me lour,
Break the deep gloom, to give a golden hour,
I swear, my envy points not to the great;
No, 'tis my pity marks the fools of state."
* * * * * * *
"Who would not rather be the untitled PITT *,
Content the pageantry of courts to quit
To shine in solitude, there blest to bless
The suppliant, pale ey'd children of distress?
PITT, whose fair name (such reverence it inspires)
The county's *proudest, mean-born fool*, admires!"

The last line alludes to the late *Henry Rosewarne, Esq.* Vice-warden of the Stannaries of Cornwall, and M. P. for Truro (see Chap II. Sect. II.). To Mr. Rosewarne, a native of Truro, and resident there, Wolcot had conceived an antipathy, and was, on all occasions, prompt in ridiculing the foibles of a truly respectable man. Nor did he confine his satire to our worthy representative, but proceeded to play off the battery of his wit on all the members of the corporate body, so repeatedly and so daringly, that he raised a host of enemies around him, and at length resolved to leave a place to which he had become generally obnoxious. I could repeat many excellent satirical lines,

* Mr. Pitt, of Boconnoc in this county, afterwards Lord Camelford.

We were much entertained also by that unlicked cub of a carpenter Opie, who was now most ludicrously exhibited by his keeper, Wolcot—a wild animal of St. Agnes, caught among the tin-works. An incidental touch of his character, as staring in wonderment at an old family portrait, hath already suggested to my readers an idea of his clownishness, which, indeed, was so unique, as to defy all description. Not to pick his teeth with a fork at dinner time, nor at breakfast to "clap his vin-

but what would gratify some, might give offence to others. Before his final departure from Cornwall, Wolcot had a residence at Falmouth and at Helston, where, though he was shunned as a satirist, he was courted as a physician. There were some, indeed, who, smarting under his satiric pen, rather sought for than avoided him, in order to be manually avenged of him: and Wolcot, once I am sure, had on this side of the Tamar a pretty severe chastisement. He was of a very timid disposition in conversation, soon over-awed by a superior character; or checked by the dread of corporal correction from the person whom he despised. He was fearful of lightning; and used to say that he would as soon be exposed to the cannon-balls of a battery. His literary career now commenced in the metropolis. And from this period, his conduct both as a man and as an author is better known to the public, than to myself.—His "Lyric Odes to the Royal Academicians," published in 1780, though deficient in candour, are among the best of his poetry. In "More Odes," there is a beautiful sonnet to Jackson, of Exeter, preceded by these lines:

"Speak, Muse! who formed that matchless head?
The boy in tin mines bred,
Whose native genius like his diamonds shone
In secret, till chance gave him to the sun.
'Tis Jackson's portrait!"———

gers" into the sugar-bason, &c. &c. * were instructions of Wolcot, at a subsequent stage (I might say) of Opie's life, when breakfast-rooms and saloons and drawing-rooms were thrown open to his *excellence.* At the moment of which I now speak, the manners of every servant's hall in Cornwall were infinitely superior to Opie's. The strongest indications of his genius first appeared at Mithian (Mr. Nankivell's mansion-house at St. Agnes), as Mr. N. himself informed me. At Mi-

* Invited to breakfast with Mrs. Boscawen, Dr. Wolcot had solemnly charged him not to "clap his vingers into the sugar-bason." The temptation, however, was too strong for Opie. He had more respect (he said) for his "granmar's old rule, '*Touch and take,*' than for Wolcot's precepts."—The enthusiastic patroness of Genius, Mrs. Boscawen, found a ready apology for Opie's rudeness. It is almost superfluous to say, that Mrs. B. (the widow of Admiral Boscawen) was a woman of great talents, and acceptable to every society, by the strength of her understanding, and the brilliancy of her wit. She died in the spring of 1805, at the age of 86.

This lady was one of the original members of the "Blue-stocking-society," or the "Bas-bleu." And to Admiral Boscawen the society owed its name. Mr. Stillingfleet, another original member, was somewhat, it seems, of a humourist in his habits and manners, and a little negligent of his dress, so that he literally wore grey stockings. From this circumstance Admiral Boscawen used to call them, jocularly, "*The Blue-stocking-society.*" A foreigner of distinction, hearing the expression, translated it "*Bas bleu.*" My readers may remember Boswell's compliment to Mrs. Boscawen. "On Wednesday 29, 1778, I dined at Mr. Allan Ramsay's, in company with the Hon. Mrs. Boscawen.—Her manners are the most agreeable, and her conversation the best of any lady with whom I had ever the honour of being acquainted."—*Boswell's Johnson, III.* 119, 120.

thian (where his sister lived in service) he would frequently introduce himself on some pretence or other, where he was observed to take a sly peep upon a farming-piece, and then go hastily away. It was a crowded picture; I knew it well. But, after three or four such glances to refresh his memory, he had made a correct sketch of the whole. He then drew an exact likeness of old Mrs. Nankivell's cat. Dr. Wolcot was desired to notice the boy's movements and manners; and had no sooner seen the cat, than he cried out in rapture, "ευρηκα!" and foretold the future destinies of the lad with all the enthusiasm of a prophet, and from that instant afforded him every possible assistance. Opie's father was glad to part with him. He said, "the boy was good for nothing—could never make a wheel-barrow—was always gazing upon cats, and staring volks in the face." The young limner's onset was most auspicious. At his first setting out at Falmouth (where it was Wolcot's pride to exhibit him) he collected upwards of thirty guineas: and Wolcot was one day surprised to see him rolling about upon the floor, where a quantity of money lay scattered. "See here (says Opie), here be I, wolving in gould." It was then Wolcot brought the boy to me, and prevailed on me to sit to him for my portrait—a picture now before my eyes, valuable, unquestionably, as one of the first efforts of genius. Opie was a guest of our servants: and it was the task of a faithful servant (who died not many years since about the age of ninety), it was

her task to entertain him. In his progress through the county, passing from one gentleman's seat to another, he was, of course, hospitably treated. But he made cruel havock with female beauty. Dextrous as a Turk "*in taking off*" a head, or a head and shoulders; and in representing features, and (with the lower orders) even their cast and character, he could not catch a trait of feminine grace or delicacy. To a lady of our party, on whom he first tried his hand,—"Shaant I draa ye, as ye be?"—was a question not soon to be forgotten. He had hit her likeness, but had lost all the fine expression of her countenance. Whilst Opie thus betrayed his insensibility to female beauty, my boyish feelings were evaporating in a sonnet, or my indignation at the rudeness of the artist, provoked an epigram.

Such was the following:

"Ah! spare, rude boy! that virgin cheek
Where love lies ambush'd in a dimple!
Go—try thy hand on Prudence P——k*,
Thy pencil would hit off her pimple."

* A girl with a pimple on her nose.
"All eyes might see the pimple on her nose."

SECTION II.

Letters from 1778 *to* 1782. *R. P. to a Friend in Shropshire.—Macaulay.—Collins.—Randolph.—Rack.—Towgood.*

Letter from R. P. *to a Friend in Shropshire* *.

MY DEAR SIR, Truro, 1782.

A stranger as you are to the University, you have more than once desired me to favour you with some little insight into our academical transactions: and now, just at the close of my College life, whilst it remains fresh in my memory, you repeat (as you call it) your petition. My narrative, I fear, will be very uninteresting. But for its irksomeness, you may thank yourself. My letter, I foresee, will be desultory enough; though, indeed, its hop, skip, and jump style, may be less tedious than a regular detail.—To proceed, then, without further apology. [A—B—C.]

About the time of my entrance at Oxford, there was one person, whom it would be unjust to my feelings not cursorily at least to mention:—I mean a Miss Kitty Mann, who was then ill at Clifton, where she had drunk the waters of the Bristol

* This letter, though of a subsequent date, comes first, as serving to explain or illustrate several of the other letters. The thousand pleasing recollections it calls forth, must plead in apology for its insertion.

spring. She was a niece of the late Mr. Knill, of St. Ives, and the humble companion of a much esteemed relation of my own—of a lady who knew how to appreciate merit, and to reward it with the kindest attentions. It was thus in our family I had been long acquainted with Miss Mann. Her person was pleasing, her manners were gentle, and her taste refined. We had read together, and walked together; and with mutual pleasure had often seen "the summer-sun go down the sky!" On my way to Oxford, I called on her at Clifton: she was suffering from consumption, and gradually wasting away. We "walked together" for the last time. There was a soft tint crimsoning the West. I looked at her; and I thought her flush resembled it. The colour on the horizon grew fainter and fainter; and when she stopped from feebleness, so did hers. The sky was again momentarily flushed; and so was her hectic check. Such were then my reflections, from fancy or from feeling!—I "went my way," and I saw her no more*!

On my arrival at Oxford, I waited on that celebrated tutor Randolph, with a letter as from an old College acquaintance, for such Mr. Collins†,

* For a memoir of that strange character, Mr. Knill, and a description of the *Knillian* games, see History of Cornwall, vii. 139.

† The Rev. John Collins, Vicar of Ledbury, is now no more. He was the only son of that learned man, the Rev. Edward Collins, Vicar of Breage, and Germoeury, and Gunwallo, and of Saint Erth, in Cornwall. [See more of Edward Collins, in Nichols's very entertaining memoirs of George Hardinge, p. 279.]

of Ledbury, my guardian, had supposed him-

Educated at Eton and Queen's College, Oxford, he cultivated such friendships as reflected on him the highest honour. Hardinge was one of his most cordial friends. His only church preferment was the living of Ledbury, where his first years of conjugal happiness, and afterwards the sorrows of the widower, proved (with Lord Lyttelton) "how much the wife was dearer than the bride!"—His wife was a daughter of Nicholas Kendall, of Pelyn, esq. near Lestwithiel;—whom he married in 1769, and lost Nov. 8, 1781, aged 36. "The sorrows of the widower" are generally held sacred; and, if his attachment to Shakspeare and to Capell, and to his old Etonian friends, could have any way relieved his mind ..... to insult his feelings under such circumstances, were doubtless unmanly and illiberal. He had written a letter to George Hardinge, esq. on the subject of a passage in Mr. Steevens's preface to his impression of Shakspeare, and published it anonymously in 1777, in vindication of Capell against Steevens. This letter contained ample proof, that the charges of omitting passages, and deviating without notice from their original, might well be retorted on the accuser. Capell, in gratitude, bequeathed to Mr. Collins (who attended him on his death-bed) a good sum of money and a valuable library. I had forgotten the tranquillity of Capell's departing moments; which Mr. Collins used often to speak of; though I could never learn that it was *Christian* serenity—that "peace of God which passeth all understanding." "Did you ever see a dying man?" asked Capell, very composedly, some hours before his decease. If I recollect rightly, he continued sensible and calm to the last. Mr. Collins not long after published Capell's Shakspeare, with a preface, in which there are some sprinklings of humour; but it is in general deficient in that vivacity which almost invariably enlivened the conversation and the letters of my worthy kinsman.

In the mean time, Mr. Steevens had thought proper to attack Mr. Collins, on his Shakspeare lucubrations (just after Mrs. Collins's death), in a most uncandid manner, calling him "the sleep-compelling divine of Hereford," and alluding to his domestic misfortune.

self; though I have just now made the discovery, that Mr. Collins's friend was a Randolph of another College, not my Christ Church tutor. Mr. Collins is a man of lively spirits, and his letter (as I now learn) was full of pleasant allusions to the days of his youth. This strange introduction to a character entrenched (as was Randolph) behind forms and ceremonies, was to me the occasion of much dissatisfaction. My tutor read the letter in solemn silence, flung it fastidiously among his papers, and ordered me (I thought with an unfeeling imperiousness) to be ready to attend him the next morning to the Vice-chancellor. I had fondly expected, that he would invite me to breakfast, and with all the awakened remembrance of his old College friend, Mr. Collins, have entered into familiar conversation with me. But, not even asking me to take a chair, he bowed, I believe, or rather beckoned to the door, when I retired to my Inn alone and disconsolate. The next morning, I had comfort in the gracious condescension of Dr. Bagot, the Dean of Christ Church, and of Dr. Horne, the Vice-chancellor of Oxford. But—for Randolph, his manner was frigid, and his words were few. Yet, immediately after matriculation, he introduced me to Hazlewood, my first Christ Church acquaintance: and I was conducted, on the same day, to ground-floor rooms in Peckwater. Hazlewood, however, seemed an odd being, and my rooms a dark corner: and I was every hour imbibing prejudices against Ch. Ch. —Nor was it long before imagination set forth

another College in alluring colours: and I resolved to fly to Trinity, where the high-priest of the Muses would hail me to his bower *. In consequence of my importunities, my Cornish guardian made an effort to remove me from Christ Church to Trinity †. But, with an urbanity such as I scarcely ever witnessed in any other, a cordiality indeed it might be called (for his civilities were from the heart), the Dean soon determined my abode within his walls; recommending me to Gwillim and his party, and indulging me with the liberty of visiting my friends in other Colleges long after the closing of the gates, as announced by "mighty Tom."

Gwillim had read Chesterfield: and Chesterfield I had been taught to consider as immoral. But I found in my new acquaintance the steady, thoughtful man, and was indebted to his conversation for many a pleasant and many a profitable hour.

To my studies I returned with avidity, and soon with satisfaction, though with no improper exultation, observed, that at lecture I could read Thucydides not less fluently than the Students

* A legendary tale, entitled, "*The Cave of Lemorna*," had been submitted to Warton's criticism by a common friend; and his opinion of the author was expressed nearly in Mason's words, when speaking (as will hereafter be recorded) of my Theocritus: "By the judicious application of such powers, the young poet (he said) might do great things."

† Visiting Oxford at this time he (from the Sun) sent a note to the Dean, and another to my tutor; desiring them to name the hour, when he should wait upon them. The Dean's answer was "the first moment convenient to Mr. Collins;" Randolph's was (on the back of Mr. Collins's note)—"10 o'clock." Truly characteristic of the writers!

from Westminster. Nor, composing my themes, was I deceived in those expectations of notice which emulation naturally cherishes, but which are damped, in some instances, by the partialities of the Censor. At the end of a Term, also, I experienced something more than a mere formal attention to my collections. In truth, that the sentiments of the College were in my favour, two of Fell's Exhibitions, voluntarily conferred on me, were surely no equivocal proof. And, had I confined myself to College Exercises, it was the opinion of Dr. Bathurst (Canon of Christ Church), that I should have won the wreaths of victory in the various contests for academical honours. But, unfortunately, my Bath and Bristol friends, Mrs. Macaulay and Dr. Wilson (son of the good Bishop of Sodor and Man), Mrs. Hannah More, Mr. Rack, and the Rev. Mr. Towgood (one of the best writers in the Biographia Britannica), had flattered the Schoolboy's Muse; and I continued to accumulate stanzas upon stanzas, as inclination prompted. It is true, Tom Warton himself had spoken well of my "*Cave of Lemorna*:" and a poetical "*Epistle from Rosamond to Henry*" was thought worthy of a place among Mrs. Macaulay's "Miscellaneous Works,"—a quarto volume, which its republican principles have induced her friends to advise her to suppress. I had, likewise, invoked "*The Spirit of Frazer*," in an ode*: and in a

* It was published in 1778, and had, it seems, "poetic fire."

"The mountain bird,
Whose voice in Snowdon's cloud is heard," &c. &c.

was produced as a specimen. See Critical Review for that year.

little satiric sketch, I had laughed at "*The Follies of Oxford.*"

During the next long vacation at Truro, I translated Claudian's Rape of Proserpine. And, returning to Oxford, I hailed *Erasmus Darwin* * (who had been visiting the mines in Cornwall), an intelligent and enlightened companion. We parted at Bristol, with tears reciprocally shed! So rapid in their growth are the friendships of the young! To relieve my mind from its distress in parting from so dear a friend (the friend of a few hours), I flew to Hannah More; and, happening to have then in my pocket "Wolcot's Epistle to the Reviewers," I very civilly put it into her hands, and desired her to read it aloud for the amusement of the company—a groupe of young ladies (parlour-boarders) and others. This she did, with a good grace; nor even faultered while reading,

"Could gold succeed, enough Carlisle might raise,
Whose wealth would buy the Critics o'er and o'er;
'Tis merit only can command their praise—
Witness the volumes of Miss Hannah More!

'The Search for Happiness,'—that glorious song
Which all of us would give our ears to own,—
'The Captive, Percy,' that like mustard strong,
Make our eyes weep, and understandings groan."

She paused, indeed, at "the Captive, Percy,"

* Erasmus Darwin drowned himself. According to Miss Seward, his father Dr. Darwin "sorrowed not" at his death. Yet from a letter (which I shall print in a subsequent page) who would have supposed it?

&c. affecting not to recollect her "Inflexible Captive," and asking me, why "Percy" was alluded to, as in captivity?

I was now again at Oxford: and, with regard to my society, I was ere long convinced, that unremitting exertion was necessary to secure a creditable acquaintance; and, acting upon this conviction, I was happy. Under all circumstances, indeed, we should do well to remember,

——"Nil sine magno
Vita labore dedit mortalibus."

At Christ Church I have succeeded in forming connexions the most valuable—connexions which probably through life will soothe my cares, and heighten my enjoyments.

My first associate in College was Hazlewood, and my last was Errington:—with Hazlewood I am now sufficiently intimate, to be sensible of his good qualities—to respect the soundness of his principles. With him I was lectured by Randolph, and with him I have been examined for my degree by three Masters of Arts, with one of whom only we were acquainted, and that but slightly. It was our wish to challenge an impartial scrutiny. Though with Hazlewood I had obtained my testimonials for a Bachelor's degree, yet I put on a Civilian's gown with Errington*.

* Charmed was I with Errington's gentlemanly manners and convivial talents, that often since his fall (for he fell indeed!) I regretted that I ever knew him.——He fell from the love and madness of a mistress—the love that seduced, and the madness that murdered him!

It was at Randolph's rooms, I met Errington. There we breakfasted together; and our tutor, thus at parting, was uncommonly civil. But the assistance of Errington was not wanted for the developement of an amiable character; to which few of us "illiberal Under-graduates" (as about two years since his rival Jackson called us) were to do justice. To his erudition we bowed down unanimously: to his classical taste we did homage. But such was the ungraciousness of his manner, that it was long, before his anxiety for the welfare of his pupils was felt with a becoming gratitude *.

I mentioned Jackson †. When Censor, he once, you must know, called me out to read a Latin Theme, as one of the best of his *fasciculus*. *Collier* advanced beyond the ranks. He called again,—and *Hollier* went forth. The Censor frowned—and every eye was on *Pol*whele ‡.

Though apparently austere, Jackson was less unbending than Randolph. I had, just before I left Oxford, the honour of supping with him, at his rooms; and our supper might have shone distinguished in the *Noctes Atticæ*. Seasoned with biographical anecdote, we enjoyed the treat, though he had styled our mathematical class "Illiberal Under-graduates."

The pleasantness, however, of Dr. Bathurst's

* His subsequent exaltation to the episcopal throne, was but the just reward of merit rarely seen.

† The late Bishop of Oxford, brother to Dean Jackson, who had recommended him to the Bishopric.

‡ Which corroborates what I observed on the *English* pronunciation of the name. See Chapter I. Section I.

suppers was beyond description. With two of my relations, the Collinses, Dr. B. had been acquainted at school and in College; and had I not been averse, as I am, to a college life, would probably have exalted me to the rank of Student. His good humour, his wit, and his classic ingenuousness, will never fade from my memory. "Tell Collins I shoot less, and read more" (though we used to hail the Canon in his shooting dress), was his message at our last interview *.

I am now among dignitaries—I shall not quit them abruptly. From Bathurst we pass in an instant to Smallwell's house, without, however, scaling the walls, or entering the chamber window. Smallwell, as a Sub-dean, was said to be morose. Reading our declamations in the hall, we were, in general, tolerated in a voice scarcely audible. So far were we from declaiming, that we were very imperfectly heard. Dr. S. was impatient of such listlessness or indifference. "Eloquere," he used to exclaim; and then "Eloquere aut descendas!" and then, if his warning were still vain, "Descendas cum ignominia!"

Of Kennicott, who resided in the great quadrangle, I knew little or nothing in College, except that he played chess with Hannah More, and that he pronounced the words "*Lama Sabach-*

* The enthusiasm with which he then quoted a passage from Warton's History of Poetry has not even now lost its effect, awakening to my fancy the dreams of early days, when visions were more pleasing than realities, and fictions more agreeable than truth.

thăni," which, with Bagot, were " *Lama Sabachthāni.*"

With two anecdotes of Dr. Wheeler and Dr. Bagot I shall take leave of the Dean and Canons. The anecdotes are trifling in themselves, but they are illustrative of character. In this light they are valuable. On Fool's-day, Dr. Wheeler, when Sub-dean, was broken in upon by several Under-graduates, among whom was myself. Informed that I was sent for by the Sub-dean to answer for some neglect, I waited upon him, full of apprehension; but before I could well make my apologies, " O! Sir!" (said the good Doctor) " don't be alarmed! This is only a little piece of jocularity. Perhaps you are not aware of All Fools." He was treated in the same manner by others, but laughed only at the joke. Who, reflecting on an incident like this, would not see in Dr. W. good nature and affability? And is not a character often more clearly developed in the statement of a single trivial circumstance, than by whole pages of *generalities?* Dr. W. died soon after of apoplexy. It was a stroke that was felt through the College in one tremulous, mournful sensation. The Dean read the funeral service; but he faultered—his voice was inarticulate, and he melted into tears*.

* There is a Memoir of Dr. Cyril Jackson in the Gent. Mag. Nov. 1819, pp. 459—463. It is there stated that Dr. J. " *revived* what were termed Collections." This is not the fact. To Dr. Bagot, the former Dean, the *revival* of Collections is justly attributable. And the following letter from *Academicus* (Gent. Mag. Dec. 1819, p. 486), places the merits of these two admirable characters in their true light:—" Dr. Bagot, Dean in my time, and just raised to the episcopacy when I was leaving College,

My distance from Oxford to Truro was very considerable; and, never much amused by travelling, I had little satisfaction on the road; excepting once, when, a good social party on horseback, we turned our faces towards the West. We were six in company *. We galloped over Salisbury Plain with delight. We rode around and amidst the stupendous ruins of Stonehenge. We paused in silent contemplation; and we resumed our

was himself a disciplinarian. *Collections* at the end of every Term, when we were all strictly examined, existed before I became a member of Christ Church; and the themes and declamations every Saturday, and the prize exercises, and the public and private lectures in the mathematics, in logic and rhetoric, &c. &c. &c. all existed long before Jackson!" And when it is recollected who the lecturers were—Randolph (afterwards Bishop of London), and Jackson (Cyril's brother, afterwards Bishop of Oxford), who will for a moment conceive that severity was not the order of the day?—that any degree of irregularity could have passed uncensured? "They were both (Academicus proceeds to say) estimable characters—Bagot the most estimable. Bagot was noble in family and noble in deportment. He was generous, affable, and courteous; and, in the true sense of the word, a *Christian*." By the bye, was that "high-mindedness"—that "pride of soul"—so much praised by Jackson's biographer, perfectly consistent with Christian humility? At "*sixty-four*, the Dean thought he had toiled enough!" and betook himself to an obscure village. Query.—If Jackson, as the "*emeritus miles*," thus stepped into retirement, may not others at his age relinquish their public duties?—No, it may be said, few have laboured like Jackson. In my opinion, thousands of parish priests have laboured more effectually than Jackson for the good of their fellow-creatures, from their ordination to their grand climacteric.

* Of whom one only (a friend esteemed above them all) yet lingers on this side of the grave. We then truly rejoiced in our youth.

course in all its velocity! Of all the places which we visited, Stourhead had the most attractions. But the statue of the sleeping Näid, and Cardinal Bembo's lines, and Pope's translation, are so well known, that I notice them here only for the sake of an incident, which the gardener mentioned whilst we were looking at the marble tablet. "A labourer in the garden (he said) had been just delivered from a swan, which would have drowned him, but for timely assistance. The swan was surrounded by her cygnets; the man had carelessly approached the margin of the water, and she flew at him, and beating him with her strong pinion, had almost gained the mastery over him, when a person ran to his rescue." Here may be nothing of novelty to the naturalist; but, to *memorize* a fact of this sort, may operate as a caution, and may virtually save a life.

To the country I had eagerly looked forward whilst detained within the walls of Christ Church by Herodotus *, Aristotle, and Euclid. I had

* Perhaps the admirers of Dean Jackson would have disapproved of Bagot's indulgence to me on this occasion: Our Cornish party were, one from Cambridge, and the others from Exeter and Trinity Colleges in Oxford, which knew nothing of *Collections*. They were ready to set off, and might have left me in the lurch, had not the Dean admitted me to his library on the day before the public examinations. It was on a Sunday morning, when, kindly assenting to my petition, he desired me to construe a few pages of Aristotle's Poetics.....; after which operation he asked me some questions respecting Cornwall, and wished me a pleasant journey.

often anticipated the calm delight I should experience amidst the old oaks of a valley at Polwhele, which I intended to connect with the elms contiguous to the house by a new and extensive plantation. But no sooner was I arrived at Truro than I began with impatience to prepare for some immediate establishment, and to grasp in idea both at a living and a wife. A rectory, indeed, situated near my little estate, had been, for some time, in prospect. But clouds were now gathering to intercept the view; and, in short, I have suffered a sore disappointment, in losing a valuable living which I was almost on the point of possessing. In youthful minds, however, the feeling of disappointment is not lasting; and Truro hath a charm to dissipate such feelings*. Yet I have been long prevented from enjoying "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," by a severe illness, from which I bless God for my recovery; and with gratitude I attribute to Wolcot, a skilful and a kind physician (though a bad man), my restoration from death almost to life. It was during the delirium of the fever that I invoked "Sleep," in certain stanzas . . . . . .

* * * * * * *.

O come, the oblivious balm diffuse,
And bid the dread idea fly,
Ere death descend in freezing dews,
And film, alas! the darken'd eye.

* The pleasures of conversation were then infinitely beyond its present boast, though then Truro had no "Cornwall Library," no "Royal Institution, Literary or Philosophical."

Haste, haste, and listen to thy suppliant's prayer,
And, tho' death's image, to my bed repair!
'Tis his the throbbing pulse to still,
'Tis his the burning lid to close:

Yet, 'ere the mortal numbness chill,
Seal once my eyes in soft repose!
How sweet, thus lifeless, without life to lie!
Thus, without dying, O how sweet to die!

Here, it will be perceived, I borrowed my ideas from "Somne levis," &c. &c. as translated by Wolcot. My Ode to Sleep, therefore, was closed with a peculiar propriety of allusion *.

With respect to our little provincial town, let me observe, that a Miss D. † is, at this moment, the animating soul of the place.

* An ingenious and good humoured correspondent of Mr. Urban says: "These beautiful lines were written by Tom Waton, to be placed under the statue of *Somnus*, in the garden of his friend James Harris, the Salisbury philologist." "I have seen (he adds) not less than twenty translations, but I consider Dr. Wolcot's the best."—*Gent. Mag. Feb.* 1819, *p.* 116.

† To her shrine the poet, of course, devoted his "selectest sweets." Miss D——— was, comparatively, a child; but her spirit, her wit, and accomplishments, the music of her voice and the elegance of her manners, her affability and gentleness, and, above all, her filial piety—is it possible that any human being, much less a poet, could be insensible to such perfections? Vapid, therefore, will appear these lines which Wolcot wrote, *currente calamo*, on a blank page of my Beattie's "Minstrel."

"In ancient days, great Jove, to show
To gazing mortals here below,
The Loves, the Virtues, and the Graces,
Was forced to form *three* female faces.
But (so improv'd his art divine!)
In one fair female now they shine!

But here I must break off abruptly. It is a *grandis epistola* but not *verbosa*! Yet I am sen-

> Aloud I hear a reader cry:
> "Lord," to the poet, "what a lie!"
> Now, as I hate the name of liar,
> Sweet Dickenson! I do desire
> You'll *see* this unbelieving Jew,
> And prove that all I 've said *is true*."

I have spoken of her filial piety: in this she was exemplary. And the wounds mutually inflicted on each other by her parents, in the bitter domestic skirmish, it was always in her power to heal. Old D. had judgment and information, and his wife shrewdness. They had a son, too, who would have done them almost equal honour with their daughter, had not a fatal irresolution prevented him from improving his fine talents and genius. Here was another family, with which Dr. Wolcot was almost domesticated—but they are gone! Miss D. married a Mr. M. and died in Ireland, leaving a little girl, who, I hear, is the very image of herself. It was in parties of which Wolcot and Miss D. were the enlivening spirits, that I passed many delightful hours. There we often met Miss G. who had a certain naiveté extremely interesting, and whose elegant finger on the pianoforte was one of her most agreeable recommendations. The following is a happy compliment of Wolcot's to this lady's musical abilities:

> "When sweet Cecilia sought the skies,
> In tears were all the tuneful wits;
> The fiddles pour'd chromatic sighs,
> And musick had hysteric fits.
> But, ere she vanished, thus she said:
> 'A short farewell I mean to bid ye;'
> To keep her word, the harmonious maid
> Appears in form of Betsy Giddy!"

Miss Giddy was pleased with so fine a piece of flattery, but much puzzled about Cecilia, of whose saintship she had never heard; when Miss D. and myself concurred in informing her, that Cecilia was the great grandmother of Kirkman the harpsi-

sible enough of my numerous deficiencies. To you I leave reproof, correction, and advice; which, be assured, will be taken in good part. Not to detain you longer, I beg you will consider me ever

Your friend, R. P.

H. M. *to* R. P.

SIR, London, Feb. 7, 1778.

I hope you will excuse my not having answered your letter sooner; nothing but the hurrying and tumultuous way of life I have been engaged in could excuse me in my own opinion; and this apology, I hope, will also vindicate me in your's.

When I received your manuscripts at Bristol I was very ill, which, joined to the preparations for my journey, so entirely engrossed me, that I had little leisure for writing. I desired, however, a common friend to assure you, that I had read your Poems with great pleasure, and begged her to acquaint you with my approbation of them. I thought them very ingenious and poetical.

chord-maker. To this circumstance I alluded in an Epistle to a young Lady, written at Truro in 1779:

"How honour'd I feel, my dear girl, to escort ye,
When a tune is propos'd, to your pianoforte;
Then flow the full numbers, so soft and so clear,
Such harmonies ravish the musical ear,
That in fancy I've seen the celestials approve,
And Kirkman's own grandmother bend from above!"

See Cornwall and Devon Poems, II. 155.

Very little has appeared this winter in the literary, and hardly anything in the poetical world; for I do not honour with the dignified appellation of Poetry, those scandalous productions which start up every day, and which are eagerly bought and read, only because they are scandalous: they die away with the temporary circumstances which gave birth to them, and are no more remembered.

I am much obliged for your compliments on my Tragedy; its success has exceeded my most sanguine hopes: it is acted to-night, the seventeenth time. I remain, Sir, your most obedient humble servant, H. M.

Mrs. MACAULAY *to* R. P.

SIR, 'Bath, August 23, 1778.

My having been continually upon the road has prevented me from answering the favour of your letter dated May 11th. Your Poem of Henry and Rosamond will, in my estimation, be a valuable *adition* * to my *miscellanious* * works. Your merits as a Poet, I assure you, without compliment, I have heard much applauded by better

* This celebrated Historian (it is well known) was not an orthographist. My good old friend Cruttwell shewed me once a MS. in her hand-writing, the bad spelling of which proved a very inaccurate acquaintance with the English language. Yet this MS. contained passages of even Ciceronian eloquence.

judges than myself. I am, Sir, your much obliged and obedient humble servant,

CATHARINE MACAULAY.

Dr. Wilson desires his best compliments.

We now print "Rosamond."

ROSAMOND *to* HENRY.—*A School Exercise.*

To her dear Henry, on a hostile strand,
His Rosamonda writes with trembling hand—
To tell what pangs her beating bosom move,
How strong the tumults of forsaken Love;
To tell how fast the tear of sorrow flows
From a poor martyr to a thousand woes!
If lone amidst these winding walks I stray,
Where Isis from the mourner steals away;
Where every fading floret droops its bell,
And Melancholy chills the sunless dell;
Where grots and summer glades had once the power
To speed the pinions of the flying hour—
I sink, and scarcely reach with feeble knee,
And grasp the first unsympathizing tree!
Ah! what a storm of passion shakes my frame!
How thrills through every nerve the glowing flame!
No gleam of hope, no pause from grief I boast—
All—all the firmness of my soul is lost!
Cheerless, I sicken at the rising sun,
And wish, ere noon, his lingering journey done:
From bower to bower my vagrant feet repair,
But nought I gather but despondence there.
Dear sacred shades! where Henry once and I
Resign'd the melting hours to love and joy!
Sweet glooms! no more your secret haunts I hail!
No more the blisses of the sheltering vale!
Ye feather'd tribes, that flit on frolic wing,
Or, shaking the light sprays, salute the Spring—
Ah! cease your songs! And thou, my favourite Rose,
No more thy fragrant breath thy blooms disclose!

Ah! from each boding bird the mournful wail,
That wooes the midnight echo of the dale,
In concert mingles with the sobs that rise
From a full heart, and all its burst of sighs.
When evening glimmers thro' her mist of gray,
And streaks with crimson all the western day,
What time we listen'd to the shepherd's strain,
And many a murmur from the cottag'd plain;
What time the rustic maid, amidst the grove,
Lean'd on her Colin's arm, and whisper'd love—
(The rustic maid, her constant lover's care,
For homebred Truth and Innocence are there;
For there no dæmon lurks with impious leer
To dash the eye of virtue with a tear);
Whilst o'er the green the last light zephyr blows,
And the rills tinkle, and the woods repose:
Then how I feel the miseries of my fate,
And heave wild wishes for the peasant state,
And, O! repine at Heaven's severe decree,
Since Fortune seems to smile on all but me.
Soon as the shades of Darkness veil the sky,
And hide the mountain from the straining eye;
When slumbers sweet the wearied ploughman shares,
And lost in golden visions sleep his cares,
Thy Rosamond, worn out with watching, faints,
Or wounds the ear of midnight with her plaints.
Nor Reason's voice has influence to controul
The guilty fears that crowd upon my soul!
Amidst the witchery of these rosy scenes,
Still conscience stings my breast, and fires my veins!
When on the wings of love my Henry came,
'Tis true, too true, I own'd a mutual flame.
But though in speechless bliss my moments flow'd,
What agonies in sure succession glow'd;
And pleasure left the poison of a dart—
A flame that ceaseless fester'd at my heart.
Far other joys (ere Henry met my view),
Far other joys my peaceful bosom knew!

Ah! see, where erst domestic comfort smil'd,
A father mourning his apostate child;
A sire, who lov'd my little infant ways,
And cherish'd the quick blush with cordial praise;
Who taught, that beauty like a flower must fade,
And bade me shun the snares by treachery laid.
Ah! what avail'd that Virtue was my own—
That Truth around me as a sunbeam shone—
That plauding Conscience mark'd each fair design!
Ah! what avail'd that Innocence was mine!
What, but to sharpen every poignant throe—
What, but to aggravate my weight of woe!
While oft thro' Hope's delusive tracts I stray,
And court with anxious eyes a cheering ray,
Through shadowy avenues methinks I roam,
But hail at every step the lessening gloom:
Now as I go the light of pleasure gleams;
Now o'er my walk a broader lustre beams:
And lo! I deem (an opening vista nigh),
Some vista pointing to a happier sky!
Straight from my view the fairy vision fleets,
And hags dance round, and flutter winding-sheets!
Ah me! for guardian Angels to defend,
Foul imps of Darkness all my paths attend!
Here, as his shaft impatient Hatred flings,
Remorse its fury to my bosom wings!
Here cold Contempt with gloomy smile appears,
And Envy points malignant at my tears.
Curst be the hour, in transport when I hung
On the smooth accents of Seduction's tongue;
When grandeur its imperial robe displayed
To the fond wonder of a weetless maid!
Here, distant every friend that once could save,
I drop—an early victim to the grave!
The harlot of these shades shall soon afford
To History's sullied tome the black record:
E'en distant ages shall my crime proclaim,
And couple thy poor Rosamond with shame!

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While matron Prudence shall each trace abhor,
Each slippery path that points to Woodstock's bower;
Nor shall that eve which thrills the cottage maid,
Boast such a phantom as my beckoning shade.
Yet when detraction from thy fair-one's name
Revolting aims to vilify her fame,
Some tender Poet may perchance arise,
And rigid Censure yield to Pity's sighs;
The Muse of Elegy lament my fate,
And my sad tale melodiously relate.
What though no sire receive my parting breath,
Where sympathy assuaged the pangs of death;
What though no mutes around my ashes wait,
Nor the long funeral gloom in 'scutcheon'd state;
Though still, still darkening o'er my grave the yew,
From its pestiferous boughs shall drop the dew;
Yet shall the Bard with roses deck my tomb,
And cloath my relics in unfading bloom.
But whither does my fever'd spirit stray,
And whirl me in delirium wild away!
Ah! what avails it to the unconscious dead,
That fancies fill the youthful Poet's head?
Alike to me the censure or the praise,
To blot or bleach the page of future days!
From realm to realm may kite-like Scandal sail,
And pounce upon my fame—a murderous tale!
I care not for myself—thy sire's disgrace
Is all I blush for—his degraded race!
Worlds for one smile, to bid his daughter live
In solitude and silence, would I give!
Say, if a child so valued once should seek
That sign of pardon on a parent's cheek,
Would Clifford lift with frowns his hoary head,
While prostrate at his feet Affection bled!
Shall Sin and Sorrow have a fear to go
To the lone mansion of paternal woe?
'Tis but the mockery of Repentance here
Breathes the false sigh, and sheds the unholy tear.

Come, then, O, Rosamond! O, come, repair
To bowers once foster'd by a father's care!
And hail, in humble weeds, that calm abode,
Where Penitence shall guide thee to thy God!
Ah! flattering dreams! Ah! fond illusions! fly!
What threadless mazes meet my maddening eye!
Where frowning slaves now creep, conceal'd from sight,
Now crowd each avenue that leads to light!
Yet here my lips in vain attempt to raise
To Heaven faint accents of imperfect praise.
In vain I bid divine Repentance come,
To soften with a tear so dire a doom;
Whilst, gnawing my poor heart, the vultures prey,
Or seem to snatch me from the realms of day.
Such are the horrors that around me rise—
Such are the scenes that shock these dying eyes.
If Rosamond be still to Henry dear,
Such are the tales that wound her Henry's ear.
For Love's soft couch, for social pleasure made,
No wolf e'er nurs'd thee in the desart shade.
Why, why, then, dazzled by the fields of fight,
To war resign the rose-hues of delight?
By all these haunts I pray—by yonder grove
(Where once we look'd unutterable love),
By yon fair orb, descending o'er the slain,
Which gilds, perchance, thy tents that skirt the plain;
By eve's mild star, that soon my lot shall mourn,
In stillness hovering o'er thy fair-one's urn—
O, quit, my Henry, quit the ensanguin'd field;
Nor let thine heart to Sorrow's plaint be steel'd!
Though oft, when all their storm the passions raise,
My pen the madness of my soul betrays;
Though I have curs'd "the moment when I hung
In rapture on Seduction's specious tongue;"
Though, as caprice or conscience may incline,
With hurried hand I trace the incongruous line;
Though I am well nigh sunk in Trouble's sea,
Yet still this bosom fondly beats for thee.

Then, by our loves, O think how round me wait,
The inexorable ministers of Fate!
Think how I shudder, with no vain presage—
How shudder at thy consort's restless rage?
O come, lest my pale corpse affright the wood,
And arbours, once voluptuous, blush with blood!
Perhaps e'en now, through every secret maze,
Through every grove, and all the winding ways,
The venom'd bowl may hunt the guilty foe,
And daggers thirst to triumph in the blow!
Alas! why write I thus!—From shade to shade,
From walk to walk—from stream to stream convey'd;
In fury through the windings of the grove,
And all its depths and thickets though they rove;
Though Jealousy its trembling prey pursue,
And Vengeance to my bower detect the clue—
Will Henry leave abrupt the pomp of War,
To give a pining mistress all his care?
Whilst banner'd glory, 'midst the clang of arms,
My Henry's throbbing breast with transport warms;
Whilst Slaughter seals the irrevocable doom,
Where thousands crowd the chambers of the tomb,
Shall Pity, pouring her low sighs, pervade
The proud pavilion, or the spectred shade?
O, whilst the roar of battle stuns his ear,
The faultering voice of Love shall Henry hear?
Perhaps some captive's all-subduing charms—
Some stranger-maid attracts thee to her arms;
Some blooming virgin, whose impassion'd eye
Darts its soft beams, and prompts the blissful sigh.
Her's be thy love; for faded, though so fond,
For lost to joy is thy poor Rosamond.
Soon on these lips shall hang the quivering breath,
And soon these languid eyes shall close in death.
Yet would my Spirit through the battle glow,
And from my Henry's head avert the blow;
Bind with a roseate wreath thy conquering blade,
And with perennial bays thy temples shade!

J. C. *to* R. P. *Esq.*

DEAR SIR, Ledbury, April 29, 1778.

As your last letter did not require an immediate answer, I have suffered it to lie by me unacknowledged till this time—longer, I find by looking at the date, than I intended. But my time has been more taken up in the interval than usual. And after all I have little else to say, than to repeat to you, that whenever your other engagements will allow you, whether those of business in College, or of amusement in vacation, here you will find me glad to see you. Let me, however, congratulate you upon being settled in College; and though your rooms may not be such as you might wish for, yet perhaps you may be well off in a College so much frequented to get any rooms; and if you choose to mend your situation, opportunities, no doubt, will soon offer of others vacated by their present tenants, which you may easily avail yourself of. In the mean time, for your comfort, consider, that students of old have sometimes been obliged to put up with narrow lodgings. Does not your friend Horace hint at something of that sort, when he tells his correspondent—

> Ad mare descendet vales tuum
> *Contractusque* leget———

Possibly at this *Scarborough* he had no more light or elbow-room than you have at Christ Church.

Pray have you yet received the letter I wrote to

you at the Cross Inn? If you have not, I wish you to enquire for it. If you find that the people of that house did not take it up, it is probably still at the post-office. My reason for desiring you to see it is, that it is unpleasing to have letters miscarry, and to fall into hands that they are not designed for; and besides, I do not wish to repeat, though I wish you to see, what I wrote to you about your tutor; for I cannot help having my fears, from the cast of your expressions in the letter before me, that you have scarce got the better of the disgust you received at first meeting. I should indeed be truly sorry if you do not see that gentleman in the same light with myself; not merely because I recommended him to you, but for your own sake; for there is seldom much attention paid to those we dislike, and without attention there can be but little profit. And then my views in getting you to your present situation must be frustrated; for, believe me, it was your emolument, and, consequently, your happiness, for which I have a very sincere concern, that entirely guided me in my recommendation. For my sake, therefore, and your own too, let me beg of you not to let a prejudice taken up of a sudden get the better of your good sense, &c. &c.

* * * * * * * * *

Yours, &c.

J. C. *to* R. P. *Esq.*

My Dear Sir, Ledbury, July 2, 1778.

You give me so little hopes of seeing you here, that I answer your letter, which I have just now received, with a view to wishing you a good journey into Cornwall.

It gives me no little pleasure to find you so well pleased with your introduction to Dr. Bathurst. He is a gentleman from whose countenance and conversation you will receive, I hope, much satisfaction and instruction. This is a benefit that I had all along in view for you, when I recommended you to be placed where you might have an easy access to him; though I gave you no hint of it before, thinking it might prove the more agreeable to you, by being unexpected. It will also, I hope, make amends for some of those little circumstances which at setting out you have not found exactly answering your wishes, and which have consequently given you uneasiness. That is what I should be very glad to remove, and therefore beg you will give me credit for my experience, when I tell you, that most people find some matters disagreeable at first entering upon a new mode of life, but which every day will render less so. The want of acquaintance, for instance, is one of these; and it furnishes general complaint to others, as well as yourself, yet it can scarce be supposed that any man's conversation will be much cultivated by those who do not know him. He must have time to shew himself to make him-

self known, and to get his character approved of in general, before that can happen; and then he will find himself happy in the same social comforts for which perhaps he has been envying others. When you are something better acquainted with Christ Church, and better known there, this, I make no doubt, you will find to be the case; for I assure you that I felt, at first going to College, all the uneasiness from solitude in the midst of society that you can have met with, and would have given something to boot to have exchanged my situation for the school that I had before been impatient to leave. Yet this dull prospect in due time brightened; and you will soon find, when you return to College, the same change for the better, if you will but believe, and it is no more than the truth, that you have but your share of inconveniences, which all experience in their turn, under one shape or other.

Let me entreat you, my dear cousin, to allow me to give you courage to bear up against obstructions, and manfully to push your way; and I am sure, when you look back hereafter, you will be pleased with the path that abounds with whatever is necessary or useful. You will be happy, I trust, in the enjoyment of the various fruits that you have gathered there; and it will be no little comfort to me also, to be thanked by you for having pointed it out to you, and placed you in it.

* * * * * * * * *

Yours, &c. J. C.*

* These letters of the late Mr. Collins (not selected from many

J. RANDOLPH* *to* R. P. *Esq.*

DEAR SIR, Ch. Ch: Oct. 14, 1779.

I received your letter last night, with a £10. bill enclosed. I am sorry to find that you intend being absent from Oxford this Term; if your health is the occasion of it it is a sufficient excuse; otherwise I should hope you would not shelter yourself under the indulgence of the University, and a few bad examples, in opposition to what is more regular and more to your advantage. The University, it is true, allows two Terms at the utmost; but in College we expect every Undergraduate to be resident, unless in case of illness, or some other sufficient excuse; and I know of no instance to the contrary which has not met with severe reprehension. I make no doubt but you will go on with your Herodotus and Livy, and take pains with them, but your absence will be a great interruption in another respect, your attendance on public lectures; and, indeed, before the receipt of this, you will have lost the opportunity of being present at the opening of the next course. However, I will mention your excuse to the Dean.

With regard to the other subject of your letter, I am sorry it should give you any uneasiness; it

others in my possession, on account of their superior merit) are a good specimen of epistolary correspondence. They were written, no doubt, as rapidly as the pen could trace them. Yet they are far preferable to that long letter to George Hardinge, Esq. which Mr. Collins himself published.

* The late Bishop of London.

is not in my power to make the alteration; all that I could procure for you would be some casual civilities, not worth the trouble they would cost; but, believe me, and I speak from long experience, the cause of uneasiness is in yourself. In so large a society every young man must be left to himself to form his connexions, as his judgment and disposition may suggest; but there cannot be wanting proper and creditable acquaintance to any man who does but exert himself to seek them. Those who come from public schools, come, without doubt, with great advantages; their connexions, in a great measure, are already formed, and they have a knowledge of each other, which is of great service to them if they use it with discretion. But there are many others in the same situation with yourself; many who have a large and good set of acquaintance; and you don't find others averse to them because they have come from private schools, though they may not be eager to seek their acquaintance at first, as having enough already. That an opinion is formed of you to your prejudice, at first setting out, is a mistake; the whole is, that you must exert yourself, and make yourself agreeable to others, before you can expect to be well received in a place of such liberty and such choice, and that you have a difficulty to get over in the first opening. As an encouragement to you, however, I have known those who have lived for one, two, or three years, with little or no acquaintance, and have then got over the difficulty. But let me remind you, and it is of consequence

to you to understand it, that you will meet with the same difficulties in the world, only on a larger scale, unless you mean to confine yourself to a place where the mere scarcity of inhabitants makes every body acquainted: you should begin to practice now what you will hereafter find so much need of. In short, study to improve and strengthen the powers of your own mind, and then, with the help of a little address, you must be acceptable to others; and that address must be of your own acquiring, no man can supply the place of it for you. Yours faithfully and sincerely,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

To R. P. *Esq.*

MY DEAR SIR, March 15, 1782.

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It gives Mr. C. and myself much pleasure to find that, upon experience, you like Christ Church, and consider the reputation of your College in the light he described it, and in the light, too, in which we may infer it is generally considered by those who have knowledge, from the compliment with which the promotion of Dr. Bagot to the See of Bristol was attended, from Majesty. A higher commendation could not be given to any one than that alluded to, when what it naturally involves in it is fully weighed. Yours, &c. &c.

E. C.

E. Rack *to* R. P. *Esq.*

Bath, Saturday evening, May 2, 1778.

Dear Friend,

Since I wrote thee last I have been mostly confined to my room with a bad cold, fever, and return of my cough. My frame received a violent shock, about five years since, by a fever, which lasted near two months, and I neither have, nor expect ever to recover it fully. I seem to have passed the meridian of life, and to be verging downward to that valley which terminates in the shadow of death. Perhaps I may descend it with unexpected celerity. This, however, must be left (and I wish not to be solicitously anxious about an event which must be left) to the great Disposer of all things, who will certainly do what is right.

But although I am not able to write much at present, I could not omit acknowledging the receipt of thy packet, dated the 29th, inclosing the letter and the poem, both which will do well for the intended purpose, and shall have a place as desired.

I have a high opinion of *Tintadgel* *, and think

* High o'er Tintadgel's echoing towers
Flew the dark genius of the blast;
Around the scene the tempest lours,
And roars along the spectred waste.
Whilst the blue meteor stream'd with transient light,
The rolling thunder shook the shades of night.

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it not inferior to any of thy other productions. The letter will require some little correction, but

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But yester morn the smiling beam
  Beheld our troops in bright array;
Their helmets waver'd gleam on gleam;
  Flusht with warm hope they hail'd the day.

* * * * * * *

Alas! how soon amid the slain
  The dearest to Arvina's soul
Lies strecht on Rendro's loaded plain!
  How soon his eyes in darkness roll!
From conquering Odred flew the avenging steel,
And the rocks echoed as the hero fell!

* * * * * * *

Thy death-seal'd eyes shall now no more
  In transport on Arvina gaze,
Beneath the green o'er-shading bower,
  Where pleasure sang her thrilling lays.
No more, in Denmark, o'er the conscious grove,
Shall wanton Zephyr waft the voice of Love.

* * * * * * *

O'er thy pale corpse one humble stone—
  Oh! that some pitying hand would raise—
Some minstrel sigh the funeral moan,
  Sweet as the bards of ancient days.
Oh! that my love could give to thee a grave,
And steal thy actions from Oblivion's cave.

* * * * * * *

Hark! 'tis a hollow sound of woe
  O'er the dark towers assails my ear.
Hark! hark! the groan of death I know—
  I see the lightning of a spear!
'Tis Sweno! or illusion mocks my eye—
He gleams, half viewless, thro' the broken sky.

is a very good one, although written in such a *villainous hand* that it would puzzle Dr. Warburton himself to pick out the meaning of sundry passages. I wish, however, thou wouldst give me one in the *humourous* way—the sort we most want.

I have an ingenious young friend, who lives at Chipping Norton; his name is *Waring*. He is much pleased with thy poems, and intends calling on thee when he comes to Oxford. He has written me an excellent letter or two, in one of which he has mentioned thy Ode to Mrs. M. with great praise.

This young man is of an opulent family, a virtuous youth, and very polite in his manners. Take a little notice of him, and if thou canst induce him to write to thee, he will be a most pleasing correspondent.

Feebly she spoke; and sank away
With bitter anguish to the grave!
The pale ghost leaves the struggling clay,
While the last pangs of horror heave.
Thus, wrapt around by Midnight's howling shade,
Perish'd, alas! the poor distracted maid.

Here oft (as pensive poets say)
Amid these melancholy walls
Arvina is yet seen to stray,
While many a mouldering fragment falls.
From yon dim rock her sighs incessant heave,
And join the murmurs of the restless wave.

An excerpt this, from an effusion of twenty-four stanzas, poured out before the author had left school! It was too late to lament, when a son of *alma mater*, that he had neglected the *Virgilian Muse*.

Mrs. Macaulay's health is but indifferent; the Doctor is bravely. Bath is full, but the company mind dress and fiddles, and cantatas and cotillions, more than reading, or any other rational employment. I will take particular care of the copy of Tagtongtidal (what d'ye call it)—your breakteethly Cornish names were never formed for English organs—this is a bad word for poetry, and puts me in mind of the jangling of three bells in Bathwick church.

I have now an idea of my friend, in his scientific gown, with square cap and nymph-inspiring tassel dangling over his nose, poring in Aristotle and the rest of the musty tribe, with stockings ungartered, sipping mechanically out of an empty tea-cup, while the water is boiling out of the tea-kettle and quenching the fire.

The bell tolls—he starts—recollects his prayers—says them—then prays most devoutly for the sale of Lewellyn, "while the loud pealing organs raise his soul to spheres Empyrean." Then he returns to his studies—the bed-maker comes to the door—"Sir—Sir—Sir"—in vain, she might as well address Homer's Iliad in the library. "Sir—Sir"—he is forming a syllogism, or unravelling some knotty point of school divinity. "Sir"—at length he starts from his reverie, says *yes* when he meant *no*—she curtseys and withdraws. Bye and bye some of his comrades come. "Dick"—he hears them not; they approach and twirl his cap—"Polwhele—come, d—n your studies, let us go to the coffee-house and have a bit of fun."

He looks up half waked from his repose in the bosom of science, and, with a face of wonder, asks them what they mean. They set up a horse-laugh, d—n him for a book-worm, and—leave him to better company. But this is only a momentary freak of fancy, in one of her frolicsome moods; and, I am certain, will not (as it is not intended to) give my friend offence.

To be serious; I hope the Being who delights in virtue will ever protect him in the paths of innocence, which will assuredly lead to virtue's temple, and end in that felicity for the attainment of which life was given, and is only valuable.

May nothing divert his attention from the great duties of his station, or draw him aside into the secret snares which beset his path, and will, if fallen into, retard his progress in that journey which shall terminate in joy unspeakable.

I cannot comply with thy injunctions in *filling* the sheet, for I find writing hurts my head; my spirits are stronger than the vehicle they actuate; and I sometimes think this hand, which now guides the pen of friendship, will soon forget its cunning, and become the food of reptiles in the grave.

What a curious fund of entertainment would this letter be, were it to fall into the hands of some of the choice sons of divinity and champaigne! Adieu, affectionately, E. RACK.

E. Rack *to* Charles Towgood.

My dear Friend, Bath, Nov. 16, 1778.

My silence to several of thine and thy brother's letters has not proceeded from intentional neglect, but from an incapacity of writing, occasioned by near a month's indisposition. My complaint is the yellow jaundice, in a high degree, and of an obstinate kind. I have tried many things, but find them all ineffectual. My apothecary fears its a lost case. He thinks the liver has ceased to perform its office, and to make its natural secretions; if so, my time in this world will probably be short. I have long thought the "silver cord would soon be broken." Be this as it may, the prospect is *solemn*, although I hope I may say with truth not *dreadful*. To leave this world and all its comforts, to be separated from every thing of which we can form any idea, to have every connexion dissolved, and the most sacred ties of friendship broken for ever, and to enter into a new and untried state of being, is a change of such magnitude, that it is too much for the mind to contemplate, with that calmness and precision which becomes Christian fortitude and resignation. Perhaps the frequent intimations I have received of a transition from this state of being to another, may have been in some degree profitable; I wish they had been still more so, by exciting a more invariable attention through life to those things which, in the awful hour of dissolution, will appear of unspeakable importance.

The friendship which has subsisted between us leads me to wish that, if my disorder should continue to increase, I might see thee here to take one long, long farewell. But perhaps I may yet find help. My case, though very dangerous, is not absolutely desperate; and, bad as this world is, there are a few in it whom I wish not hastily to leave. I wish, however, to feel my mind in that state of resignation to the disposal of perfect wisdom and goodness which becomes me, and to await the shock which nature must feel without a murmur.

This little writing fatigues my spirits, and I therefore only add that a few lines from thee will do me good, and that I am most sincerely, thy affectionate friend, EDMUND RACK.

E. RACK *to* R. P. *Esq.*

DEAR P. Bath, Nov. 19, 1778.

The occasion of my present writing is to give thee a subject for a little poem, which I think is quite adapted to thy genius. The following unfortunate circumstance gives it birth; and, as it is of a temporary nature, no delay can be admitted.

The Count du Barry, a Frenchman, and Count Rice, a German, had been some time in Bath, and lodged in one house in the Crescent. They were intimate friends, and lived in the highest style. On Tuesday last they had a great deal of com-

pany to dine with them, among whom were the Duke of Northumberland and General Burgoyne. In the forenoon the two Counts had some dispute (the cause of which is variously related), which ended in a challenge given by Count Rice. Du Barry then made his will; and, when dinner was served up, the Countess du Barry made an apology to the company for the Count's absence from table. Some of the company, from a visible flutter in her countenance, suspected something was wrong, but were too polite to make any enquiry. They dined, spent the evening, and supped, and about one in the morning retired. As soon as the company were gone, the two Counts ordered a post coach and four to the door, and at two in the morning, with their seconds and a surgeon, got in and ordered the boys to drive up Claverton Down, a high hill two miles East of Bath. When they got up the hill they stopped in a plain part of it, behind a thick wood of lofty firs, which covers several hundred acres of the hill, and ordered the boys to take off the horses and retire to the wood. It was, however, very dark; they therefore agreed to sit in the coach till day-light, and did so. Between six and seven they got out and entered on the fatal business, with three brace of pistols. Their seconds marked the ground, 20 paces; they then both fired without effect. The seconds then shortened their ground to 10 paces; they then faced each other again. Du Barry fired, and lodged his ball in Count Rice's groin; he fired immediately, and sent his ball through Barry's

heart. He leapt two yards from the ground and fell; raised himself a little, and attempted to speak, but instantly fell again, and was dead in less than a minute.

I think the circumstances of this horrid event are so singular and striking that they will admit of high poetical embellishment. The act itself—the retiring on such a black business in the dead of the night, up a wild mountain, crowned with gloomy firs, sitting there in that solitude, with an impenetrable wood on one side and dreadful cliffs on the other, waiting for the breaking forth of day to execute their bloody purpose, are circumstances peculiarly favourable to poetry, and particularly to that species of it in which thou seemest to excel. Here is great scope for imagination and machinery. All the spectres of horror may be introduced.

I therefore wish thee immediately to write an elegy on the transaction, and send me by the coach; I will have it printed directly, and doubt not its having a rapid sale. The city is struck with a kind of horror. Call it the Duellists, the Fatal Duel, or any better name.

I have been very poorly indeed till within a day or two, but am something better. Thy packet is gone to C. Towgood; I expect his remarks next week, and will transmit them; at present can add no more than that I am thine, affectionately,

E. Rack.

Count Rice it is thought will not recover.

The same to the same.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Bath, Dec. 29, 1778.

Appearances of neglect are against me, but when I have made my defence I doubt not of being acquitted. When I received the *Cave of Lemorna*, and the elegies, I was so bad I could not even read them, much less give my opinion. I therefore sent them immediately to my friend Towgood, requesting him to examine them and report his sentiments without reserve. From him I received them only on Saturday last; so that I have not lost much time, as I could not have answered thy last letter to any good purpose sooner. I send the copy of Rosamond also, but Tintadgel is in Mr. Towgood's hands, with the Letters for the Temple of Friendship, he having undertaken to revise them. As soon as he returns them I will send it. I have read the Cave of Lemorna with my best attention, and really think it has many beauties. It has, however, some imperfections, most of which C. Towgood has pointed out in his notes upon it, which I enclose herewith. Thy poems are all full of fine imagery, flowing from a luxuriant imagination, but want simplicity. This must be obtained at the expence of many a favourite flower. Let not this silence thy muse; it is the fault of all young writers of genius. Where there is no blossom there can be no fruit; but the number may be retrenched by a skilful hand, and in a manner that will promote the fruitfulness of the tree. These gardening ideas are

suggested by an Essay on Horticulture, which I have just been perusing, but the simile will hold good in the general. I differ in opinion from thee with respect to the elegies; they are pretty enough, but not worthy thy pen without considerable alterations. I have lost every poetical idea I ever possessed; they seem all to be buried in dung-heaps and composts, barley-ricks and under-drains; subjects which demand my attention as much as triangles and acute angles, and all possible angles and squares and circles, do thine. I think I have now convinced thee that I mean not to flatter; it is no part of friendship to do so, and, therefore, I shall enclose my friend Towgood's letter to me on thy poems, which will convey his sentiments thereon. Take his advice; consider, revise, and amend them, again and again. Thou wilt find thy account in it, and no disadvantage can arise from delay. As their principal fault is too great a degree of luxuriance, read them and correct them when the imagination is least sportive, and the powers of cool judgment are most strong. I do not mean that thou shouldst adopt Horace's rule literally, and keep them "nine years." That would sound dreadfully in the ears of a poet, but reduce it to *months*, and I think thou wilt not repent the delay.

I have at length got rid of my disorder, but am still weak, and find writing or reading long together very hurtful to me. I have been obliged to stop twice in writing this letter.

Poor Mrs. Macaulay! She is irrecoverably fallen.

"*Frailty, thy name is Woman!*" Her passions, even at 52, were too strong for her reason; and she has taken to bed a stout brawny Scotchman of 21. For shame! Her enemies' triumph is now complete. Her friends can say nothing in her favour. O, poor Catharine!—never canst thou emerge from the abyss into which thou art fallen!

Thy subscription to the Bath Society is now due, and may be sent by the Oxford coachman to me whenever it is convenient.

Your's, &c. E. RACK.

E. RACK, *Esq. to* R. P. *Esq.*

MY DEAR FRIEND, Bath, July 6, 1779.

Our correspondence has, by some cause unknown to me, been interrupted.

With respect to friendship, I know it's a plant of celestial growth—"of tender violations apt to die;" but I can truly say I never professed it when I did not feel it. I am, however, often so disqualified to support that profession by a constant interchange of letters, that a consciousness of not being able to say any thing worth postage, frequently keeps me longer in silence than I wish. I am daily convinced that "Life's worn wheel can turn up nothing *new*." With respect to sentiments, they have been dissected, combined, and diversified in an endless variety. Every flower in fancy's gay field has been culled to decorate them;

and the most latent paths of nature and science have been explored for materials to improve the understanding and enliven the imagination. When I read the many excellent productions of the learned dead, or of the living authors, and compare them with *my best thoughts*, I am struck with humiliation at the evident disparity, and lay down my pen with a well-grounded consciousness of my own inferiority.

Sometimes, indeed, to a friend, in a country village, secluded from books and rational converse, I venture to cover a sheet with reflections which the partiality of friendship may render pleasing for an hour: but to thee, who reposest on the bosom of science—to whom the choicest treasures of wisdom and knowledge, ancient and new, are ever open—what can I say that will either improve or entertain? My time and attention are so devoted to the business of the Society, that I have little leisure for that calm recollection which is most favourable to sentiment or poetry. The latter, indeed, I have entirely declined, because I cannot be a good Poet, and I am too proud to be a bad one; and the paths of mediocrity are already too much crowded.

With respect to the Temple of Friendship, it has, from my numerous engagements, lain dormant near twelve months; but I hope in another month to revise it. I am in some doubt whether it will sell so as to clear expences, but intend to run the risk as soon as I can get it ready for the press. The distracted state of the nation is unfavourable

to every production of the press, that has not either *scandal* or some *peculiar excellence* to recommend it. Men have little time for serious reflection, and mere sentimental writing will find few purchasers.

The general gloom affects my spirits. I feel for my country and for myself. I feel for my friends also; and if I do not write to them so frequently, I love them as well as ever. Read Dr. Johnson's "Lives of the Poets"—*there* is something new. The same may be said of the last two hundred pages of the first volume of Robertson's "History of America;" and of Gibbon's "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." These are works of inestimable value, and will live to the period of human existence.

My respects to Curtis when thou seest him. I hope you both will ever bear in remembrance, that learning is no otherwise valuable than as it improves the understanding and mends the heart; and that virtue is the most excellent and durable of all attainable treasures. I am, most affectionately, thine, E. RACK.

The Rev. CHARLES TOWGOOD *to Mr.* RACK.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Wednesday Evening.

At length I have the satisfaction to send you the packet of poetry with which you favoured me so long ago. I wish I had not been prevented from sending it sooner; but indisposition, busi-

ness, and idleness, have sadly interrupted my literary application. I think I have told you that I seldom read poetry, and therefore your friend Mr. Polwhele must excuse the cursory indigested remarks which I have written on a separate paper. They are intended to call his attention to the Poem, in some minute particulars; and I flatter myself that as they are well meant they will be received with proper allowance. If they retard the publication of the Poem, I think Mr. P. will not, in the end, be displeased; for I am of opinion, that the longer he keeps it by him the more beauties he will add to his composition. He does well to cultivate his poetical talents, as they bid fair to repay him amply for his pains; but I will take the liberty to observe, that if he keeps his pieces by him till the ardour of invention is somewhat abated, he will do justice to himself, and probably give more pleasure and satisfaction to the publick.

I cannot enter so far into this subject as you may expect me to do, after the quiet possession of these papers for so many weeks; and I hope you will excuse my negligence in not returning them sooner.

It will give me great pleasure to hear that your health is firmly established; and then, perhaps, you will find yourself disposed to resume your pen for the amusement and improvement of your fellow-citizens. Yet I allow that you have some reason for your remarks on the inefficacy of moral admonition. A book was published some years ago on

the inefficacy of preaching—but pulpits are still in fashion. Your affectionate Friend,

CHARLES TOWGOOD.

My compliments to Mr. Polwhele, and best thanks for the favour of his Poems.

The Rev. C. TOWGOOD, *to* R. P. *Esq.*

DEAR SIR, Sherborne, Oct. 9, 1779.

I am afraid our common friend Mr. Rack, in the partiality of his kind regard, has led you into a very great mistake, by representing me as a person capable of giving advice to a Poet of your rising genius. He should have considered, that my studies have long ceased to be poetical, and that they were never regularly turned that way; for even amidst my juvenile amusements, the Muse engaged but little of my attention. I will not, however, take up your time with apologies for my inability, but will rather proceed (agreeably to your request) to give you my unreserved opinion of your Poem.

You are pleased to inform me, that it is your first attempt in the satirical way; as such, it undoubtedly has merit sufficient to encourage you to persevere in this kind of writing; but it seems to me to be neither so well digested, nor so complete a satire, as one might wish to see upon such a subject. By its title we are led to hope for a distinct view of the absurdities of the present mode of academical education; but this extensive field

is only entered upon—not traversed. The follies satirized are those of a buck and a pedant; and to your animadversions on these two characters you have added some cursory strictures on the relaxed discipline of the University, and a few personal touches. Now it occurs to me that there are many absurdities in the general tenour of an academical education, and of academical manners, upon which you might have enlarged with success. Such, for instance, are the indiscriminate lectures given in Colleges, where one might reasonably expect to find students designed for different professions differently classed; the superstitious abuse of public prayer, by such endless and formal repetitions; the learned trifling of logicians; the half-formed lessons of pretenders to the mathematics *; the miserable conversation of coffee-houses, compared with the more liberal use of those places of resort in London and polite cities; the awkward dangling of grave Fellows of Colleges in the walks, &c.; their dozings in the common-room; their longings after "Heaven's last best gifts, a living and a wife;" their low amours, &c. &c. But your satirical reflections should be occasionally contrasted with the just commendation of the deserving.

Having thus taken the liberty to hint what may be done, I shall now offer you my sentiments on what you have performed. You very pru-

* Upon this topic of self-sufficient Lecturers, see some remarks in Dr. Browne's Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times.

dently determine to keep your own secret, as the author of this poem; for which reason I am inclined to think that the present exordium should be omitted, and that the poem should begin with the line, which may be read,

Since you, my friend, desire a knowledge—

Or,

Well—since my friend desires a knowledge—

And, indeed, exclusive of this particular reason, I think the poem would best begin here.

In your description of the "Buck," I am doubtful whether you do not make him too learned in his exclamations, and consequently render your character of him inconsistent. I have, likewise, some doubts concerning the propriety of your digressive address to "Ticking." I think, too, that your introducing the "Dun," will serve only to recall to the minds of your academical readers the inimitable description of that monster in the "Splendid Shilling." What you say of the perjury of Fresh-men may, I think, be enlarged upon with propriety; and the subject of subscription, though it be a very delicate point, may, perhaps, be treated more fully with success*. Your personal strictures† will, I apprehend, be more read at Oxford than any other part of your poem; but before you give them the finishing touch, it may

* See the debates in Parliament, on Subscription at the Universities, in the year 1772, and the following year.

† They are all expunged.

not be improper for you to run over the law of libels—*Incedis per ignes, &c.* I think your conclusion is very pertinent; and, with a little correction, it may be made very beautiful.

Pensive " around the common room,"
While Warton " snuffs his pipe's perfume,"
See ————, whose inglorious name
Will never grace the rolls of Fame,
Strut dignified, without one sprig
Of bays to decorate his head*.
" Lo! there (indignant Genius cries),
Lone in that bower a Warton lies.
How oft, whilst Eve her landscapes drew,
He hail'd my steps to yonder yew.
For him I wove, in Fancy's loom,
A texture of perennial bloom.
For him, with joy, the assembled Nine
Their amplest wreath conspired to twine.
Yet what, alas! but idle praise,
Rewards my sweetest minstrel's lays?
Thus droop my sons, with scorn repaid,
Listless amidst the sombre shade.
" What tho' I raise the Muse's flame,
With ardent hopes of deathless fame;
Yet cold Neglect's severe controul
Chills the warm current of the soul.
" And see the silver-slipper'd maid—
Her robes of glossy verdure fade!
See, to yon urn in anguish prest—
To yon pale urn her heaving breast!
" Still Nature's hand her streams around
Scatters with simple flowers the ground;
But, mark'd by no poetic eye,
They sicken, and their colours die.

* Yet the candour of maturer years must acknowledge that he was a good scholar and a good man, and every way better calculated for the government of a college than T. Warton.

Well may the slighted virgin glow
With many a sigh from bitter woe.
Alas! she deems her '*Triumphs*' vain,
Tho' her loved poet framed the strain.
Haply e'en he may breathe, e'er long,
The spirit of despairing song;
And own (reclined his throbbing head)
'*The Tears of Isis*' justly shed."

This, Sir, is what I have to suggest, in regard to the general strain of your epistle; in which, when you peruse it again, you will see reason for much emendation with respect to the style. I have this day returned it to Mr. Rack, accompanied with some slight remarks, which you will candidly accept, as they are well intended. The judicious observations in your letter, respecting the ardour of composition, and the first fondness of an author, convince me that you are a poet with whom one may safely use these friendly liberties; and perhaps you will even not accuse me of pedantry, if I put you in remembrance of the practice of an eminent writer in such cases: "Usus Horatii consilio (says Quintilian) qui in arte poetica suadet, ne præcipitetur editio, *nonumque prematur in annum;* dabam eis otium, ut refrigerato inventionis amore, diligentius repetitos tanquam lector perpenderem."

I hope my detaining your poem so long will not be attended with any great inconvenience to you; and, without any further apology for the freedom of my remarks, I shall conclude with assuring you, that I shall always esteem myself happy in an opportunity of testifying my sincere respect for

your character and abilities. I am, dear Sir, your most obliged and obedient servant,

CHARLES TOWGOOD.

E. RACK, *Esq. to* R. P. *Esq.*

DEAR P. Bath, Nov. 21, 1781.

* * * * * * * *

In answer to thy former queries (which I beg pardon for forgetting to answer before), *Pratt* is the author of Sympathy; it is a sweet poem. He sent it to me before it was published, and Mr. Graves had the *finishing hand* before it went to press. Graves told me he corrected above 100 lines; but this is *entre nous*. *Tickel* is the supposed author of the Abbey of Kilkhamton*; but I know not certainly who wrote it. It contains *some* wit and *much* ill-nature. Its day is over, and it now "*Sleeps with its Fathers.*" How short is the duration of human fame! how little is it intrinsically worth! how far beneath the proper pursuit of an intellectual being, who can extend his view beyond the limits of terrestrial existence, and anticipate the honours of immortality! It is the highest wisdom to keep this inestimable prize ever in prospect, and to seek it with that conscious dignity which arises from the knowledge of what we are, and what the Author of our being intends we *should* be, when stript of this "mortal vesture of decay," and joined with kindred spirits in a more exalted sphere.

* It was written by Sir Herbert Croft. (N.)

Pratt is also the author of Emma Corbet—a few lines, by way of eulogium, would be highly acceptable to him. He forms great expectations from his new comedy, the *Fair Circassian*, which is to make its entry on the stage next week. He has a fine imagination, and no inconsiderable share of genius; but I wish he had better motives for writing than *profit* and *fame*.

Bath is now exceedingly full of nobility and gentry, and in the zenith of annual glory. Whoever would form an estimate of the pomp and splendour of this world, may here see them concentrated in all their *strength* and *weakness*, their plenitude and emptiness; while the mind, feeling within itself a vacuity which all these things cannot fill, will frequently ask "*if this be real joy.*"

Among the bright galaxy of female beauties which here

"Shine in the box and sparkle in the ring,"

is a Miss Woodley * from Norfolk; who, like the new comet, draws all eyes and warms all hearts. She is of the first order of fine forms, and shines the brightest among a thousand constellations. In her person every thing which constitutes beauty is united; in her manners ease, politeness, and elegance, are distinguishably eminent. Her mind seems enriched with every amiable excellence, and properly refined to be the inhabitant of so

* This lady was afterwards married to Henry Bankes, Esq. M. P. for Corfe Castle; and died Nov. 22, 1823.—*See Gent. Mag. vol. XCIII. ii. 641.*

beauteous a temple. She is not engaged—thousands are dying at her feet—come, then, and secure, if possible, this inestimable prize. Address her in numbers, soft as the love-inspiring lute, and tuneful as the music of the spheres. Her soul is harmony, and she must be reached with what is congenial to her finest feelings. She delights to wander in the academic grove, to cull the flowers of science, and to sip at the Castalian spring.

The Macaroni butterfly beaux that frisk and buz around her can make no impression on her heart. She is of a superior class in the intellectual scale, and cannot but despise them. Come, then, and enter the lists; victory will secure an invaluable prize, and even the want of success will reflect honour on the adventurer. She is the daughter of Governor Woodley, and will be a handsome fortune.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men," &c. &c. And who knows what a spirited manœuvre in this case might effect? I must now bid thee, affectionately, adieu, E. Rack.

The same to the same.

Dear P. Bath, March 17, 1782.

* * * * * * * *

There is a particular friend of mine (Mr. Henderson *, of Pembroke College) to whom I would

* See a memoir of Henderson by Dr. John Watkins, in his "Peeper," pp. 219—316.

"That J. Henderson (says Dr. W.) maintained the reality of a

refer thee. He is a prodigy of knowledge and learning, and possesses every good and honourable quality that can adorn or enrich the human mind. But he is quite an original, and will pretend to be very aukward and ignorant at first: however, his friendship is worth purchasing at any price. As an introduction, wait on him, and tell him I have, with much impatience, expected the letter he promised to send me when he left Bath, and that his friend W. M. is also very anxious to hear from him.

Of all men I have yet seen he is the first in point of understanding; when thou art acquainted with him thou wilt readily subscribe to this opinion. I could, with great truth, tell thee what is still more wonderful of him, but will not trust it to paper.

communication between the material and immaterial world, and that, too, on the ground of *his own experience*, is well known among his friends. I have often been amused in talking with him on this subject."

Did a spirit ever "*render itself visible or audible*" to Henderson? Dr. W. does not assert this expressly; but that such was the case is a fair inference from the general narrative.

In his notions of physiognomy Henderson certainly anticipated Lavater. This I can myself affirm, from conversations with Henderson at Pembroke College. But of spiritual intelligencies and revelations, I believe he dropped not a syllable among the men of Pembroke; fearful of exposing himself to scepticism, incredulity, and ridicule.

Of Henderson's "cold bath," alluded to by Watkins, I was once a witness. He stripped himself naked to the waist, and washed himself thoroughly, and, with his shirt completely drenched, went to bed. This was one of his strange habits, among many others. For more of Henderson, see a paper on Physiognomy, in the third volume of the Manchester Transactions, and Agutter's Sermon.

Thou wilt find him out by degrees, for he has no wish to be known as a man of learning and abilities. He will often sit whole evenings in company and not say twenty words; but when he does open, all are astonished, and have cause to be so. His mind is as pure as his knowledge is extensive. He is a pattern of virtue in his conduct*; and can, with his mind's eye, pervade both the natural and aërial worlds. This will make thee smile, but it is true; and I could produce thee proofs of it that would astonish thee.

I am, with great esteem, thine, affectionately,

E. Rack.

C. T. *to* R. P.

My Dear Sir, March 10, 1782.

* * * * * * * *

I was amused by your account of the ferment which your Christ Church wits have occasioned at Stratford-upon-Avon, among the gentle fair of that celebrated place. I had read your lines in the Birmingham papers, and I think some of the poetry worthy of being transplanted to a more genial spot.

> "There mild Complacence holds her sober seat;
> There Gentleness and pleas'd attention meet.
> There Prudence sits, and e'er decides aright;
> Reflecting on calm thought a steady light.

* In College, perhaps unjustly, we entertained a different opinion of him.

Now Wit its brilliance in a flash displays,
While Meekness softly tempers the quick blaze.
Now, sweetly changeful, in her eye appears
Pity! the dewy lustre of thy tears."

Nor are the following lines inferior;

"Wild is the dream that paints no real maid,
A fair Circassian and a citron shade.
For me, while Truth and Celia prompt the strain,
No fairy lay runs musically vain.
For me, how oft, my Celia, when we roved
'Midst the deep shades our early friendship loved;
Or to the banks of Avon sloped our way,
Soothed by clear murmurs at the close of day;
For me, how oft her sprightly converse gave
Each silver hour to glide like Avon's wave."

For the rest, you will excuse me in saying that the texture of the verse is too loose. But I will not criticise such a *jeu d'esprit*—your party is more laudably occupied than at the Tennis Court or the billiard-table.

* * * * * * * *

Your's, truly, C. T.

CHAPTER IV.

Section I.

Lamorran—1782, 1783.

"In the year 1782 Mr. Polwhele entered into holy orders, and served, for a short time, the cure of Lamorran, near Truro*."

"*Confirmed*" by Bishop Keppel, I was "*ordained*" by Bishop Ross. "You have a good Curate," said the Bishop to Mr. Bedford, the Rector of Lamorran, at his visitation at Truro; and Mr. Whitaker (from the first to the last my enthusiastic friend) would have repeated to Mr. Bedford the words of our diocesan: but they had not energy enough for Whitaker. "Did you hear (cried the Rector of Ruan Langhorne) what his Lordship said? you have a very excellent Curate."

The excursion on Sundays, from Truro to Lamorran, was delightful. Along the windings of the river Fal, across the passage of Molpas, and through the grounds of Tregothnan, where land and water, hill and valley, woodland scenery and

* Public Characters, p. 266.



J.T. Bourne del.

J. Walker sc.

TRURO.

Published by R. Polwhele, March 25th 1803.

pasturage, and corn, and hops, and meadows, met the eye in rich variety, till we descended into the silent recess; where we perceived, contiguous to the ruins of a once magnificent mansion-house, the humble church of Lamorran, without a tower. Detached, indeed, from the church, there was a little bell-house, which rendered the scene still more grotesque. It was a sweet sequestered spot. My rustic congregation, from the few farms and cottages in that little parish, were all respectful and obliging. There was a simplicity in their manners, there was a decency in their behaviour, not the feature of the present day. They stood up, or knelt, or sat down, according to the rubric. But they had neither bibles nor prayer-books—for they could not read. Yet several of the elderly people could repeat the prayers and the psalms, more accurately than many who "read, and write, and cypher too," repeat them, at this moment.

Between the morning and evening services I sometimes ate my solitary dinner at the parsonage; or, winding through a romantic wood, reached, at its extremity, a hospitable farm-house, where the fresh boiled round of beef, with onions and sippets, welcomed my arrival; or, after the duties of the day, partook of the more elegant entertainment of his Lordship, at Tregothnan. They were pleasant days; but,

"Man never is, but always to be blest."

Section II.

Epistle *to a* College-friend *, 1783.

While yet 'tis mine to trace the feeling hour,
And win young Fancy from the Muses' bower,
Ere pressing cares, too numerous, intervene
To disenchant the bosom-soothing scene;
Come, ere your finer tints to memory fade—
Ye views—how soon to sink in sombre shade!
O come, where never cares engender'd strife,
Ye transient visions of untroubled life!
There may I colour, where our College-day
Triumph'd in youthful spirits light and gay,
The generous mind expanding into joy,
While no mean passion mixt its base alloy;
Melt o'er our parting moments not in vain,
Fresh as I read my Greville's heart again;
Rescue each sparkle of our wishing eyes,
And from severe oblivion steal our sighs!
Far from our letter'd groves when fancy droops,
Or feebly pencils our aërial groupes;
When dull realities, fast gathering round,
Scatter the forms that dance on fairy ground;
Thy dear idea lightens up the whole,
And gilds with friendly rays my soften'd soul!
'Tis then I see the sacred domes arise,
And Wolsey's tower-crown'd Gateway pierce the skies;
And pass the Gothic arch in eager haste,
And greet the bowers that nurs'd our kindred taste:
Fond to renew the philologic task,
Tho' wakeful study ten long hours may ask;
But, still with all our former feelings, prone
To fly the circles of the problem-drone.
'Tis then I cry: how little dash'd with woe—
The days, when *Euclid* was our only foe!

* To Greville, one of those Christ Church friends who (as I expected) have "soothed my cares and heightened my enjoyments." This Epistle is now printed as it was originally written.

Tho' doom'd to stretch attention on the rack
That twists the cranium of the plodding pack,
We found our mathematic toils repaid
By the sweet contrast of the classic shade;
There met, with all the enthusiast's glowing rage,
The trophied chiefs of many a former age;
Mus'd o'er the historic tales that simply tell
How Roman glory rose, how Athens fell;
And caught each accent of the critic's tongue
That gave new lustre to Mæonian song!
Nor to vain ardours emulation stirr'd
Our souls: her voice with willing ears we heard;
Whether the strife of declamation blew
The sparks of young Invention into view;
Or (as the flame our weekly theses fann'd,
And diffidence held out the tremulous hand,)
Each offer'd to the censor sapient stuff,
Some into sermons spun, some brief enough—
Where the long hall, with hoary portraits hung,
Its iron-wreathed gate far open flung;
Or, as *Collections* breath'd the pale affright
Thro' the still vigils of the studious night,
Each closing Term our kindred wishes crown'd,
And BAGOT smil'd applause, nor JACKSON frown'd!
  Yet Memory with a fonder glance pursues
Of vagrant Joy the many-colour'd views—
Congenial bliss that, bosom'd in the vale,
Drank the first fragrance of the summer-gale;
The painter's taste, that saw mild Autumn print
Deep on the mazy grove her magic tint;
And converse that, with Attic humour fraught,
Sported in all the free career of Thought.
  How often have we scaled the breezy mound,
And gaz'd upon the hamlet's distant bound;
And, sauntering, criticised the pastoral notes
Of peasants whistling near their wattled cotes;
O'erleap'd the stream, or trod the mossy plank
That trembled to the quaking willow-bank;

And reach'd the forest skirts, that struck the sight
A mass of shadow and of yellow light—
That to pale crimson, as the sunbeams sunk,
Resign'd the brightness of the burnish'd trunk;
When the night-warbler's melancholy lay
Stealing in liquid stillness on the day
'Till each cool cloud had lost its lilac hue,
Our sympathies to every quaver drew;
And the fair scene retiring, seem'd to faint
Into soft shade (what MELCHIER lov'd to paint),
'Till, curtain'd all, we heard, and hied us home,
The far-off echoes of the mighty *Tom!*
How oft, as less excursive Fancy mov'd,
Not unimpeded by our gowns we rov'd—
(Our careless gowns that vaunted no degree)
And climb'd the hill, and clasp'd *Joe Pullen's* tree;
Or winded thro' our own contiguous glade,
Or Merton, that arch'd high its bowery shade.
How oft, saluting the piazza'd dome,
We pierc'd, great ADDISON, thy holy gloom,
And own'd thee CATO's bard, that oak beneath *
Whose brazen plates, gigantic armour! sheath
Its hollow trunk from ruin, to proclaim
How Maudlin-fellows prize a poet's fame—
Or hint, that ev'n to college wisdom clings
A secret craving for less shadowy things!
Nor seldom, where the skiff light glancing flew
Or flash'd the colours of the gay canoe,
The Summer's swift-descending hour we gave
To social pastime on the classic wave;
The paddler's evolutions pleas'd to mark
From the broad benches of our safer bark,
Whether beneath the wide spread awning glow'd
Our circling glass, while trowser'd rustics row'd;

* The great Oak of Magdalen College fell from "his high estate" on the 29th of June 1789. For some account of this oak see Evelyn's "Sylva," and Plott's "Natural History of Oxfordshire."

Or to hale exercise we strove to pour
The fluid silver from each feather'd oar;
Or strait becalm'd, where low incumbent trees
Wav'd to the whisper of the shifting breeze,
Among the rustling sedge and lilies moist
Mourn'd our rude efforts that essay'd to hoist
The slacken'd sails no more by zephyrs fill'd,
And ran aground, in steerage all unskill'd.
Ah then, what pleasing murmurs swell'd the gales—
The village merriment that never fails;
The skittler's noise beside the o'ershadow'd roof;
Fast o'er the level mead each prancing hoof;
The shouts of many an academic buck
O'er diving spaniels and the quaking duck;
From fragrant haycocks, where with wooden fork
Each peasant plied, till eve, the frolic work;
The laugh, loud echoed, of the sunburnt throng;
And, still more sweet, the milkmaid's simple song.
Faint as the sounds at distance seem'd to die,
The smoke, that curl'd o'er Godstowe, caught our eye:
And the pale fane, with duskier ivy hung
Where hoary moss beneath its meshes clung;
The monkish record on the rifted wall,
Ill-rhym'd the buried beauty to recall;
The labyrinth's secret maze, but dimly seen,
Where Rosamonda fled her tyrant Queen,
Our spirits wafted, in a wizard trance,
Far back into the days of old Romance!
Oft too, when Winter bade his torrents rush
O'er the dank meads, and hide each scatter'd bush,
What time the tempest all the skies o'ercast,
We wander'd, buffeting the boisterous blast;
And from the height, whose summit overbrow'd
Fair Isis' towers, survey'd the heaving cloud;
Shrunk from the leafless tree's fantastic form,
Now bent to earth, now straining to the storm;
And, as congenial terror touch'd our minds,
Beheld the brooding spirit of the winds

Sail downward to the vale, and sudden throw
His bursting gloom on Isis' towers below.
Meanwhile, retreated from the pathless waste,
Our pensive steps the glimmering cloister pac'd,
Where to each moaning gale, each murmur deep,
Scar'd Fancy saw the beckoning spectre sweep;
'Till, satiate, the Cathedral aisles around,
With every dreary sight and dismal sound,
We hail'd (no longer wrapt in wintry glooms)
The cheerful blaze illumining our rooms:
Where MASON'S muse the charm'd attention took,
Or, unconfin'd, we rov'd from book to book;
Or, as our desultory converse flow'd,
The differing spirit of opinion glow'd,
That haply started, in the warm dispute,
MONBODDO sinking man into a brute.
'Twas thus, from all but surly censors free,
In serious musing or in social glee
We spent our eve; now reason'd and now rhym'd,
And sat, 'till chapel bells had duly chim'd.
Yet, tho' our suppers we postpon'd for prayers
As the late vespers clos'd our College cares,
Returning with an added friend in haste,
We shar'd, like HORACE, a divine repast.
Not that luxurious appetite, uncheck'd,
Long'd for such cates as graduate mouths expect;
Since, oft, at broken vespers, we deplor'd
Our cooling commons on the silent board,
And found, each heavenly aspiration o'er,
The cutlets, smoking once, that smok'd no more!
These were our sore vexations! Yet unchill'd
Gay Fancy sparkled, as our glasses fill'd.
Then the fair outline of our hopes we drew,
And fondly nurs'd them, as each figure grew;
Sketch'd for our different friends the future plan,
And form'd our systems, as our wishes ran;
Contented crown'd a living with a wife,
Nor mark'd the varied ills that checquer life;

View'd, halcyon-bright, domestic ease appear,
Nor saw pale Grief distain it with a tear;
Bade the sweet pledges of Affection rise,
To melting blushes and entrancing eyes;
Pictur'd the bliss of Love's romantic morn,
And prest the rosy couch, without a thorn!
  But ah! too soon the dear delusive dream
Fled, with the golden groves of Academe!
Alas! in scenes of vulgar life, I meet
Indifference! thy cold damps, thy chilling sleet;
While Envy's clouds diffuse their sullen gloom,
And blasts from Avarice nip young Fancy's bloom!
  Ah! be it mine to fly the ignoble tribe,
Nor the dull maxims of the world imbibe;
To bid no generous sentiment expire,
And yet, tho' distant, breathe Affection's fire!
And while, beneath this low sequester'd thatch,
I scorn the false opinions that attach
The rich, the great, to many a vain pursuit,
And mark of all their toils the bitter fruit;
And hold the sweet compassion doubly dear
That drops o'er Woe the solitary tear;
O may my Greville, since his spirits glide
With fervid impulse in a stronger tide,
The Christian patriot's pure ambition feel,
A bright example of unerring zeal!
  And, if kind Heaven in wisdom hath decreed
The radiance of a mitre for his meed,
Be his, amidst the venal and the proud,
The officious fawner and the unfeeling crowd,
Be his to value independence most,
And, not a spark of early virtue lost,
Muse o'er the mirror calm Reflexion rears,
And view it spotless thro' the lapse of years.

CHAPTER V.

SECTION I.

The Author's Residence at Kenton.

"Mr. P. had not long served the Cure of Lamorran, before he married a Miss W——. With her he removed to the Curacy of Kenton, near Powderham Castle, the seat of Viscount Courtenay. Here he resided about ten years, and produced the greater part of his publications, both in prose and verse*."

"Among his poems, 'The English Orator' is the principal in point of magnitude. Its rules are, in general, judicious. But rules for eloquence are read to better advantage in Quintilian, Fenelon, or Blair, than in a didactic poem. Yet there are fine touches in this work; and, as a whole, it manifests a truly classical taste and elegant fancy. The following is one of its most pleasing passages:

"———— In those avenues that erst
O'erarch'd a BAGOT (proud to embower such worth,
Such virtues in their venerable shade),
There, musing oft on future scenes, he form'd

* Public Characters, &c. 1803, p. 266.

The prospect of ideal good to flow
From his impassion'd preaching. Nor unmark'd
His decent fane, nor unreview'd his charge;
That not at distance from his natal spot,
Beyond the woody Tamar, Fancy trac'd!
And, as she spread the glowing tint, it seem'd
No fairy picture. For young Hope reliev'd,
With golden rays, each figure Fancy drew *."

"The rank in which Mr. P. stands the most conspicuous is, undoubtedly, that of a poet; possessing all that liveliness of imagination, fertility of invention, variety of literature, and command of language, which are necessary to those who would cultivate the Muses with success." And for translated works, "his Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus, are among the best versions of the ancient poets. Here Mr. P. has shewn poetical feeling and judgment, as well as sound learning. His notes and illustrations are appropriate, curious, and entertaining †."

"The collection of 'Poems by Gentlemen of Devon and Cornwall ‡,' was, we understand, edited by our poet; several of whose pieces enrich the work."

"In divinity he has published two volumes of discourses, and some single sermons; by which he has proved that he is master of a clear, and even of an elegant style. But his success, we think, is most conspicuous, where the subject admits of pathos §."

"It was at Kenton, also, that he planned his valuable 'History of Devonshire.' For such a

* Public Characters, pp. 272, 273. † Ibid. pp. 271, 272.
‡ Ibid. p. 273. § Ibid. p. 275.

history, Chapple, a steward of Lord Courtenay, had made collections, and Badcock had revised them—but all to little purpose. Mr. P. conceiving the idea of a similar plan, certainly possessed great advantages. His vicinity to Powderham, to Mamhead, and particularly to Haldon House, where various books and MSS. necessary to the design were treasured up, was a matter of no small consequence. And the gentry of the county were anxious to see due honour paid to their native province." " His prospectus was evidently the production of a man of genius, learning, and discrimination. His talents as a writer, though not as an antiquary, were already well known; and his printed queries were admirably calculated to elicit complete and accurate information. His list of subscribers soon filled; and many noblemen and gentlemen engaged to furnish plates, at their own expence, for the illustration of the work."

" In the mean time the ' Historical Views of Devon ' made their appearance." " And in 1793 was published the second volume of the History, handsomely printed, and adorned with some very good plates." " This volume was merely the chorographical part; for the first volume was reserved, with sufficient reason, the chronological detail of events, and the biography of characters." Thus far the proceeding adopted was approved; but of the execution of the work different opinions were formed. That it displayed ingenuity, and a talent for description, was generally admitted; but some supposed it was not sufficiently minute for the

magnitude of the volume." "And, in his 'Historical Views,' Mr. P. seemed wedded to a visionary hypothesis—that Danmonium was originally colonized from the East." "The notion was worked up with that glow of colouring which a poetical imagination can lay on, in such a manner as to convince those of its truth, who are more apt to pronounce according to their fancy than their judgment."

"But, unfortunately, a circumstance of a domestic nature, the death of his wife, impeded for a while the progress of the Historian *."

Thus much, again, for the report of the compilers † of the "Public Characters;" to which I may be pardoned in subjoining some few remarks.

* Pp. 268, 269, 270. He retired into Cornwall, and then the subscribers most unfeelingly withdrew themselves, to his great pecuniary loss. And the consequence was, that he could not afford to print more than an *abridgement*, a mere *slight outline* of his history; the materials of which (particularly the biography) had been collected and arranged with a labour to injure his health and his spirits beyond recovery.

† For the report of monthly reviewers, and of contemporary writers, see the following:

In 1785 "The Follies of Oxford" were published anonymously. "Of these satirical sketches we cannot but observe, that they are such as at least do credit to an undergraduate." —*Monthly Review for June* 1785, *p.* 468.

In the same year Mr. P. published, also anonymously, "*An Epistle from the Rev. William Mason, to the Right Hon. William Pitt, petitioning for the vacant Laureateship.*"

"This fictitious Epistle is above mediocrity, both with regard to wit and versification. The imaginary poet, after promising his patron an eternity of fame, on condition of a compliance with his request, concludes with the following lines:

Let me first observe, that visiting my little flock (or rather family) at Lamorran, and amusing myself

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Tell then thy Sovereign (should his will incline
To bid the Laureate's luxury be mine,
Assur'd, with Horace, that no bard should lack
The sweet enjoyment of a butt of sack),
Tell him, that if I soar not like a Pindar,
May lightning blast my pinions to a cinder!
Tell him, that every blush of New-year's day,
Thy Muse shall more than Whitehead's worth display;
And, soaring far superior to the themes
Of war-worn armies, or a nation's dreams,
Triumph, as oft she pictures to his view,
That work to wonder at, imperial Kew!
Tell him, her heart shall glory, thro' her lays,
Associate of his hunts, to trace the maze.
Tell him, in fine, his favours to repay,
Her zeal shall tear Macgregor's masque away;
And crush the monster who could dare asperse
Scenes, that shall flourish in my living verse.
While Genius hastes to hang with fadeless flowers
Thy throne, O Albion! and thy laureate bowers."

English Review for August 1785.

"The English Orator."—"The author is evidently a man of genius and observation. Of the episodes, better adapted for the display of poetic talents than the subject itself, the story of Foscari is truly affecting. The descriptive part is happily pourtrayed, and the melancholy state of the exiled youth feelingly delineated." "The story of Eugenio, who, reduced by his licentious companions, quits the abstracted page of knowledge for the destructive pleasures that attend a life of dissipation, is admirably well told. It is a copy from nature, elegantly drawn by the pencil of truth. It is too long for a transcript; and, being uniformly good, any detached part would convey but an imperfect idea of its general merit."—*Critical Review, vol. LXIV. p.* 433.

"The sonnets and other small poems will afford the reader pleasing proofs of Mr. P.'s poetical abilities."—*Monthly Review* 1791, *p.* 464.

with my paternal acres, as fancy, taste, caprice, suggested improvements or alterations, and join-

" The English Orator."—" We think the whole poem manly, just, and discriminative in its sentiments; lively, strong, and brilliant in its images." " In many descriptive parts he is poetically great. The asbestos-robe of religion, particularly, is new and striking."—*See English Review, vol. XIX. p.* 415—419.

" The English Orator."—" In his progress through this work, the vigour and harmony of his muse have suffered no diminution." " The muse never appears in so dignified and captivating a form, as when her fascinating powers are exerted in the cause of truth." " His personification of RELIGION is beautiful." " From these specimens, all who 'love the lyre' will agree with us in assigning to Mr. P. no mean rank among those bards, whose productions have conferred honour on their country, and benefited mankind."—*Gent. Mag. for June* 1789, *pp.* 534—536.

" As a beautiful didactic poem, we have already had the pleasure to recommend " The English Orator," and are glad to see our opinion ratified by the best judges."—*July* 1791, *p.* 645.

In the same strain speak the critics of the New Annual Register for 1787, see p. 275.

" The reader may peruse with advantage Polwhele's " English Orator."—*The Abbé Maury, " Principles of Eloquence," p. xi.*

In Todd's " Deans of Canterbury," " The English Orator " is quoted and spoken of with high approbation. See p. 247.

In a letter of Miss Seward to Mr. Urban, dated Sept. 15, 1789, the author of " The English Orator " is classed by this lady with Lord Lyttelton, Anstey, and *Mickle.*

In vindication of *Mickle* as a poet, the ingenious editor of the European Magazine observes: " The sentiments of those whose taste cannot be disputed, may have more weight than even a reference to Mickle's works. We, therefore, add, that Mr. *Hayley* says: ' The epic powers of Camoens have received their due honour in our language, by the elegant and spirited translation of Mr. *Mickle.*' And Mr. *Polwhele:* ' Read the Lusiad in Mickle's translation, and the Æneid in its native strain, and, unless classical prejudices interpose (Mr. P. might have added other prejudices than classical), you will undoubtedly prefer

ing the Truthan hunt, though not foremost in the field, and making occasional excursions into Rose-

Mickle; though it may appear strange, that the version of a modern poem should outvie the original of the finest ancient epic. Such an eclipse seems a phenomenon in literature. But, perhaps, the Lusiad is become brilliant by transfusion'."—*See European Magazine for August* 1791, *p.* 135.

The "Idyllia" of Theocritus, &c.—In praise of these translations the numerous registers, and reviews, and magazines of the day, seem to have unanimously concurred. "Polwhele's Theocritus, Bion, Moschus, and Tyrtæus, are recommended to us by the general ease and harmony of the versification, the fidelity and spirit with which some of the best pieces of his originals are rendered, and the critical and learned observations which occur in the notes."—*New Annual Register*, 1786, *p.* 275.

The Critical Review is particularly animated in its applauses. See vol LXIII. pp. 355—362. And the "Monthly" scruples not to announce Mr. P.'s translations as far superior to any former versions."—*See vol. LXXVIII. pp.* 308—311.

"The difference (saith Badcock to Major Drewe) between the old translators and the new is this: the former were mere versifiers, the present is a poet."

It is only in answer to my calumniators that I repeat such things.

The Idyllia of Theocritus have been incorporated with the best translations of this country, in Sharpe's very elegant edition of the Translated Poets.

"Poems, by Gentlemen of Devon and Cornwall."—"The greater part of the lyric pieces by Mr. P. are replete with true poetic fire, though not always absolutely free from smoke. Witness, in the 'Ode after a Thunder-storm,'

'The foliage lash'd the forest steep,
Then shrank into a gloom more deep.'

'The Coly,' 'The Mona,' and 'The Poetic Mind,' demand our warmest praise. Among the pastoral pieces, 'The Cottage Girl' is most deserving attention."—*See Gent. Mag. for September* 1792, *p.* 833.

land, where all its Squires and Parsons were invariably glad to receive me at their own houses, or

See, also, European Magazine for August and September 1792, and Monthly, Critical, and English Reviews, and New Annual Register, for the same year; where the poems are criticised, and praised in terms of high approbation.

"A Discourse, preached at Kenton Dec. 30, 1792, and published at the joint request (and at the expence) of the parishes of Kenton and Powderham."—"The writer of this sermon is well known to fame; his sermons and translations have already passed the ordeal unhurt, approved, and honoured. It is written in a style of spirited declamation; and throughout has much of the vigour of genius, with some of its inequalities."—*British Critic, vol. I. p.* 109.

"This is a popular discourse, adapted to the times, in which Mr. P. employs those talents for easy and elegant harangue with which the public is already well acquainted, in contrasting the present state of France with the happy condition of Britain. It is a handsome offering from patriotism and loyalty, at a crisis in which the author judged, that silence or reserve might seem to argue disaffection. We sincerely wish that the offerer may not go without his reward."—*Monthly Review, vol. XII. p.* 118.

"Mr. P. with that elegance and animation with which his sermons are commonly marked, represents the happy influence of Christianity in diffusing a spirit of philanthropy unknown in ancient times." "His eulogy on Howard is peculiarly animated." "He predicts that the republic of France will vanish, and a milder monarchy be established. It is bold to hazard any prediction amidst a series of events entirely new."—*Analytical Review, vol. XV. p.* 312.

That the author believes Whitaker to be the British Critic, he is proud to own; but of his Monthly and Analytical panegyrists he knows nothing. With the Monthly and Analytical Reviews he had never, at any time, the most distant connexion.

On the two volumes of sermons the critiques will be given in a future chapter.

For a list of "The Living Poets," see Gentleman's Magazine

on the cheerful bowling-green of Gerrans; and sometimes taking a wider range, to see a school or a college acquaintance;—to acquiesce for a few years of my youth, in such a distribution of my time, might have been conceived no arduous task. But I married, and was invited into Devonshire by Archdeacon Sleech, whose daughter was my wife's most intimate friend. From the Archdeaconry at Exeter, after the interval of a month or two, Miss Sleech conducted the young couple to Kenton. Her kindness had introduced me to the Curacy, and her father would probably have done more. He died *, however, and the patron was

for July 1792, p. 615, from which the Edinburgh Magazine published an extract in August 1792, as follows:

"The Rev. R. Polwhele, of Kenton, near Exeter (of an ancient Cornish family), is distinguished for his elegant fancy, his great classical learning, and the variety of his acquirements.

"He has translated *Theocritus;* is author of the *English Orator;* has written *Sonnets*, which he published in 1785, under the title of '*Pictures from Nature;*' and has produced a volume of *Sermons;* besides, probably, other things.

"He has now undertaken to write the *History of the County of Devon;* and though, perhaps, his knowledge of that kind might not be, when he engaged in it, very copious or minute, yet that application of a mind so accomplished, to such subjects, is the only thing that, in my opinion, can throw a grace upon them. And there is no reason to doubt that, from his pervading talents and indefatigable application, he will do the undertaking ample justice."—*See p.* 152.

* He was a venerable Archdeacon; but, at his visitations, we used to be in pain for him whilst he read his Charges, from scraps of paper, some of which had slipped from their places. Educated at Eton, he became a scholar of King's College, Cambridge, in 1729. He was collated to the Archdeaconry of Cornwall on the

lost. At Kenton the country was beautiful, and the society most agreeable. Of four families, Andrew, Lee, Polwhele, and Swete, the initials of the names suggested to me the "*Alps*:" and by that lofty appellation was our full-moon club distinguished. The Downmans of Exeter were afterwards of the party, though not admitted as regular members. The D———— would have dissolved the "*Alps*:" its decomposing quality would have operated more decidedly than the vinegar of Hannibal *.

death of Charles Allanson, M. A. about the year 1741. In March 1746-7 he was elected Canon of Exeter; and in August 1769 presented to the first Prebend of Gloucester, by his schoolfellow, Lord Camden. A hospital sermon, which he preached in Exeter Cathedral in August 1743, affords no adequate specimen of his ability and taste. We have seen him delighted with the elegancies of fine writers—but his was not fine writing. He was a man of feeling, and he suffered much in the deaths of several children; of whom the Rev. Charles Sleech (educated at Christ Church, Oxford,) occasioned to him much distress, by phrenetic ramblings in the pulpit and out of the pulpit, till he died in December 1785. The Archdeacon died in 1788.

* It was a favourite amusement of "The Alps" to give out rhymes for sonnets or songs. Every member, after the rhymes had been given out, was expected to write with all possible rapidity. The following are specimens:

"While in sweet warbled notes the redbreasts sing
To Eve's pale shadow, and on solemn wing
The grey owl sails along; the fading face
Of Nature wears a melancholy grace!
But lo! on yonder streamlet's duskier banks
The merry fairies rise in fiery ranks!
And, glancing to the moon, their circlets link,
Then sudden, from the eye of Fancy, sink

We, of Kenton, had also a sort of venison-club—the venison from Powderham.

That "The Literary Society" of Exeter, however, was of a higher flavour, the names of Downman, Drewe, Hayter, Burrington, Kendal, Sheldon, must instantly determine.

With the conversation, likewise, of the great men around me, I was sometimes favoured. The Earl of Lisburne was a man of exquisite taste. I remember assisting him in taking books we had referred to from their shelves; which, indeed, his palsied hand could not have grasped. At one

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Into the gloomy dell. And now, cold fear
Sees the deep-labouring cloud its burden bear
Down chasmy crags, as from the moorland far
Whistles the gale! When, quenching the soft star
Of Hesper, in slow rounds, fell wizzards turn,
And bid to mutter'd spells the drugs of Magic burn."

"While light-finger'd Peg, in the presence of Robin,
Runs through a broad hem with a bodkin, her bobbin,
The rustic, declaring his love in a sonnet,
Now sings of her eyebrows, and now of her bonnet;
Till at length with his jingling the maiden, quite crazy,
She tells him 'her brain with his nonsense is hazy;'
That 'she has no notion of *sich sort* of fun,'
Tho' the beams of her eyes he compares to the sun.
Still Robin, o'erpower'd by the blaze of her beauty,
Endeavours in vain to return to his duty.
Thus moths are allur'd by the light of a candle!
No longer his tools the poor fellow can handle;
But all he can do is, in praise of his Peg,
Like Horace's poet, to rhyme on one leg!"

One was D———'s, the other P———'s.

interview, I recollect, his Lordship quoted lines from Catullus, which he had advised his brother, the General, to inscribe on the front of the Mamhead Cottage. With what enthusiasm did he repeat these pathetic verses! This led to some remarks on Cowley's epitaph on himself; and his Lordship was pleased with my idea, that the "*cinerem calentem*" seemed to clear up the obscurity of Gray's:

"Even in our *ashes live* their wonted *fires*."

Sir R. Palk was no scholar, but he was unaffectedly attached to literary characters. He, more than once, was *honoured* (as he was pleased to say) with "The Alps" at Haldon House. And a curious circumstance, owing to our presence there, though trivial in itself, should not be forgotten, as it is illustrative of the still reigning superstitions even of Exeter and its neighbourhood. In any other light it would have been dismissed with contempt. That Haldon was haunted by infernal spirits, seems to have been the belief of its vicinity. And the importation of four parsons in Sir R. Palk's own carriage, was a phenomenon not to be accounted for on any other ground than their conjuring character, and their instrumentality in clearing the house from those infernal spirits. This, accordingly, was the work assigned us. And one of the champions, after a long struggle, was successful in sending a devil through the roof, and another in locking up the archfiend himself in an iron chest,

like the enchanted chest of Orismanes. Such was the report of the neighbourhood; and even now it is firmly believed by many people at Exeter, of no mean understanding.

But not the least pleasant to my "Recollections" are the kind attentions of Bishop Ross; at whose palace I never called without an invitation to dinner, with whom I enjoyed the intellectual feast (more richly seasoned than at any other table, except, perhaps, Dr. Bathurst's *), and to whom I was indebted for the revisal in MS. and even the publication, of my "English Orator;" for my name had been concealed till, the Bishop announced it †.

Among the occasional visitors of Starcross, I had opportunities of conversing with persons of high excellence; with Mr. Stone and his elegant family, Dr. Andrew ‡, Vincent §, Drury, and

* Now Bishop of Norwich.

† For anecdotes of Bishop Ross see Histories of Cornwall and Devon.

‡ For Dr. Andrew see my Cornwall Biography. He is there noticed as possessing all the simplicity of a child. For a sermon of Dr. Andrew's my Kenton congregation thanked me, and for his juvenile epigrams I thanked the Doctor. There is one line just occurs to me, decent in sense though not in sound! At a cottage he had partaken of a pudding and some small birds, and he celebrated his Thestylis in a droll distich, of which the second line was,

"Turdum et pistum fartum mi anus asse dedit."

§ The master of Westminster-school was also kind enough to give me a sermon. Both Doctors had commanding voices, and both Doctors were school boys at Starcross—*dulce est desipere in loco.*

General Donkin: and I walked upon stilts as the correspondent of Whitaker *.

In all these connexions I felt and confessed my own inferiority. And now that they are broken for ever, I feel (as a man of letters) deprived of a prop that was necessary to support my feebleness.

The latest of my acquaintance, though not the last in my esteem, was John Jones, Esq. who succeeded his uncle as solicitor at Exeter. My social days with Jones were truly *cretâ notandi.* He was all candour, honour, and integrity. In the antiquarian part of the "History of Devon," the assistance of Jones was most important. To that

In passing, however, from Starcross to Exmouth, in a little sail-boat, with Dr. Vincent, I should have shuddered, had not the Doctor's courage checked my fears. "Cæsarem vehis!" I exclaimed. The Doctor laughed at my compliment, half uttered in a panic; but scarcely could his "Red Sea" have been more boisterous.

* Whitaker was at this moment in Cornwall, fighting tythe-battles with his parishioners. On his own ground at Ruan Lanyhorne, he had (literally) laid low the sturdiest of his parishioners, with the Squire at the head of them! And at a special sessions at Truro he had incurred the indignation of the Bench (who were on the point of committing him), by threatening, with a clenched fist an insolent antagonist. Such was the suddenness of his anger, but it soon subsided. He had no deep resentments; "the sun went not down upon his wrath." His enemy in distress he would have assisted "with all his soul, and with all his strength." To Bishop Ross his parishioners complained of his violence. The letter of complaint was produced at a visitation, when the Bishop took occasion to compliment him as a literary character, in the highest strain of panegyric. As to the merits of the contest, it hath since been abundantly proved that Whitaker's tythe-demands were moderate.

work I owe numerous inconveniences, discomforts, and disquietudes; but, whilst I associate Jones with the spirit of investigation, I do not repine. Yet, incited by that spirit, I burst a blood-vessel in my stomach; and, at Mamhead, where it happened, the Lisburne family considered me as irrecoverably gone. It was the assiduous care of Dr. Downman * restored me to my health: but I did not long enjoy it. My wife, also, was ill, and our kind physician sent us to Dawlish. There I conceived the idea of the "Local Attachment," and wrote the poem (as it first appeared) within a week.

Not long after, in 1793, my wife was taken from me; and, having seen her remains deposited at Kenton (where two of my children had been interred), I went into Cornwall to my mother's house.

In the mean time (I would, in justice to myself, suggest to you, my children!) amidst all my domestic cares or literary avocations, I was never inattentive to my church duties. It is not from the pulpit we can do most good. More is to be effected, I will not say by "domiciliary visits," (it is a hateful word) but by familiar conversation, if sustained with dignity. The catechetical lecture is often preferable to the sermon; and the explanation of the catechism, *pro re natâ*, to the lecture. I endeavoured, therefore, to bring a little audience around me; nor was I remiss in guarding them against the schools of the Methodists.

It was bold to meddle with Methodism, but it

* Whom, on the bed of sickness, I thanked in a poetic epistle praised by Hayley.

was bolder still to attempt to reduce to order the singing of the Kenton choir. Determined not to admit of any psalmody but such as was set forth by authority, I scrupled not to put a stop to their irregularities; and they all seceded from the gallery.

It was, however, but a temporary secession. In the regulation of the vestries, and the adjustment of the church pews, where the property was doubtful, I spared no pains. But my great work (to which I hardly expected a happy termination), I mean the internal decoration, or rather *neatifying* of the church, was at length accomplished by one Churchwarden and myself, in spite of the opposition of vestry after vestry. After the expiration of three years, when its compass-roof was completed, and other things "set in order," I was gratified with the thanks of the parish, even of those who had opposed the measure.

Before I bade adieu to Kenton, I had the pleasure of being thanked for my political conduct, by the united parishes of Kenton and Powderham; in which were resident a Viscount, four Justices, and two dignitaries of the church.

Amidst the parochial associations of the day, the Kenton and Powderham meeting is thus upon record:

KENTON, Devon.

At a meeting of the principal inhabitants of the parishes of Kenton and Powderham, held at the Dolphin, in the town of Kenton, on Wednesday the 2d day of January 1793 (in consequence of previous notice),

The Rev. RICHARD POLWHELE in the Chair,

Resolved unanimously, That, at the present alarming crisis, when silence and reserve are not unjustly construed into disaffection, it behoves even village communities that feel an interest in the welfare of the State, to avow their allegiance to their Sovereign, and their reverence for the Constitution.

That we, inhabitants of Kenton and Powderham, are, therefore, anxious to unite in expressing our loyalty to his Majesty, King George the Third, and our attachment to the British system of Government, by King, Lords, and Commons.

That, as attempts have been made by the circulation of *treasonable** writings, to raise a ferment among the different ranks of society, we will endeavour to arrest in their progress such inflammatory works, to mark the first symptoms of disorder, and, as far as our influence may extend, to restore tranquillity.

That, the authors or dispersers of such pamphlets as may tend to counteract the effects of those pernicious publications, be gratefully regarded as friends to their country.

That, we will lend the Magistrates every assistance in our power, to enforce the laws relative to taverns or alehouses, which are, in many instances, the nurseries of sedition.

* We recommend to attention the following opinions, from the Commentaries of the late Justice Blackstone:

"If a party apprized of any Treason, does not, as soon as conveniently may be, reveal it to some Judge of Assize, or Justice of the Peace, he is guilty of Misprision of Treason, which is punished by the loss of the profits of lands during life, forfeiture of goods, and imprisonment during life. But if there be any probable circumstances of assent, as if one goes to a treasonable meeting, knowing beforehand that a conspiracy is intended against the King, or being in such company once by accident, and having heard such treasonable conspiracy, meets the same company again, and hears more of it, but conceals it, this is an implied assent in law, and makes the concealer guilty of actual High Treason.—Contempts and Misprisions against the King's person and government may be, by speaking or writing against them, cursing or wishing him ill, giving out scandalous stories concerning them, or doing any thing that may tend to lessen him in the esteem of his subjects, may weaken his government, or may raise jealousies between him and his people."—"It has been also held an offence of this species to drink to the pious memory of a traitor, these being acts which impliedly encourage rebellion. For these species of contempts a man may not only be fined and imprisoned, but suffer the pillory, and other infamous corporeal punishment."—Book iv. Ch. 9.

That, though at present we observe, with heartfelt pleasure, a general spirit of loyalty pervading the parishes of Kenton and Powderham; yet, as these parishes contain more than 4000 inhabitants, we cannot but see the expediency of a meeting or association, the purpose of which is by vigilance to preclude even a murmur of discontent.

That, duly awakened to the blessings of the present Government, we will endeavour to manifest our sense of them, by content and cheerfulness in our several stations.

That, instead of indulging any chimerical ideas of a *political* reform, we should rather look to the amendment of our *moral* conduct—a species of reform which depends immediately upon ourselves. And, since the happiness of the State must ultimately rest on decorum and regularity of manners, that we will spare no pains to evince the sincerity of our professions, by sobriety of conduct both in public and private—by a becoming deference to superior station, a due regard to the poorer classes, and a uniform attention to the morality of our respective families.

That, the thanks of this meeting be presented to the Right Honourable Viscount Courtenay, for his strenuous exertions in disseminating the principles of loyalty, and particularly for his republication (and distribution in this neighbourhood) of "*A plain and earnest Address to Britons, especially Farmers,*" &c.

That the thanks of this meeting be given to the Rev. Richard Polwhele, for the excellent sermon he preached on the 30th of December 1792, for the promotion of religion and loyalty, and that he be requested to publish the same.

That the Chairman be appointed to correspond with any association, formed for the same purpose as the present, throughout the Kingdom.

That these Resolutions be inserted once in the General Evening Post, Sherborne Mercury, and each of the Exeter papers.

R. POLWHELE, Chairman.

That the following gentlemen be empowered to act as a Committee, five of whom shall be competent to form resolutions; but that these resolutions, in order to be carried into effect, receive the sanction of a general meeting.

Rev. J. Swete,	Mr. Land,	Mr. Oram,
Rev. J. Andrew,	Mr. Turner,	Mr. Brutton,
Rev. R. Polwhele,	Mr. Woolcombe,	Mr. Pooke,
Rev. W. Bussell,	Mr. Dunsford,	Mr. Hemson,
Rev. John Bussell,	Mr. Ayre,	Mr. Anning,
Rev. W. F. Mackenzie,	Mr. Bulkeley,	Mr. Bond,
Rob. L. Newcombe, Esq.	Mr. Fryer,	Mr. Rabbage,
W. Marler, Esq.	Mr. Beard,	Mr. Tho. Pearce.
Mr. Collyns,	Mr. Teage.	

Signed by Viscount COURTENAY, and all the respectable inhabitants.

That a subscription be opened for defraying the expences of this meeting; that Mr. Collyns be appointed Treasurer, and Mr. James Bond Secretary.

SECTION II.

Letters from 1784 *to* 1793.

Countess Dowager of Chatham — Lord Mount Edgecumbe — Seward — Downman — Badcock — Drewe — Whitaker — Cowper — Hayley — Darwin, and others.

Mr. RACK *to* R. P.

DEAR SIR,

I think thy Poem on Eloquence will establish thy reputation as a poet. The lines on the late Earl of Chatham, and our present young Cicero, are so animated, that I wished to introduce them to the Countess Dowager of Chatham. Accordingly I presented her with a copy, as the produc-

tion of a friend. I was certain it could not be attended with any disadvantage. By her Ladyship's answer thou wilt see its effect. Whenever thou comest into Somersetshire thou will meet a polite reception at Burton-Pinsent*.

Yours, &c. E. R.

Lord MOUNT EDGECUMBE *to* R. P.

SIR, Mount Edgecumbe, Aug. 20, 1785.

I am much obliged to you for the compliment intended of dedicating your Theocritus to me; I believe the work is worthy of a better patron—I am sure a more learned than myself. I must re-

* *Lady* CHATHAM *to Mr.* RACK.

SIR, *Burton, March* 8, 1785.

I had the pleasure, a few days ago, of receiving your very obliging letter, with the poem that accompanied it, for which I have many thanks to return you. It has answered perfectly the kind view you had in sending it to me. Though I cannot by any means think myself a competent judge of such a subject, yet I may allow myself to say, I was extremely pleased in reading it; and that I think the animation with which it is written will engage that attention to which I should believe it justly entitled. The writer has undoubtedly interested me by the affecting lines which relate to persons so near to me. The character which you give of him, in addition to the rest, naturally leads me to wish for an opportunity of being acquainted with him..... Since your being at Burton, the house has received considerable improvement, by the library being filled with books brought from Hayes, and an addition of pictures in different rooms.

I am, Sir, your obliged humble servant, HESTER CHATHAM.

peat how sensible I am of your civility, and what little pretensions I have to such a work being inscribed to me. But I am glad of this opportunity to shew my regard to the name of Polwhele. Should you be inclined to come this way, I shall be very happy to see you, and am your obedient humble servant, MOUNT EDGECUMBE.

Miss SEWARD *to* ——

Miss Seward's compliments to Mr. B. She thanks him for introducing her to a poem of much ingenuity. She had attentively re-perused the first part, which they read together, and many of those obscurities vanished, which, on a first reading, rendered several passages unintelligible to the whole *trio*. She would not attempt the part which remained unperused that morning by herself, as, really, the carelessness of a hand-writing to which she is unaccustomed, is perpetually eluding her utmost endeavours to make out a number of the words. But on receiving Mr. B.'s message from H. White she instantly sat down to finish the poem, and, with all the disadvantages of frequent illegibility in particular words, the latter part appears to her more clear in the arrangement of its ideas than the first.

Miss S. could wish the author of a manuscript so rich in poetic ideas, would sedulously remove from them every mist of obscurity. Perspicuity, so necessary to the perfection of most poetic com-

positions, is particularly required from the didactic poet.

There is a kind of poetry in which a portion of obscurity has a fine effect; where an image acquires added sublimity from being indistinctly painted; as in Milton's portrait of Death, in his Satanic episode; as in Mr. Gray's noble Prophetic Ode; as in the Spirit mentioned by Job, in the 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th verses of the 4th chapter; as in the description of Crugal's Ghost in Ossian. It is, I think, the sublimest apparition in our whole poetic stores; and is of itself sufficient internal evidence, that the Erse fragments are not the creation of Macpherson's brain.

"Connal lay by the sound of the mountain stream, beneath the aged tree. Shrill, through the heath of Lena, he heard the voice of Night. At distance from the heroes he lay, for the son of the sword feared no foe. He saw a dark-red stream of fire descend from the hill. Crugal sat upon the beam—a chief that lately fell by the hand of Swaran. His face is like the beam of the setting moon; his robes are of the clouds of the hill; his eyes are like two decaying flames, and *dark* is the wound on his breast. *Dim*, and in tears, he stood, and stretched his *pale hand* over the hero! Vainly he raised his feeble voice, like the gale of the reedy lake. 'My *ghost*, oh Connal! is on my native hills, but my *corse* is on the sands. Thou shalt never more talk with Crugal, or find his lone steps on the heath. I am light as the blast of Cromla, and I move like the shadow of mist. Connal! I see the cloud of death! it hovers over the plains of Lena—the sons of *green Erin* shall *fall!*' Like the darkened moon he retired, in the midst of the stormy blast."

As Miss S. had occasion to mention this passage, she could not resist the temptation of quoting it, as a fine specimen of poetry, which bears, to its advantage, some degree of indistinctness. Simi-

lies are also not always the less beautiful from the want of philosophic accuracy. But all which belongs to a didactic poem should be instantly obvious to the understanding, at least amongst readers who are used to poetry; for there are many people who either do not, or affect not to understand the plainest observation, if it is made to them in measure. To such the poet is not accountable.

Miss SEWARD *to* R. P.

SIR, Lichfield, July 19, 1785.

I had more immediately expressed a sense of the honour and pleasure I have received in your acceptable present, had I been able to obtain a direction to you.

Instruction and pleasure resulted from my perusal of the "Art of Eloquence;" it is ingenious, learned, and harmonious. I wish I could compliment the times we live in so far as to depend upon its becoming popular; but I have my apprehensions that, like the noblest didactic poem the world ever produced, Mr. Hayley's "Essay on Epic Poetry," it may "prove *caviare* to the multitude." That as yet Mr. Hayley's Essay should be so little read, is a disgrace to our country. It ought to be in the hands of every being who is capable of receiving delight from the eldest and loveliest of the Muses, since it contains so much that is to the heart; amidst the treasures of in-

formation, the wise discriminations of unerring judgment, the brilliant effusions of fancy, and the beautiful harmony of numbers.

Never was there an age so rich in poetic genius as the present. If it has not produced a Shakespear or a Milton, we must impute the deficiency to the fastidiousness of refinement, to the severity of criticism, to their restraints of that wild, yet noble daring, which, hazarding every thing, often rises to the solar heights of sublimity, and often becomes enveloped in the mists of exuberant absurdity.

But amidst the poetic wealth of this era, how utterly insensible of the value of these treasures are the modern multitude! Let not, however, the spirit of rising genius be depressed; but rest assured that, though its efforts may be temporarily quenched by the torpor of the public, they cannot be extinguished. Let the seventy years oblivion from which the juvenile works of Milton emerged, in the thirty-eighth year of the present century, teach the poet not to rest his hopes of fame on present popularity.

I am, Sir, your obliged humble servant,

ANNA SEWARD.

The same to the same.

SIR, Lichfield, Sept. 19, 1785.

A train of indispensable engagements has prevented my acknowledging earlier the favour of

your obliging letter, and of those beautiful verses which flatter me so highly.

I have been obliged by a sight of the second book of your present work, or rather a part of it; for the manuscript breaks off abruptly. There can be no doubt of its being acceptable to the public; since I hear, with pleasure, that the first book is much read and admired. I confess I had suspected that your poem, ingenious as it is, would have been too learned and abstruse to interest the generality. For the credit of the age, as well as for the author's sake, I am glad to find myself mistaken; but it is astonishing how few people I meet with who have a taste for poetry of any kind. That dislike and ignorance of all its essential graces, which, a few years past, people were ashamed to acknowledge, and even purchased poems to avoid such imputation, seems now avowed, and even gloried in. Stupidity and fastidiousness alike shelter themselves beneath the Johnsonian strictures, in despising and depreciating the most charming of the arts. The unjust contempt which that envious Colossus has expressed for many of its greatest masters, seems replete with injury to its present and future professors.

I had much rather read an original work of yours than a translation. If a translation is not close, the learned quarrel with it. If it is not free, and liberal enough to preserve the spirit of original composition, I fall asleep. Not having ever been able to peruse a translation of Virgil with delight, not even that of the immortal Dryden, I dread to see any person attempt this line in

composition, whose fame interests my wishes, and whose works I desire to read.

You would probably say that I had little right to talk in this style, if you knew that I have, in the course of the past winter, amused myself with endeavouring to make spirited and intelligible little English poems of some of Horace's odes, which are vapid and obscure in all the translations I have seen; but then I take only the general ideas, scrupling not to add whatever appears to me eligible to elucidate their sense, and strengthen their imagery. Idioms, local customs, and allusions to circumstances over which time draws a veil, involve a faithful translation in the disadvantages of hard and laborious language, and in all the vapidness resulting from every species of fetter upon the imagination and the style. If we emancipate ourselves, and seize on the beauties of our author, which remain unimpaired by the changes of passing ages, and, without attempting to preserve what they have rendered valueless, supply the place of obsolete by intelligible allusion, then it is that scholastic pride rings its grating changes upon "modern tinsel" being substituted for the "pure gold of antiquity," &c.; while the fidelity it requires is incompatible with all my poetic enthusiasms; and to read verse without feeling our enthusiasm awakened, is like conversing with mere good sort of people.

I am, Sir, with every wish for your happiness and your fame, your obliged and very obedient humble servant, ANNA SEWARD.

The same to the same.

SIR, Lichfield, Dec. 27, 1785.

If I had not been very ill, and therefore obliged to abstain from every species of writing not absolutely indispensable, I had more immediately answered your letter.

* * * * * * *

You will scarcely, perhaps, believe, that until Mr. Hayley's works came out in octavo, mine was the only set in this town or neighbourhood.

A taste for shewy expense, upon very moderate incomes, characterizes the inhabitants of Lichfield and its environs. The best original poetry interests them not. The generality of them even avow their contempt for what they deem the useless labour of the bards. I don't believe there are six individuals, within ten miles of the spot on which I now sit, who have read the "English Garden."

This is not the period in which literature is encouraged, any more than was that of which your poet complains, in the specimen you sent me; the versification of it is musical, without the detestable cramped air, which makes me so sick of translations; but, for the reasons you have yourself specified, it is impossible the work can interest many—and there is yet another reason why it cannot—all the striking thoughts and pleasing images in the Greek and Roman writers, have been given, over and over again, to the world, in endless repetition, from the period of their existence to that of ours.

The people to whom a translation of them can be desirable, are only those who have avidity for our science, without knowing the dead languages. Consider how few the number of these, and that those few are well aware that they have met with every beauty of the celebrated ancients in the compositions of their poetic descendants, either translated, or interwoven into original composition, from the elegant and happy plagiarist Virgil, to the elegiac, heroic, and lyric bards of our own day.

My Horatian bagatelles are not a dozen in number, nor have I time to bestow upon an undertaking so fruitless as their completion;

> "For, as I'm a sinner,
> I as soon should expect a roast phenix for dinner,"

as that fifty people in this nation would willingly purchase a new translation of writers so known as either Horace or Theocritus, were it to cost them only five shillings.

* * * * * * *

I am, Sir, your obliged servant,

ANNA SEWARD.

R. P. *to Dr.* DOWNMAN.

DEAR SIR, Kenton, 1785.

You owe the sonnets which accompany this to an observation which, you know, we heard the other day, respecting picturesque poetry. It was

observed (you may recollect) that "genuine poetical painting consists in the exhibition of the little particularities of an image; and that it is only in the power of appropriate and distinctive colouring to bring it, as it were, immediately before our eyes." This remark, though it be not applicable (at least the former part of it) to all kinds of poetry, very evidently accords with the true idea of the sonnet; the intention of which is surely to fix the mind to the contemplation of an object presented in its most striking attitudes, and marked by its more trivial, yet pleasing peculiarities. Such a close and accurate inspection of those parts of nature which deserve imitation, is frequently as engaging to the poet, as microscopic observation to the philosopher. Poetry on a larger scale, where a variety of general images must be introduced, and sometimes in rapid succession, will not always display to advantage so particular a delineation; while the smaller pieces of composition seem absolutely to require the minuter touches of the pencil. And as the sonnet should consist of one single image, illustrated by its more pleasing appendages, it is here (and almost here only) that an imitated object may be contemplated at leisure, under all its little forms of beauty. Hence, perhaps, some latent attribute may be drawn forth, which may diffuse over it an air of novelty.

In this light the sonnet seems peculiarly turned to the beautiful; and (in the province of the beautiful) the more picturesque objects of still

life. But the sublime (though some writers in this line have attempted it) is obviously incompatible with such miniature-painting.

With respect to the structure of this little composition, the Italian method, perhaps, needs not in all cases be abandoned; though (as some judicious critics have lately observed) it often gives the sonnet an air of formality and constraint.

In the sonnets now offered to your perusal, every leading image was derived from real incident, or actual observation. Attached to rural scenery, I have been disposed to devote my leisure hours rather to the contemplation of Nature, than to amusements of a less retired kind. The mind that is at peace with itself is not in want of dissipation. I am at least conscious of having been innocently employed; and often, amidst my poetical musings, have I been warmed insensibly to pious fervours! Often have I looked up with gratitude to the Father of that Nature I was attempting to depicture; and often have I said in my heart, that poesy, so unworthily depreciated by the disingenuous and unfeeling, must be highly favourable to religious meditation.

But a truce to preaching. Should you like the little effusions here submitted to you, it is my intention to print them. It is with trembling I await your award.

Yours, &c. R. P.

Dr. DOWNMAN *to* R. P.

MY DEAR SIR, Exeter, 1785.

Seated as you are at KENTON *, with POWDERHAM † in full prospect, I wonder not at your poetic raptures. You have likewise HALDON ‡, over which your Pegasus may expatiate; and Haldon is too extensive and too various for a sonnet—it merits an epic poem.

Of the sonnets that treat on *trivial* subjects, I like your "*Woodcock*" best, and your "*Partridge*" least. What you say of colours adapted to the *hare* or the *partridge* may be true enough; but there seems something forced in the incident which closes your sonnet. *Apropos*—will you and Mrs. P. come in to-morrow, to partake both of a hare and a partridge? if, peradventure, your bowels yearn not, and your commiseration spoil not your appetite §.

Yours truly, H. D.

* See the annexed Engraving of Kenton Church, and Mr. P.'s house.

† See Engraving of Powderham, in the "History of Devonshire, vol. II."

‡ See Engraving of Haldon, in Hist. of Devonsh. vol. II.

§ In consequence of the above, the following sonnet was suppressed; though the incident was unquestionably true. A similar one happened, indeed, to a tenant of mine, who shewed me the very spot where he had trodden on the poor bird, so that it became an easy prey.

Sure Nature, with a fond parental care,
Soon as her green of foliage she withdrew,
O'er the dun scene her wintry mantle threw:
For was it not to veil the timid hare,

She



KENTON CHURCH

Mr. WHITAKER *to* R. P.

DEAR SIR, Ruan Lanyhorne, 1785.

I return you many thanks for your kind present of the didactic poem and the sonnets. I did not know before, that you was the author of either. I knew not, indeed, that you was a poet; and, on the first intimation that you was, and had published two such specimens of your poetical spirit, I was as much surprised, I believe, as the first man was, that discovered a flint to be a body of fire. I had read the sonnet to your wife, and had been pleased with it. I had read an extract from the "Art of Eloquence," and had admired it. But I had not the slightest idea that you was the author of either. I find, since, that this was occasioned by my ignorance, as a foreigner, of your character at school, &c. But I read over your poem and your sonnets with additional eagerness, from my mistake. I was much delighted with them both. There is a striking originality in the imagery of the sonnets; but there is a nerve and an energy, a judiciousness

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She bade his brown seat, stript by Winter bare,
Suit to his furry vest its friendlier hue?
And scatter'd his own colours thro' the lair
To hide the pillow'd PARTRIDGE from the view?
Yet in the source of blessings oft we trace
The springs of ill: or else, poor Flutterer! say,
Could I have crush'd thee, 'mid the bordering grass
The path-way waves? Could else its tuftings gr y,
Whose teints unheeded stole into the mass
Of thy own plumy shade, my feet betray?

and justness, in the didactic poem, that particularly struck me.

Your obedient servant, J. WHITAKER*.

* It is melancholy to consider, that Whitaker was now entering on the arena of a contest with his parishioners; a contest which was, doubtless, unavoidable, but which was pursued with intemperate warmth. Strong in body, as well as mind, he knocked down several of Captain Luke's men, I apprehend, or put them to an ignominious flight! Of all his prosecutions he was himself the conductor; his attorney was, in a manner, his clerk. The following are selected from a bundle of sixty or seventy letters, all written with breathless anxiety. They are addressed to Mr. C. his attorney, of Truro, a gentleman of sense and honour, and high classical attainments. Mr. C. would have gladly corresponded with his friend Whitaker on any other than professional subjects.

The Rev. J. WHITAKER *to Mr.* C.

Ruan Lanyhorne,
a Quarter past three, Wednesday afternoon,

DEAR SIR, *Aug.* 2, 1786.

I return you enclosed the list of the special jury. I have already struck out the names of twelve, and I send Roger over with it immediately, that you may return it by this night's post. That you should do this, seems of considerable importance to me, because I would have you direct the trial for the road to be entered directly. Mr. Luke is scheming to bring on his action for the road and for the assault together, but this intention will be defeated by bringing on our trial for the road first. And I beg you will just write a line by this night's post, to direct our trial to be entered instantly; remaining, in great haste, dear Sir, yours, J. WHITAKER.

The same to the same.

DEAR SIR, *Wednesday afternoon.*

I send you, as I promised, some more instructions for the Assizes. I could have sent you all, as I have at last completed

them; but I have detained the two last sheets of instructions for Mr. Luke's action of assault against me and Anne Peters. I want to shew the questions intended to be asked to the witness of whom they will be asked. By reading them over to him carefully, some notions may be revived in his memory, and he may speak to some main points more decisively. The collateral circumstances often help out the main facts.

The instructions for Mr. Luke's action are very large. They are made so, in a great measure, by the cross-examinations, and by drawing into the questions so many particulars. But this seems to me to be quite necessary. The counsel can have no notion of the many little points that are requisite to be dwelt upon in a cause like this, and that appear so to a man actually engaged in the quarrel; and it is better to overdo than underdo in questions.

But, after all, I cannot think Mr. Luke is such an ideot as to try either of these actions for assault. His conduct is so plainly malicious and cowardly in both, that he must be an ideot indeed to have a tithe of his conduct exposed. But what is the latest day for giving notice of trial? I thought the time was three weeks before the Assizes; your clerk thinks it is eight days; and what is the real time?

Mr. Luke, as far as I. can hear, is making no preparation for trial at all. He is examining no witnesses, and Mr. H. has never been yet to view the road.

What have you done about the *Non Pros.?* If Mr. Luke did not file a declaration against Mrs. W. and Mary Benny, before the last day of last term, as I understood from you, you might have a *Non Pros.* against him, and so make him pay a few shillings to us.

I write by the bearer to Mr. Mitchell, and desire him to come over hither on Friday or Monday, and plan the road with its accompaniments; and on Thursday I mean to come over to Truro myself, and bring the rest of the instructions for Mr. Luke's action. I shall then send for a young fellow in Truro, who was present at the second skirmish, and see whether his testimony will be of any moment. And I beg to hear by the bearer, if you do not think that the evidence for the road, as sent you last week, very strong and powerful.

But I wish one argument and one address to be suggested in the brief concerning it. Mr. Luke's witnesses can be but negative; he therefore fights to great disadvantage. He can only prove that persons have gone through and not been stopped; but fifty such witnesses cannot stand against one positive witness of people asking leave, or of people being stopped. And this may be strikingly exemplified by a fact. In towns it is not very uncommon for ways through entries or courts to be open, and for people to pass through them without asking leave, on every day in the year except one. Upon one day the passage is shut up, in order to assert the private nature of it; and this does assert it. Here, therefore, is the testimony of 364 days superseded by the evidence of *one;* because *that* is negative evidence, and *this* is positive.

The address which I mentioned is to the jury, farmers, &c. upon the loss that would ensue to them, in having their farm-yards made into public roads, their poultry-courts to be run over with carts and horses, their gates left open for strange pigs and other animals to come and trespass upon them, and at last, perhaps, their very right to straw their farm-yards contested and denied.

Since I wrote the above, I find that Mr. Luke's hind, Francis Dungay, has been saying on Sunday and Monday, in the neighbourhood of St. Columb, that *Mr. Luke has given up the action for the assault,* and that *I have given up Mary Benny's.* This comes from such a man as must know his master's mind; and it comes to me by Mary Benny herself, who has been equally in the neighbourhood of St. Columb, and is just returned. I have, therefore, kept back all the instructions for the assaults, and I hope to hear from you that this is true. If I do not I shall bring them all with me on Thursday next.

I remain, dear Sir, your most obedient servant,

J. WHITAKER.

The distance from home to Bodmin is about 17 miles to many, and about 22 to some, or about 20 generally. The witnesses in all the causes reached Bodmin about six on Monday evening. The action for the road was heard by three on Tuesday afternoon, and all the witnesses on that point might then have gone home.

Some of Mr. Luke's, R. Stephens and C. Williams, and all of Mr. Whitaker's actually did.

Mr. Luke's action for the assault was tried about nine on Tuesday night *.

Mary Benny's action for the assault was tried about eleven on Tuesday night.

I, John Whitaker, Bachelor of Divinity, and Rector of Ruan Lanyhorne, Cornwall, do depose, &c. that my maid-servant, Mary Benny, having been ill used by John Luke, Esq. I did furnish her with money and credit for bringing an action against the said John Luke. That she having subpænad myself, Mrs. Jane Whitaker my wife, Anne Peters one of my maid-servants, and Richard Philips a carpenter employed by me, to appear at Bodmin as her witnesses, I did hire a double horse for carrying the said Richard Philips and Anne Peters to the said town of Bodmin, at the rate of 2*s.* 6*d.* the first day, 2*s.* 6*d.* the last day, and 1*s.* the intermediate day or days, and did supply them with money for their expences to and from and at Bodmin. That I myself and Mrs. Jane Whitaker did also go to the said town of Bodmin, attended (as usual) by one man-servant, upon my own horses. That we all reached Bodmin on Monday evening, and the said cause was not decided till about eleven o'clock on Tuesday night. That I paid for the said double horse, being out three days, six shillings. That the said Anne Peters and Richard Philips cost me at least fifteen shillings each in these three days. That for my own horse, and Mrs. Whitaker's, I think I may justly charge eight shillings, &c. &c. &c.

Major Drewe *to* R. P.

Rev. Sir, Exeter, 1785.

Mr. H. Drewe has just shewn me your letter to

* This action was tried by a special jury; but the judge declared in Court, that Mr. Luke should pay for the jury, as he, the judge, would not certify it was requisite.

him of the 15th of October, which had been mislaid amongst a number of papers.

From the testimonies to your "Art of Eloquence," I long to see our Sicilian rustic dressed in his Sunday's coat, by a gentleman we may call our own.

I have a quarrel with you, though to the best of my belief I have never seen you but by character; and, since I have been robbed of my sword, will fight it out in words.

You compliment me on my literary fame. I assure you, Sir, that I possess no merit but what arises from making use of advantages most gentlemen claim, and of which many have reaped a more ample harvest. What little I have gleaned has been of some advantage to me, however; amidst the tumults of war it has softened the horrors of my situation, in the very few moments I could snatch from employ. In peace it has filled up a few hours of a very idle man, and of course kept him from increasing dissipation. In a more advanced period of life, books (such as I can read), and the conversation of a few literary men who will give me proper allowance, will, perhaps, form my principal enjoyment.

I know not if I am writing to a man of 25 or 65, but I well know that I address myself to a man of sense, and I wish (should we meet) to undeceive him now, by assuring him that a soldier who has wandered over half the globe, with an unsteady mind, fluttering betwixt ambition and calamity, wishes much for the acquaintance of the

translator of Theocritus, but sincerely regrets that he can never rival him on classical ground.

I am, Rev. Sir, your very obedient servant,

EDWARD DREWE*, JUN.

The same to the same.

DEAR SIR, Exon, 1785.

I have just finished your "Theocritus." An active youth spent in turmoil, and far from books and literary conversation, will enable me to judge of it only as a very pleasing and elegant performance. But it may give you pleasure to learn, that it has met with the approbation of one whose judgment is held in high estimation, and whose testimony to your praise will weigh much more than mine can ever do †.

I shall be very happy to know personally the gentleman who has so very flatteringly held me forth to notice in his "Pictures from Nature."

* Whitaker and Drewe were contemporaries at Corpus Christi College. They are here by accident brought into contact, and their correspondence with Mr. P. commenced about the same time.

† Badcock. "I waited for you, the other day, till twelve; and as the weather was bad despaired of you. Badcock has been twice at my house; this day I saw him for the first time, he came to speak with me *viva voce*. He expresses a high sense of you as a scholar and a man of genius, and wishes you every possible success, and bids me, with his best compliments, tell you so; but, alas! he has declined the Monthly Review for seven months past. Yours, E. D."

But as great characters (if you will think me such) are best (to use an Iricism) seen at a distance, I fear the only way left me to preserve your esteem is by casting round me the veil of obscurity.

I am, dear Sir, yours, &c. E. DREWE, JUN.

P. S. The 27th Idyll is mentioned as a very close translation, with all the rustic simplicity of the original.

S. BADCOCK *to Major* DREWE.

1785.

Mr. Badcock would be glad to have those papers, with a few more, returned to him, that he may peruse them at his leisure. What he hath read he much admires; but he had not time to examine them critically, as he was preparing for a journey.

R. G. *to* R. P.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Aug. 29, 1785.

'Tis a long, very long time, since I had the pleasure of writing to you; but permit me to assure you that, notwithstanding my dilatoriness and inattention, there is no person for whom I have a more solid and sincere esteem than yourself. Mrs. P. I trust, will accept of my very best acknowledgments for the postscript she was so obliging to add to your last favor. To have my cause supported by a woman of her understanding and disposition,

is an honour to which I have not the least shadow of a claim, particularly when I consider the palpable proofs I have given her how unworthy I have been of her husband's (Husband! how that word mortifies me! that you so soon have gotten the start of me,) correspondence. If you have any faith, however, in the promise of a young volatile bachelor, one who flaunts away his time amid giddy-pated girls, to the neglect of his talents and occupation, I promise, *in verbo sacerdotis*, to be more regular for the future.

* * * * * * *

I am told you are admitted into the correspondence of the *literati* of Lichfield. The high-sounding Seward, and the smooth-flowing Hayley, are unanimous in admiring your poem upon Eloquence; the judgment of the latter I conceive, however, to be that of the sounder. The former, in her mode of thinking and expression, seems to me to be too much inflated. Her whole soul appears, in all her poems, to be actuated by that wild species of enthusiasm, which has little of the leaven of inspiration, and which gives one the idea of froth rather than substance. The luxurious and the dazzling are the medium through which she evinces her conceptions, rather than the elegant or the striking. Compress the substratum of her productions, and divest them of their meretricious imagery, and you will find how small the claim she has to the sacred appellation of poet.

Surrounded with the noise of a dozen political disputants, I must break off, by assuring you how sincerely I am your friend, R. G.

The same to the same.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Nov. 13, 1785.

I beg you will receive my best acknowledgments for your sincere and affectionate letter. You have some reason, I confess, to beware of relying implicitly upon my promises, as far as they relate to regularity in epistolary correspondence, and consequently are justified in expressing your apprehensions of your letter's sharing the same fate with those that preceded it. You must permit me, however, to do myself justice, in a point wherein I think my character is at stake, and that is, that though I do not pay that due attention to the epistles of my friends which they indisputably deserve, yet still there is no person (I can write it firmly, without feeling myself checked by any consciousness of assuming an assertion to which I have no claim,) who more frequently calls up to his imagination the many happy hours he has shared in their society, or who more ardently wishes for the same opportunities to return. The reply to this already I anticipate. If a person, you will say, has a real and unaffected esteem for his correspondent, he will certainly write in every instance. By no means. Indolence of disposition, the "penury of insular conversation," gaiety, and dissipation, with many other concurrent circumstances, will interfere in his determinations to write, though at the hazard and expence of his friend's affection. Tomorrow is the answer that every idle fellow gives to his own mind whenever

the propriety of writing occurs. But tomorrow never comes.

With respect to the translation of Theocritus, I am persuaded you will certainly succeed, and establish your character upon a firm unshaken basis. Be not too rapid, too easily satisfied, and I am fully convinced your friends will do me the justice to say, that I was not deceived in your powers and abilities. The prime requisite in a Translator (understanding the author is taken for granted) is that of a good ear. That you have; and it was that rendered Pope so eminent, so singularly successful in his version of the Iliad. Dryden was unquestionably superior to him in strength and brilliancy of imagination, could expand a fine thought with equal advantage, and give a nervous sentiment the same dignity and force; and yet the effect of his Virgil is much inferior to that of Pope's Homer. What is the effect of the latter owing to? To nothing but the soft persuasibility of his versification; that species of syllabic music, which, like the harmony of colouring, gives diction its true proportion, so that the sound of one syllable in a line shall not predominate over the sound of another. Attend only therefore to that faculty which nature has invested you with, and that, superadded to your intellectual powers, will qualify you to excell in the branch of literature to which you seem, on your entrance on life, to have devoted yourself.

As for the success of the sale, that, to speak my mind ingenuously, I have some doubts about. A

quarto volume of 1*l.* 1*s.* is a formidable sum to the general readers of Poetry. If you were to publish it in the form of a large octavo, I am firmly persuaded the sale would answer your most sanguine expectations; and your fame become more extensive. Dont you recollect an observation of old Fletcher the bookseller, when we were talking with him concerning Gifford's intended quarto publication of Juvenal? "Translation," said he, "is at present a mere drug; those who understand the original are not solicitous to purchase the translation, and those who do not, wish to purchase it in its cheapest form. Mr. Gifford's performance," he continued, "will not succeed unless he reduces it to an octavo." Accordingly his work has never yet made its appearance, though the specimen you shewed me was an admirable proof of his qualifications and abilities. Yours most unaffectedly, R. G.

E. S. *to* R. P.

DEAR POLWHELE, December 3, 1785.

You oblige me much by giving me an opportunity of renewing that acquaintance, let me call it friendship, which commenced between us at the University; and which I am convinced has remained unshaken in our minds, however absence and difference of connexions may have conspired to weaken its force. It is a common observation, and upon the whole a true one, that when a man

quits the society he had formed in college, and enters into what the arrogance of the world has denominated life, the first step he takes is, to drive from his remembrance those very connexions which in his probationary state seemed to constitute his chief happiness. I am sure however, you will agree with me in thinking, that where mutual respect is the basis of any friendship, though it may suffer a thousand interruptions, yet it can never be totally extinguished. Such, I am persuaded, is that friendship which subsisted for two years without any intermission between you and me. And which nothing but the distance betwixt T. and P. has prevented (on my part at least) from flourishing with its original vigour.

* * * * * * * * *

You certainly have undertaken a very arduous task. The Pastorals of Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus, unless the elegance of the translation recommend them, will never take in an English dress. Pastoral Poetry is quite out of fashion. There is not a pert school-boy of fourteen that has not been taught to run it down as unnatural, and to laugh at the soft complainings of a Thyrsis, a Corydon, or a Daphne. Prejudices in general increase with years; and what the school-boy imbibed from the lessons of his master, the man cannot divest himself of. I myself, though I admire the excellence of the poetry, cannot but think the sentiments are often trivial, and still oftener bordering upon the burlesque; and you

perhaps will laugh at me when I assure you I think the 15th Idyll. of Theocritus, Ενδοι Πραξινοη, &c. (as being the most natural), infinitely the best of any I have read. There certainly are many wonderfully fine passages dispersed up and down through the works of Theocritus; and I think Moschus has one which is scarce equalled by any Poet either antient or modern; vid. Επιταφ. Βιωνος, v. 104 to 110. The Οιη περ φυλλων γενεη &c. is nothing to it in my opinion. You (without flattery I speak) are the only man I ever met with at all equal to such an undertaking, and I have not a doubt of your success, I mean with regard to the intrinsic merit of the translation. Whether the world may not be blind to that merit I cannot pretend to say. It is a very difficult matter to combat prejudices successfully. If you had offered to publish a burlesque upon the Pastorals of Theocritus, &c. I sincerely believe you would have had more admirers *.

Yours, &c. E. S.

R. G. *to* R. P.

My Dear Sir, April 23, 1787.

I should have apprised you before of the safe arrival of your packet, had I not been absent from my D——— friends. I have perused your work

* Yet (said Dr. Bathurst, the now venerable Bishop of Norwich) "Theocritus has long wanted a poetical translator; and such a one, I have no doubt, he will find in you." Dec. 10, 1785.

with much attention, and am of opinion that it will tend not only to establish your reputation as a scholar as well as a poet, but turn out of no small advantage to your future productions; as it has given you more copiousness of expression, more smoothness of diction, and more grace and volubility of versification. In this country I have the satisfaction of informing you, it has met with the most liberal reception; and has placed your name in a very conspicuous point of view. Every one that has inspected it, has admitted it as possessed of a decisive superiority over Fawkes; not only with regard to fidelity of translation, but in the more characteristic felicities of spirit and animation.

The English Review for last month I met with the other day, and was agreeably surprised on meeting a criticism upon it at so early a period. Considering that the Editors of that production, (Justamond, Thompson, &c.) are a little fastidious, I think you ought to deem yourself as treated with peculiar respect, in their acknowledging it to be "a work of considerable merit, and the best translation extant." But the Monthly Review is the fiery ordeal, through which as you pass you must expect to be singed a little. Young Burney (the son of Dr. Burney) is the reviewer of the Greek productions, and consequently will have the charge of examining "the translation of Theocritus." You may form an idea of his ability, and critical acumen, by turning to his criticisms on Glasse's Caractacus. His decisions, however, will not shake

the foundation of my present opinion. A Critic, elated with the idea of dispensing his sentiments to those around him, and shielded too from retaliation by the barrier of secrecy, is frequently tempted to severity with the view of magnifying his own sagacity, rather than that of giving a faithful account to the publick. But the generality are influenced by nobler motives; they look at a production as they do to the sun, with the view of contemplating its beauty and tasting its effects.—He (the Critic) to discover the spots, and to make them the subject of his spleen and animadversion.

As you are now (to speak in the Oxford phrase) in for it, and likely to support the cause of the Muses, what say you to a subject, original and susceptible of all the graces and embellishments of poetry? I have frequently thought of proposing it to you, but have been retarded by the variety of avocations with which I have of late been so much engaged. What I mean is an essay upon music. Mr. Hayley, you know, has written one upon history, and another upon painting. 'Tis only pursuing the same plan, and I am convinced your genius and ability will enable you to execute it with equal success. As I am master of the subject, as far as regards the principles of musical taste and the characters of the writers from Timotheus down to Haydn (the present musical luminary), I may be qualified to give you much assistance. Take it into your contemplation, and in your next let me know your sentiments upon it.

With regard to the diminution of my friendship

for you, that I can seriously assure you, is merely ideal. An esteem founded, in the sunshine of our days, and cemented by mutual pursuits and similarity of thinking, is not likely to be subverted so easily as you seem to apprehend. I may be culpable in neglecting to answer your communications so regularly as they deserve, but I never forget you. Divided as we are by a distance of more than a hundred miles, there are a thousand little occurrences which daily remind me of my Cornish friend. No, I may be volatile, but never fickle, never fluctuating in my attachment to him. In respect to the increase of your family, I am sincerely of opinion, that there is nothing that levels the asperities of age, nothing that gilds the evening of our days so effectually as a numerous offspring. I could wish, however, you could contrive to add to your income by some method or other. Mere publication seldom contributes much to a man's pocket, though it gives liberally to his fame. Excuse haste, and believe me to be,

Yours, very affectionately, R. G.

R. G. *to* R. P.

My Dear P. Nov. 8, 1787.

Harrison, the celebrated singer, has spent some weeks with us.

The character of Harrison, I have no doubt, you are acquainted with. He is in fact the most affecting singer I ever heard, and has the peculiar

felicity of making music as interesting as Mrs. Siddons does tragedy. There is a scene in the Oratorio of Jephtha, in which Jephtha is represented as debating with himself concerning the fulfilling of his vow. He there reviews the amiable character of his daughter, dwells upon her obedience and filial affection, then adverts to the oath that he made to Jehovah, and at the last is seised with a species of madness. The effects he produced when he performed this scene are almost incredible. All were in tears. Some whose feelings were more susceptible than the rest, could not help starting from their seats, when he came to that part where he exclaims,

——— "'Tis this that racks my brain,
And pours into my breast a thousand pangs
That lash me into madness."

Others again could not help audibly sobbing, when they found him at last inflexibly determined, "on to-morrow's dawn," to sacrifice her to his vow. Yet these effects are produced without gesture or ostentation. The whole conduct of this scene I look upon to be one of Handel's finest compositions. 'Tis simply nothing but a continued recitative; but as recitative is nearer the irregular rythm of speech than air, there is greater probability of its making its way to the heart, and of its accomplishing its end.

Have you thought any more of your Essay on Music? I have been working for you, and have made many extracts from Sir George Hawkins' History of Music. The subject, however, I per-

ceive is attended with many difficulties. So far as relates to the grammatical rules of joining sounds together, much has been written; but nothing has hitherto been said to the purpose on the rhetorical part of it. This, therefore, is breaking up new ground, and requires a discerning head to extract a code of musical laws, for the purpose of establishing the didactic part. Rousseau, in his Letter upon the French Music, may be made much use of. We must be upon our guard, however, in adopting his sentiments, even upon a subject of entertainment. From Avison on Musical Expression we may glean likewise something to our purpose; but the chief materials must be drawn from our own reflections. These (on my own part) I continue to accumulate, and am in hopes of delivering into your hands a prose essay, from which you may derive much advantage. If Dr. Burney's last volume of his Musical History should come out soon, more advantage may be extracted from his work than from all the works of his predecessors put together.

How goes on your English Orator? As you mentioned in your last that it was nearly ready for the press, I should suppose, before many days elapse, that I shall have the pleasure of seeing it announced in the public prints.

Have you seen the English Review for the last month? If you have not, procure it, and you will have the satisfaction of reading the best delineation of Miss Seward's powers that has ever been

produced. I coincide most heartily in all the author's observations, and agree with him that she is only in possession of one part of the poet's character, that of combining metaphors. As vanity is peculiarly susceptible, and as pride is naturally vindictive, I am in daily expectation of meeting a flaming invective in some of the periodical productions, against the illiberality of the Critic's aspersions. When Pratt analyzed her Louisa, she there betrayed her deficiency in the necessary requisites of Authorship, by shewing to the world how much her feelings were irritated by his observations. You may depend upon it, that in this instance she will not shew herself superior. Her Litchfield admirers are now, I am informed, exciting her to arms; and as she thinks them superior to the rest of the kingdom in critical skill, she will not be able to resist the impetuosity of their remonstrances.

Her best productions are her Translations of the Odes of Horace. These, however, are not translated from the original. She understands not a word of Latin.

Your verses to the memory of Rack, in the Gentleman's Magazine, I have read, and much admire. The three last stanzas breathe the plaintive elegance of Collins in the happiest manner imaginable. There are parts too in the other poem which I equally applaud for its descriptive scenery.

Now I am conversing with you concerning poetry, you will be pleased when I tell you that I

have received an invitation from Mr. Mason, the author of Caractacus, to spend a few days with him at Christmas.

He has sent word to me that he will shew me the music which he has adapted himself to his own chorusses.

Yours, affectionately, R. G.

In the Gentleman's Magazine appeared about this time a Sonnet to the Translator of Theocritus.

"To thee, Polwhele! in friendship's grateful lays
A rustic Bard pours forth his artless praise;
Pleas'd in thy gently flowing verse to trace
Doric simplicity and pastoral grace.
Roused by thy fame, his Muse shall soon aspire
To catch a spark of Hesiod's ancient fire!
See the bright ploughshare in the furrow shine,
And gods adorn the long extended line!
See Hercules his ponderous shield display,
And its own work assign'd to every day!"

B. C.

I suspect, but was never informed, that the author of the above was J. Basset Collins, who was engaged some years in translating Hesiod. His English was inferior to his Latin verse.

—— T. *Esq. to* R. P. [*respecting an episode in the E. Orator.*]

Sir, Exeter, 1787.

* * * * * * * *

It would complete the severity of young Foscari's fate, if, after being exiled by a decree, hasty and unjust, from his native country, he was by a decision more precipitate, and perhaps

equally erroneous, to be banished from the pages of your Poem, and after the sacrifice of his life to one false proscription, to lose his immortality by another *.

T. PENNANT *Esq.* *to* R. P.

SIR, Downing, March 22, 1788.

* * * * * * * *

I must without flattery pronounce your English Orator one of the best Didactic poems I ever read. There is a truth in the painting of the characters I rarely meet with.

* * * * * * * *

Let me request you will accept a likeness of the Author, since I have been so unfortunate as not to be personally known to you. I am, with much regard, Sir,

Your obedient humble Servant,

THO. PENNANT.

H. D. *to* OPIE *the Painter.*

SIR, June 27, 1788.

I was lately struck by Mr. P—'s Maria Theresa [see his "English Orator"], and as our most eminent artists are now (after the example of the Grecian Apelles copying Homer) engaged in painting from the English Poets, I could not help thinking that the Cornish Artist had here a fine

* Mr. T. had objected to the story of Foscari, as a digression too slightly connected with the main subject; and in conformity with his judgment the author had expunged it from the Poem.

opportunity of paying his respects to the Cornish Poet, by translating him into colours.

Your genius is principally turned to Historical picture; and where can you find a nobler subject than Maria Theresa?

Yours, &c. H. D.

It was remarked, in a letter to the Editor of the General Evening Post, Oct. 25, 1785, that Mr. Sargent and Mr. Polwhell (as the name is there spelt) have, without any communication with each other, given a poetic portrait of Maria Theresa. "The circumstances (says Literator) of their having appeared at the same time, in the present year, is worth observation. They are probably ignorant at this moment of the curious coincidence in question. Mr. Sargent's "Mine" exhibits Theresa,

——————When in Presburg's walls
She sought her brave Hungarians!—In her arms
The infant Prince she clasped, who to her neck
Clung, trembling at the dazzling files, and sound
Of martial minstrelsy!—"Defend (she cried)
Your Queen with foes beset—her son protect,
And save the guardian of your laws and realm!
What loyalty! what ardent valour beam'd
In every eye!——————"

The parallel passage in the "Art of Eloquence," is as follows:

——————Such the strings,
Where quick vibration ran through every note,
When erst, (her Kingdom tottering) when pursued
By hostile powers, the fair Theresa fled
Amidst the Hungarian council, and displayed
(With all the eloquence of youthful charms

Touch'd by distress) her Infant, of her griefs
Unconscious, yet more eloquent than all!
'Twas then the affections, blending as they rose,
Rush'd forth! Then Pity throbb'd in every breast,
And Love, dissolving at the sparkling glow
Of Beauty's tears, and reverence for the form
Of royalty—its hallow'd purple rent
Thus rudely—and fierce anger at her foes;
While, drawn aloft to vengeance, in one blaze
The lightnings of their sabres flash'd around!
And "let us die" (unanimous they cried)
"Die for our King Theresa!"—Triumph opes
The sounding portals, as Persuasion's voice,
The hostile spirit rousing, bids it seize
The plumed casque, and blow the trump of war!"

Mr. Opie *to* R. P.*

Dear Sir,

I am return'd but a few days from Cornwall, or I should not have delayed answering your favor so long. I sent immediately to Cadell for the books, and have receiv'd much pleasure from the parts I have perused. I think the subject you recommend is a fine one, and should have no objection, provided it falls in with Mr. Macklin's plan, to attempt it; but before I speak decisively on it, I should wish to see the historical account of the event, as I should stand in need of more minute information on many points than the poem affords, or than it was necessary it should as a poem. If you will be so good as to inform me where this information is to be had, I will endeavour to procure it; and if, after attentive consi-

* In consequence of the Letter signed H. D. I had written to Opie, with a present of my Poem.

deration, I find it equal to the expectations already raised in me, I will speak to Mr. M. on the subject; but cannot after all promise to be successful, as I am afraid he will object to having any subject taken from a living poet;—an objection which I hope is far enough from being removed on your part, and my Cornish oratory I doubt will not be strong enough to remove it on his. The instance you allude to in your letter I will explain to you: Mr. M. was very desirous of having a picture of Sir Joshua Reynolds's, and finding he could not readily get him to paint one for him, at least as soon as he could wish, he bought a picture already finished by Sir Joshua, and got somebody to make a poem to suit it, but his success in this instance I fear will not tempt him to repeat it; however, on the condition already stated, my influence, whatever it be, shall be exerted to oblige you to the utmost. Dear Sir,

I am your humble servant, J. OPIE.

Please to direct to me in Great Queen Street, Lincoln's-inn Fields, London.

Dr. DOWNMAN *to* R. P.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Exeter, 1788.

The third book of your English Orator is superior to the other two; it is more correct. Perhaps the subject admitted of more ease—more poetry.

You have certainly a difficult task to come. I

am curious to know how you will be able to manage the subject of Pulpit Eloquence. I should think it a most intractable theme.

I had read the whole, and made some remarks before I saw those of the Critical Reviewers. They are right as to the general character, but in some of the particular instances dull and illiberal.

There is some justice in their first remark as to *flippant* and *glides*: but *verbage* is a good word, and deserves to be naturalized; nor could you have well written it *verbiage*. They have printed *hollow* in italicks; why, I know not; unless they confound it with the literal sense; whereas it means deceitful, insincere.

Floats may be objected to with some shew of propriety; yet I do not think it so objectionable but that it may very well remain.

"Beam in his looks enlightened,"

A paltry ignorant criticism.

"Misdeem'd," &c.——————Ditto.

Though *Thule* struck me on reading it, yet I took no notice of it, as I imagined you meant Ireland; which island was (or I am much deceived) by some supposed to be the most antient Thule of the Phœnicians.

How could the writer be such a fool as not to know that Lethe was a river of Crete, as well as Afric!

These remarks seem to be made on the principle that a critic *must* find some fault to shew his

acumen; but the *manner* in which it is done is mean and dirty.

Yours, truly, H. D.

The same to the same.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Exeter, 1778.

Read the enclosed sonnets. I have copied one from the Gentleman's Magazine; the other, you will perceive, is to your wife.

In haste, yours, &c. H. D.

SONNET, *to* MR. POLWHELE. *March*, 1778.

"Polwhele! with whose sweet lay I many an hour,
Ah! many a dreary hour have oft beguil'd,
Sure fancy mark'd thee for her darling child,
And twin'd a wreath of ev'ry lovely flower
To crown thy infant brow! Else whence that power
Of magic that attunes thy woodnotes wild?
For, whether thou dost breathe some sweet strain mild,
My sense is wrapp'd in soft Elysian bower:
Or if the lyre with rapid hand divine
Thou sweep'st, I'm hurried with thy lofty muse
To realms empyreal! To this lay of mine
Would but thy song some happy fire infuse!
Then might I at thy flower-inwoven shrine
Offer a garland of no sordid hues."

To MRS. POLWHELE.

The charms of Laura in immortal verse
More than one bard hath sung. Thy fabled name

* We had here, for the first time, to lament "*judicium PARidis.*" This was treacherous; so thought Dr. Downman.

My homelier strains, Polwhele! shall not rehearse,
To truth and friendship sacred, not to fame.
Sacred to those mild attributes of soul
Which from the public haunts of life recede,
To virtue, to unbiast judgment dear;
For which not even he can form a meed
Of due desert, whose heart possessing whole
All other mortal goods but dross appear.
Oh! may the Muses guard their favourite son!
And bless with health, with love, those minds I prize
Above all riches by the vicious won,
Above all titled honour's rain-bow dies!

H. D.

J. T. *to* R. P.

My Dear Sir, Nov. 5, 1788.

It is with much pleasure I sit down to fulfil a promise I have some time made to myself, of expressing my acknowledgments to you for the satisfaction I have felt in reading your late several productions, more especially your elegant version of Theocritus, &c. which I read with singular pleasure, feeling myself much interested in your increasing reputation. The attempt was bold, the task arduous, but your merit rose in proportion to the difficulties you had to contend with. But what makes me nib my pen just at this moment is, the perusal of your excellent Anniversary Sermon, which breathes the sentiments of a pious, friendly, and ingenuous heart; and its simplicity of dress comes with peculiar acceptance from one whose literary character was so highly established, as to

warrant an expectation of a more elaborate (though not on that account more pleasing) composition. I was happy to see at the back of the Sermon a new edition of Theocritus announced, and in a different form; I much approve of the 8vo plan. The beautiful Pastorals of your favourite Poet have been long withheld from many readers of refined taste, who are unacquainted with the original language; but the translation you have given the world, and the plan you are about to adopt, will introduce your original to more extensive acquaintance, will diffuse your own reputation, and be truly accommodating to a variety of readers, who wanted only such an edition to render your version the companionable 8vo of the drawing room, as well as the authentic quarto of the library.

In your 4to edition of Theocritus you acknowledge the correspondence of some of your friends. I marked the ingenuous passage at the time, and in the perusal of your book I noted some things that struck me, intending, when I saw you, which I then expected to fall out long before this time, to communicate my remarks; but not having been so fortunate as to meet you, and seeing the second edition about to come from the press, I am induced to write to you, concluding that should any of my remarks appear just, you would not be displeased with an old and sincere friend for the communication; and if not of any importance they will however serve to convince you that neither you nor your publications are unnoticed by me.

I will premise that I have seen no other edition of Theocritus than an old 8vo, published at Cambridge in 1677, by Winterton; and, as he professes, after H. Stephens's edition of 1566, which he says "*quantum licuit secutus sum;*" confessing that he has in some matters ventured to differ from him. I have long wished to see Mr. Warton's edition, which I think you chiefly confide in. Now I have been much puzzled by your version of the 23rd Idyl, where you have characterized the object of love as a female,

"An amorous shepherd lov'd a cruel maid."

Whereas the edition I speak of reads,

Ανηρ τις πολυφιλτρος απηνε ος ηρατ' εφαβω.

But to give you my remarks as they occurred, I will take them in the order I find them. In the second line of the first Idyl I fancied "tuneful whisper" a more literal translation of Αδη το ψιθυρισμα.

Page 42 of your edition I read,

"O were a *little* Bee's my happier lot!"

I seem to miss the favourite epithet of Theocritus,

Αιθε γενοιμαν
Α βομβευσα μελισσα,—

a reading that you have preserved in your translation of the 107th line of the first Idyl:

Ωδε καλον βομβευντι ποτι σμανεσσι μελισσαι.
There bees in busy swarms *hum* round their hives.

I am unwilling to lose an epithet that Dryden has classicized,

> "About the boughs an airy nation flew
> Of *humming* bees, that haunt the golden dew."

Page 96, line 57—"For thee *ten* does." VIRGIL.

My edition reads

> Τρεφω δε τοι ενδεκα νεβρως.

Page 143, line 10:

> "And glanced their *many-twinkling* feet around."

I remember a couple of lines in the poem on dancing (Dodsley's Coll.) that seem to me to express the poet's meaning of ποσσι περιπλεκτοις more clearly.

> "And see the sprightly dance is now begun!
> In *steps confused* the giddy maze they run."

This may be a little hypercritical; for your version is certainly more poetical, and agreeable to Mr. Gray's fancy,

> "To brisk notes in cadence meeting
> Glance their *many twinkling* feet,"

though not positively literal.

Page 201—"The bright Agave with her *cheeks of snow*"

does not give me the idea that Theocritus intended to convey by his μαλοπαρηος Αγαυα, which comes up nearer to our vulgar phrase "cherry cheek'd."

Page 221—"For *heaps* of native earth a foreign tomb!"

I have here wished again and again for Mr. Warton's edition, or for some of the Scholia of Toup and others; for I cannot persuade myself

that the poet sung αντι δε πολλας, &c.; it conveys no meaning; and in so short an affair as an epitaph or an epigram every word should have its sense. I have little doubt but the original reading was

Αντι δε πυρας
πατριδος οθνειην κειμαι εφεσσαμενος.
Pro pyrâ
Paternâ peregrinâ jaceo coopertus.

This reading seems to restore both the sense and truth of the epitaph.

Your notes display much learning and good observation, illustrating the very many dark passages of your author; and indeed Theocritus and the minor poets stand in need of able commentators, inasmuch as they are very obscure, and have not had their share of notice hitherto. Here I could not but observe that you ascribe to many of the Greek and Roman poets an acquaintance with the sacred writings; and to Theocritus, in particular, you give credit for his imitations of Isaiah (page 353). In these opinions you are not singular. Amongst others the elegant Blair has entertained similar notions, as appears by his Dissertation on Ossian's Poems; but, I cannot help thinking, with little or no reason. Surely very little probability attends the conjecture that the Greek and Roman poets borrowed their finest passages from the Jewish writers; for it is now generally admitted that Josephus (circ. an. Ch. 80.) was the first person who introduced the Hebrew nation to the acquaintance of the Romans; and after his time Tacitus, that most enlightened

historian, was so ignorant of the Jewish writings, that he could not distinguish between the religion of the Jews and that of the Egyptians. Longinus (an. Ch. 270.) was the first heathen author that seems to have been acquainted with the sacred Scriptures. Now Theocritus flourished near 300 years before Christ!

I confess myself much puzzled by the following note, page 365, line 98:

"Prisoned in his ample chest."

Κηρον according to Palmerius, not Κεδρον. I suspect some omission of the press here, otherwise it sounds as if "in his ample chest" was meant for the translation of "Κεδρον ες αδειαν." There seems to be a considerable difficulty in this passage, which Palmerius certainly has not lightened. His substituting κερον must affect either the metre or concord of his author, κερος being of the masculine gender; at best his word κηρος (wax) must be used per metam. in the sense we find it in Ovid,

"Nonne vides quos cera texit sexangula fœtus?"

Neither can I think that the poet writ Κεδρον, for if we may rely on the testimony of Ælian and of Pliny, the cedar tree, from its pitchy qualities, is found destructive of insects. I have here little hesitation in reading

Ως τε νιν αι σιμαι λειμωνοθε φερβον ιοισαι,
ΕΔΡΑΝ ες αδειαν μαλακοις ανθεσσι μελισσαι.
Utq. ipsum simæ ex prato pascebant euntes
Sedem in dulcem mollibus floribus apes.

Page 395. I am clearly of opinion with you that Brodeus is right in restoring Theocritus's reading, ὁ καλα συριγγι ΜΕΛΙΣΔΩΝ, &c. not only because, as you justly observe, it is more natural and easy than μεριστων, but because it is agreeable to the idiom of the poet; thus the word occurs in the 20th Idyl, v. 28, twice in the same line

Αδυ δε μοι το ΜΕΛΙΣΜΑ, και τω συριγγι ΜΕΛΙΣΔΩ.

But a truce for a while to these crooked letters; let me inquire for Mrs. Polwhele and your dear fire-side. I always ask after you whensoever opportunity offers, and have always received the most pleasing accounts of your household. I lament, indeed, that you are not likely to remove from Kenton to a more fixed habitation. I had warm hopes that your interest and inclinations would have led you to have set down finally in the neighbourhood of Truro, and I should have rejoiced in such an accession. But I hope time and chance will throw us yet often together.

I believe you are scarcely yet admitted to the *jus trium liberorum*, a distinction I have been blessed with for upwards of 18 months, since which my dear wife has presented me with a fine boy, now just 3 months old: as far as I can judge at present they appear to enjoy the *mens sana in corpore sano*; and that is a never ceasing call upon our gratitude. Believe me, my dear friend, yours, most sincerely, J. T.

R. G. *to* R. P.

March 7, 1788.

Six weeks, my dear Polwhele, have I resided in this place with the D. and am not certain whether I shall not be obliged to reside as much longer. I begin now to be heartily sick of this idle dissipated life, and to pant for the peace and tranquillity of K. Here is nothing pursued after, but eating, drinking, and card-playing. As for the last, it absolutely constitutes the very existence of the inhabitants. They would literally die of the *tædium vitæ* without it. I do not know what occasions it, but I have observed in most cathedral towns the same turn; and, what is worse, generally unattended with any thing to compensate for this contemptible manner of spending their time. At L. they are absolutely a century behind the rest of their neighbours in literature and taste.

Dr. G. however, who is the Precentor of the Church, has contributed to make my time glide away much more satisfactorily than it otherwise would have done in his absence. He is a well-known Cambridge character; a man of first-rate abilities, and possessed of a most uncommon fund of solid information. He is very warmly my friend, and interests himself very much in my welfare. If you were to be present at some of our morning *tête-à-têtes* it would recall to your mind many of our college disputations; for we sometimes enter into the discussion of a literary

point with as much spirit and animation as if our reputation depended upon the event.

This morning he entertained me with an account of Gray the poet, with whom he lived for some years upon terms of the closest intimacy. He speaks in the highest raptures of his poetical powers and abilities, and asserts that he was superior to all mankind in every thing he undertook. He gave me a specimen of his satirical talents, which were written under a caricature (designed and etched by Mason his brother poet) of a person who was originally a Jew, but who renounced his religion for the sake of a valuable living. The lines are

> "Such Tophet was;—so grinn'd the bawling fiend,
> Affrighted Prelates bowed and call'd him friend.
> Our Mother Church, with half averted sight,
> Blush'd as she bless'd the griesly proselyte.
> Hosannas rung through Hell's tremendous borders,
> And Satan's self had thoughts of taking orders.

To understand the second line, 'tis necessary to inform you, that this Tophet kept the conscience of the minister.

As I am in a scribbling mood I cannot resist communicating to you some more stanzas of the above author. They were given me by Miss W. The thought is chaste and elegant; but I cannot discover the hand of Gray in them.

> "Thyrsis, when he left me, swore
> Ere 'twas Spring he would return!
> Ah! what means that opening flower
> And the bud that decks yon thorn?

"'Tis the lark that upwards springs!
'Tis the nightingale that sings!
Idle notes! untimely green,
Why this unavailing haste?

"Gentle gales and sky serene
Prove not always winter past!
Cease my fears, my doubts to move,
Spare the honour of my love."

Gray's effeminacy was the means of making him a perpetual subject of ridicule among the young men of the University. He took it into his head, the Doctor informed me, of once letting his whiskers grow, in order to counteract the idea of his being less masculine than befitted the character of the sublime author of the Bard. A wag of the same college bribed one of the scouts to let his whiskers grow likewise. As he was a large black looking fellow, he very soon exceeded Gray in the dimensions of his mustachios; and when a vulgar joke from a bed-maker was superadded to this piece of ridicule, the poor poet was obliged to give up to the wits this only proof of his manhood.

Sunday night, 9th.—To day has been passed away in conviviality and parade. We have just parted with the Judge (Baron Thompson) and with about 30 council, who dined and spent the evening here. His Lordship appears to be a sensible penetrating character, and was patronized and promoted to his present elevated station by the Chancellor, on account of those qualities. I should have been happy to have enjoyed more of his conversa-

tion, but I was obliged to preside at the side table, where, if we did not equal the opposite table in the depth of our remarks, we exceeded it in the brilliancy of our repartees.

Your friend, R. G.

R. G. *to* R. P.

May 17, 1788.

Your last letter, my dearest Polwhele, was peculiarly flattering. It proves beyond the least shadow of doubt that your heart still glows with the same degree of warmth and friendship for me, as it did when we parted from each other at Christ Church. Mine I can sincerely affirm has not yielded to yours in point of intensity. It still feels the same ardour, and will ever continue to interest itself in your welfare. But what shall I say to that unequivocal instance of your affection and esteem which you have offered to give me, of joining my name with your own in handing me down to posterity as the friend of your youth! Shall I accept it? When I consult my heart, I cannot but confess but that I feel a ray of warmth, which animates my whole frame, and leads me to exult in the idea of being thus honoured by one who concentrates the varied qualities of the head and heart; and who unites in himself the virtues that dignify the private character, and the abilities that have made him conspicuous as a public cha-

racter! On the other hand, when I reflect that my name carries neither weight nor authority along with it, that it can add nothing to your interest, nor tend to increase your influence; when I consider these objections, I cannot but acknowledge, but that it would turn out more to your advantage to select an object of greater importance to dignify the theme you have chosen.

Should you, however, continue to remain immoveable in your determination of publicly testifying your friendship for me, may it turn out propitiously; may we lead each other by the hand as well through the rugged scenes of life, as through the no less rugged roads of literature, till we be crowned with the same success; you as possessing one of the highest points of Parnassus, and myself as inheriting a seat upon the same level on Mount Sion.

On Monday next I go to Aston, to spend the week with the above mentioned poet. I cannot say but that I feel a degree of trepidation, in the apprehension of visiting this veteran of the muses. His manners, however, I am told, are mild and amiable; and he is particularly partial to the society of young men of frank and ingenuous characters. Dr. G. (who has spoken of me in terms that alarm my imagination, as they may lead Mr. Mason to expect more from me than he will find,) firmly asserts that the connection will turn out much to my advantage. But here I trust you will do me justice—you will not for a moment suppose me influenced by a mercenary motive in

accepting his invitation. It proceeds from a curiosity of knowing and conversing with a man who has equally distingished himself in the cause of humanity, as well as in poetry; that is, who literally unites in himself the characters of the priest, the poet, and the philosopher.

In the course of the week I shall now and then have an opportunity of employing my pen. If the conversation should be interesting, you shall receive a transcript of it, as I know *your* curiosity will be excited, to be acquainted with the particulars.

I am now spending my time with Mr. G. of H. in Derbyshire, a gentleman of about £.5000 *per annum*, literary, but eccentric. His wife is the intimate friend of Miss Seward, who is expected here in the course of the summer; and who is no less eccentric than her husband. She is by no means a bad poetess, as you will find from the subscribed stanza, which I transcribed from a poem she shewed me this morning, upon friendship.

> "*Nice Honour* was surely thy sire,
> *Sensibility* calls thee her child,
> *Enthusiasm* gave thee her fire,
> *Soft Sympathy* nursed thee and smil'd."

When Miss Seward arrives, I am under an engagement to give her the meeting. I am not more solicitous to see this votary of the Elegiac Muse, than to converse with that of the Tragic Muse.

Yours affectionately, R. G.

R. G. *to* R. P.

Kirkby, July 28, 1788.

My visit, my dear Polwhele, has at length been paid to the author of Elfrida. I went there on the Monday, and returned on the Saturday, consequently had time sufficient to form an idea of his character. You can easily conceive, that the man who first introduced himself to your friendship at college, by observing at collections when going up to be examined, (do you recollect this?) that he felt the tortures of the d——d, would experience some degree of diffidence and trepidation on hearing his name announced as he entered under Mason's roof. And not the less so, when I tell you, that my friend H. had been endeavouring to beguile the length of the way, by expatiating on the pleasure he felt in introducing me to a character of such eminence, and that he hoped Mr. Mason would find that his account of me was neither visionary nor exaggerated. There was a kind of sedate benignity in his countenance, however, which soon dissipated these terrors of apprehension, and taught me instantaneously to rely on him as a man, the leading traits of whose disposition were feeling and reflection. This immediate impression of his character I found afterwards to be strictly just. I never yet met with a human being, whose head and heart appear to act and re-act so reciprocally, so concordantly upon each other, as his. 'Tis this harmonious conjunction of body and mind, which in my opinion constitutes the genuine poet. 'Tis this

which enables him to mark the beauties of nature, to taste their effects, and to groupe them in such a manner as to affect, through the medium of imitative representation, others of equal susceptibility with himself.

I cannot say for some time that I felt myself at my ease. I could not help considering him (see with what awe you poets strike us inferior mortals!) as a species of being of a higher order of intelligence! as a writer whose honours were blooming rich around him; and as one whose name time had already begun to immortalize on his rock of adamant; his condescension however, soon enabled me to collect myself. I afterwards conversed with him freely and unreservedly upon general topics, and enjoyed the satisfaction of having my vanity flattered, on perceiving that we mutually coalesced in our principles and opinions.

In his style of conversation, you can trace nothing of the *vis vivida* of the poet. Here his inventive powers apparently lie dormant. Those flashes of genius, those intellectual emanations which we are taught to believe great men cannot help darting forward, in order to lighten up the gloom of colloquial communication, he seems to consider as affected; he therefore rejects them whenever they occur, and appears to pride himself on the preference which he gives to simplicity and perspicuity. Conversation (if you will excuse a pedantic allusion!) with him resembles the style of painting mentioned in the earlier part of the Athenian History, which consisted in represent-

ing the artist's ideas in a simple unaffected point of view, through the medium of one colour only; whereas his writings are like the pictures of Polignotus. They glow with all the warmth of an invigorated imagination, an animated diction, and a rich luxuriant phraseology.

'Tis unnecessary, I presume, to tell you, that Polygnotus was the first person who introduced the mixture of colours.

His manners, too, are equally as chaste and unaffected as his conversation. The stream that winds its easy way through woods and verdant meads, is not less artificial or more insinuating than he is in doing the honours of the table, or promoting the graces of the drawing room. That peculiar happiness which some few I have met with possess, of reconciling you implicitly to their superiority, he enjoys in an eminent degree, by the amiability of his sentiments, the benignity of his attention, and particularly by an indescribable way with him, of making you appear to advantage, even when he convinces you of the erroneousness of your opinions, or the inconclusiveness of your reasoning,

In regard to his morals, I believe from what I have collected, that few can look back upon a period of sixty years existence, spent so uniformly pure and correct. In the course of our chit chat, he informed me, in an unostentatious, unaffected manner, that he never was intoxicated but once. I give the man credit for the possession of the sublimest merit, that can say this at his time of

life. I give him the same degree of credit, likewise, for another instance of temperance equal to this, though not of the same species; when he was a young man, he made a determination as soon as he came to the possession of his present property, which at that time was entailed upon him, to accept of no additional preferment. This resolution he has invariably adhered to, though many have been the temptations to induce him to break through it. But I should not omit mentioning, that when he came to the possession of his estate, the first thing he did to testify to the world his principles, was the giving up his Chaplainship to the King. A priest (says he) in that situation, cannot help looking forward towards a Bishoprick—a species of ambition incompatible with the simplicity and purity of the christian character; for the moment (he superadded) that a man aspires to the purple, that very moment virtue goes out of him.

He may, with great truth, be said to be the successor of Pope in the elegancy of his retirement, and the respectability of his connections. He has about £1500 *per annum* to live upon; and one third of this, I am informed, he devotes to patronage and charity. He keeps a regular table of two courses, which is open to all his friends who visit him, without waiting for the formality of an invitation.

His genius (you observe I write without order or method) is not confined to poetry. It has penetrated the regions of the other arts; and that

too with no small success. Some of his productions in painting rise considerably above mediocrity, and have extorted praise even from the sublime Sir Joshua. His compositions in music, specimens of which he has given me, possess so many strokes of originality, that I am convinced had he devoted the same proportion of time in cultivating the smiles and good opinion of that bewitching nymph as he has done to her Parnassian sisters', he would have been equally interesting and great: even in architecture he has shewn the same elegance and taste. His house at Aston, with the ornaments, &c. were made after his own designs.

You would have been highly delighted had you spent the week with us. We constituted among us a little academy of the Arts and Sciences. In one corner of the library his curate was constructing a dial; in another, Mr. H. was copying a head of Addison, which Mr. Mason intended as a present to the Bishop of Worcester; in a third was your friend, placed at the piano-forte, correcting some of Mr. M's. productions; and, lastly, there was he himself sitting pensively, "bodying forth the forms of things unknown." I wished very earnestly for you; I knew it was a set that was exactly calculated for your character.

We conversed much upon poetry; and particularly upon Dryden. Would you conceive it, that he disapproves of many parts of the celebrated Ode on St. Cecilia's Day. He objected, in some respects, against the measure, as partaking too

much of the ballad species; and as being too remote from the lyric genius; such as

"War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
Honour but an empty bubble, &c."

"With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears, &c."

The repetition of

"Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, &c."

he said, was devoid of all meaning; and that it rather tended to excite something bordering on the ludicrous, than to add to the pathetic impressions already excited.

Gray he seems to idolize. He says he had more true poetical enthusiasm, more of that divine phrenzy which constitutes what ought to be deemed the true bard, (but which the present rage after philosophical pursuits has nearly extinguished,) than all the modern poets put together.

* * * * * * *

We conversed, too, about yourself. Praise from such a character as Mason, must be deemed sterling. Receive it, therefore, with due respect, when I tell you, that he passed the highest compliments on your Theocritus. He said, that for smoothness, and harmony of versification, you had considerably exceeded your originals. In particular, he instanced those lines in the "Vernal Voyage," from the 165th line to the 176th. When I told him that you had completed that volume within the small space of six months, he appeared surprised, and observed, "with application such

powers of mind might aspire to the completion of great things."

* * * * * * *

Of Music we had so divine a treat! at the first pause Dr. G. seized a pen, and immediately scribbled the following lines:

"Orpheus, 'tis said, once touch'd the lyre so well,
He drew his loved Eurydice from Hell:
Vain boast!—To Mason's pious harp 'tis given
To raise enraptured multitudes to Heaven!"

With that he threw them into the fire. I told him, however, it was useless; for I was sure of retaining them.

* * * * * * *

It will afford you pleasure to know that we are upon the best terms. He was so condescending as to say, that he considered my friendship as an acquisition, and that he hoped, as I was now free of his house, I would come to see him, whenever I had a week to devote to him.

* * * * * * *

In my way from L——— I stopped a day at my friend's, Mr. B. Unfortunately, the very day I left it, who should arrive and spend his evening there, but J.*. He was introduced by a brother counsel, in their way from L——— to N——— How extremely vexatious! When I heard of it I could not help shewing my philosophical proficiency, by the expletives that flow'd from me on the occasion. He made many enquiries about me, and seemed to envy the life I led, which con-

* One of our Christ Church party.

sisted (as he poetically observed) in gathering flowers, while his was spent in plucking nettles! Yet the rogue has no reason to complain. He met with two briefs, which (considering this was the first time he attended the Circuit,) was more than he had any claim to expect. Don't you think that his nettles will produce better seed than my flowers?

Little S.* has succeeded to his father's living in Bucks. When J. was at Northampton, arrayed in black, and his full flowing wig, he happened to espy S. in court, and tapped him upon the shoulder; but to his surprise found that his little friend gaped upon him, without shewing those signs of joy which generally attend the unexpected meeting of brother Collegians. When he mentioned his name, however, he found the Lilliputian as warm as he could wish.

Before I conclude I must tell you that I am studying Italian very hard, and have entered into a correspondence in that language with a gentleman who lives within a few miles of me. Mr. Mason has nearly persuaded me to undertake to translate a work which is much talk'd of at Rome, &c. The title is, Le Revoluzioni del Teatro Musicale Italiano; by Stefano Arteaga, 3 vols. If you look into the Appendix to the Monthly Review of last year, you will see the particulars. Should I pursue the advice, I shall hope to have your assistance in revising, &c. Adieu! Let me hear from you soon.

Yours very affectionately, R. G.

* Another of our Christ Church party.

DEAR P. Dec. 20, 1788.

I received your proposals for writing the History of Devonshire yesterday, and will endeavour to procure you a few names—mine of course you will command; not only in the present work, but in any future one that you may undertake. Your plan I much approve of. I presume you will go through a course of botany and mineralogy, &c. in order to treat on those subjects scientifically. The same plan I proposed as an eligible one a few years since, to a gentleman, for the ground-work of the History of Derbyshire; a county by no means dissimilar to that of Devon. But I recommended distributing the respective branches into different hands. Old Pegge was to write the historical and antiquarian; Whitehurst (the author of the formation of the earth) the subterranean; Lightfoot, the botanical; and Gilpin the picturesque parts of it. This idea was by no means impracticable, as the two former lived *in* the county, and the third in the adjoining one.

If the motives that led you to undertake this work are the profitable! prudence justifies you in writing it. If not, as I think it will interfere very considerably with your belle-lettre pursuits, you are blameable. The reputation you have obtained by your poetical publications, ought to make you cautious on entering into a new line. The transition from the flowery walks of poetry to the barren paths of antiquity, (I could almost say) is unnatural. I entertain the highest opinion of your abilities,

but the experience requisite to enable you to complete a work of this nature, and to add to your fame, must be purchased by much labour and exertion. Besides, will it not have a tendency to damp that fire so essentially necessary to poetical enthusiasm? And will you not, in the end, lose more by the exchange?

* * * * * * *

On Monday next I go to Aston, and shall continue there till Christmas Day. Mr. Mason and myself are upon the most friendly terms. We chat together as frankly and unreservedly as we ourselves did when at Oxford. Continue to love me. Yours affectionately, R. G*.

Lord MOUNT EDGECUMBE *to* R. P.

SIR, Grosvenor Street, Dec. 16, 1788.

I am very much obliged to you for the honour you intend doing me, in the dedication of your projected "History of Devonshire," and shall be very happy to contribute to the work by any assistance I can give you. For what relates to my family you will in great measure be satisfied from Carew's "Survey of Cornwall," and Collins's "Peerage;" but I believe I have some papers at

* All this is truly eloquent! In descending to domestic concerns, my friend becomes still more interesting: his sentiment and his language are inimitably beautiful. I doubt whether any paragraphs can be selected from Pope's or any other letters equal to the above, in spirit or in elegance.

Mount Edgecumbe not mentioned in either; such as its being summoned to surrender to the Parliament's fleet and army, and some other anecdotes.

I shall be glad of the pleasure of seeing you at Mount Edgecumbe, whenever your conveniency leads you that way; and am, Sir, your obedient, humble servant, MOUNT EDGECUMBE.

R. P. *to the Rev.* C. TOOGOOD.

MY DEAR SIR, 1788.

Have you seen the "Supplemental Volume of Bishop Warburton's Works," just published? You are, doubtless, well acquainted with the late splendid edition. This volume is designed for those who possess the Bishop's other productions as originally published.

But the occasion of my addressing you on the subject is, to ask you whether this may not be the moment for calling on a relation of the late learned Rector of St. Mabyn to publish the remainder of that "Reply" which we have so often talked of? Certain it is that all the obnoxious notes are retained in the new edition of Warburton.

You may recollect, that when I had last the pleasure of conversing with you, it was thrown out (I think by your humble servant), as a problematical question, whether the theological works of Warburton have a greater tendency to confirm or to weaken the interests of religion? I conceive there is too much reason for inclining to the latter

opinion. More ingenious than solid, more plausible than convincing, more learned than pious, the writings of the Bishop of Gloucester have been, in many instances, a stumbling-block to the honest, unphilosophical believer; whilst they have furnished the polemic with an abundant supply of materials on which to exercise his ingenuity, and to diffuse his controversial acrimony. There is one light, indeed, in which the Bishop's theories may be viewed as having done good, inasmuch as they have excited the spirit of good and able men in the investigation of the truth. Every Christian must revere the memory of the late Rector of St. Mabyn; and to him we are indebted for the "Critical Dissertation on the Book of Job," in consequence of Warburton's "Divine Legation of Moses."

The erudition of Mr. Peters was uncommon, his piety was unaffected; yet neither his erudition nor his piety (as we observed) could shelter him from the most illiberal abuse. "The *insolence*, the *fraud*, the *nonsense*, the *disingenuousness*, the *ignorance*, the *prevarication*," were terms which "*proud Gloucester**" scrupled not to apply to the humble parish priest. But "was it necessary (says Peters) that he should assume these superior airs to let the simple know what an aweful distance is to be maintained between a dignified and an undignified clergyman?" This passage occurs in the "REPLY" of Mr. Peters to the notes of Warburton. A part only of this "Reply," you know, has appeared in print, as subjoined to the "Critical

* See Churchill.

Dissertation." I have read, however, the whole in MS. and the late Vicar of St. Clement's (who possessed the MS.) used often to tell me that he wished much for an opportunity for publishing the whole together, as his uncle had directed, in case the "Divine Legation" should be re-edited, "with all its scurrilities." A more favourable opportunity, then, for the publication of this little work, could scarcely be expected; and I venture to predict, that the public taste would relish it, as a pleasant morceau of criticism and well-seasoned raillery.

To pass from divinity to poetry—I was last night in company with a Miss W. on whose successful vindication of Gray's "Ode to Spring," against the charge of obscurity, I wrote, impromptu, these lines with a pencil:

To vindicate a poet's strain,
When female accents flow,
With sullen wrinkles frowns in vain
The hypercritic brow.

'Tis thus thy bright ideas check
Th' asperser's weak essay;
While, gentle pleader! not a speck
Obscures the page of GRAY.

Yet spare the task—to grace thy Bard
The tuneful ode rehearse;
Thy liquid voice alone, sweet W—d!
Gives clearness to his verse!
* * * * * *

Yours, truly, R. P.

* The Rev. Charles Peters, son of the Vicar of St. Clement's, is a man of learning and taste. That his respect for the memory of his great uncle should not have induced him to examine the "Reply," and other MSS. of that eminent man, is surprising.

Major DREWE *to the Printer of the Exeter Flying Post.*

SIR, Exeter, Jan. 17, 1789.

I was in a distant part of the kingdom when I received the advertisement for the county meeting of yesterday. I came down post to attend it. I should have considered my absence, or that of any individual, as a dereliction of the cause of the community, and a contempt for the county at large. I was called on by my friends to give my sentiments, and much as I am pleased with the unanimity that appeared on my side of the question, yet I cannot but regret that the mode of expressing it was such as to prevent my learning the arguments which might have been advanced by gentlemen on the opposite side, and which might possibly have made me exchange the opinion, which I beg through your paper to convey to my acquaintance.

We have heard much of the political mirror, but the allusion may be strained farther than the general idea admits of. Place a looking-glass between two men equally quick-sighted, to the one it will appear luminous, to the other opake; yet the object is the same. Fallacy of opinion is the lot of man; and why? because certainty rests in heaven. Why then should acrimony accompany incertitude, or public opinion root up private affection?

I know personally neither of the contending champions. I respect the splendid abilities and social virtues of Mr. Fox, and will give him full

credit for all he *might* have done had opportunity offered. I rest my vote of thanks on what Mr. Pitt *has* done for the nation. That opposition which was considered as a constitutional drag-chain on the wheels of government, he found so entangled in the spokes as to prevent even its necessary motion; this, with a firm hand, he removed, and guided the machine with an equal and steady rein. Hence, at home we find a full treasury, an increasing revenue, a mode established for paying our debts, the India Company raised from the dust, and an advantageous treaty of commerce formed with our great national foe. Abroad we find powerful alliance, Sweden protected from Denmark, Russia bullied in Poland, France torn with factions, Spain detached from her interest, and Holland rescued from her grasp; and this is not the work of half a century, but of five years only; not of the politician grown old in practice, but of an almost beardless youth, devoting his spring of life to his country.

Some clouds occasionally have shaded this prospect—perhaps some productive taxes have fallen unequally on the subject—some of his favourite schemes have proved abortive, and to the success of others he has been indebted for the hints of his opponents. For the first it may be said, that no taxes can pass without a majority in both Houses; and with all due deference, those who enjoy the luxuries of life will not be the readiest to tax them. The relinquishing an impracticable scheme must at least acquit the minister of obstinacy, and

his adopting the measures of his foes is the most convincing proof of his candour. I shall give you two instances, not generally known, of his secrecy and his probity, the former so unusual, that a wit of the last administration said a spy was a sinecure in London, and I do not believe the latter to be in very common use.

A noble friend of mine was in Holland, at Mr. Hope's, the great banker; the conversation turned on the Commercial Treaty, which Hope said was in favour of Britain.—Are the French Ministers then outwitted?—No, they see where the balance lies, but this is some douceur to sweeten your mouths whilst they strike some stroke now meditating, but which (observe) we can form no conjecture of here. France snatched at Holland.—It was supposed our Minister would not intermeddle, lest the commercial interest, dreading a war, should push him from his seat, but he had allied himself with Prussia,—it was Prussia invaded and rescued Holland. Pitt arms, and declares it to be for the protection of the coasts of Britain only: the fleet disarmed, who of us did not expect that the million in the Sinking Fund would be appropriated to this service. The nation rushed with ardour to taxation. This was a promised harvest to the Minister; but lo! the million stands untouched,—no taxes are laid on,—the whole sum is paid out of the surplus of the revenue. Let those who smart under former taxation reflect, that after a prodigious armament the Minister has now no taxes to propose. The best

eulogium on this masterpiece of complicated politics and domestic economy, is given him by his generous opponent, who declared it to be equal to the best days of his father.

From equal authority I learn, that Mr. Pitt found an exhausted Treasury. The former Ministers, candidly informed by him that he was to succeed them, paid all they could out of the Treasury to distress him. Parliament was to meet in a few days. The Mutiny Bill was to be passed, and the army paid. The citizens of London offered a loan—all the Ministers were for accepting it; but Pitt said it was unconstitutional that the army should be paid by loan, and declared that he would rather resign than begin an Administration on these terms. This he persevered in; and on the very day when he was almost overpowered in the House, by the attacks made on him as the Minister of the Prerogative, he went from thence into Council expecting to be dismissed as the *real* friend of the people.

I have trespassed much on your paper; I shall say little on the Regency. All the precedents that the Regent is elected by Parliament appear to me conclusive. But why seek for precedent? Suppose the case new; we must act then from the exigencies of the time. When society was first formed, where was the precedent that directed its operations? A Great Personage, so far from pleading right, has not personally laid in his claim. Restrictions are necessary on those who are to have care of an estate belonging to another; and

should any heir-at-law have entangled himself in a party dangerous to the interests of that estate, he would doubtless thank him, who, by restrictions, prevented his fulfilling any rash promises; keeping sacred his word as a gentleman.

Mr. Burke has blended the abstract idea of the Great Seal with the personal idea of its keeper, and called it a formidable phantom, with black eye-brows and a large wig; but he is familiarized to a phantom yet more dangerous, a *bifrons Janus*, with one face looking towards private intemperance, the other towards public virtue. That men can be dissolute in private life, and virtuous in their public conduct; squanderous of their own means, and economists of that of the state; careless of their own ruin, yet tenderly alive to public prosperity, is an enigma of too complex a texture for me to unfold. Sallust has blended the *Alieni appetens* with the *sui profusus*. The distressed man will seek means of restoring himself to competence, not from mischievous intentions, perhaps, but impelled by nature and necessity. Open the Treasury for him, it answers not his purpose; rigid exactness reigns there; plunge us into a war, and the article of secret service money wipes out every score.

I conclude, Sir, with my firm belief, that as the ray of Pitt's genius has illumined our waning empire, so when this ray is quenched, we shall fade away from before the nations. Ere that threatening event, I was proud to give even my silent vote to the illustrious son of Chatham; equal to his

father in vigorous expedient, his superior in eloquence and finance; temperate in a luxurious age, and firm amidst contending factions; unmoved by the wiles of avarice, or the allurements of pleasure; blending the fire of genius with the industry of patient application; casting popularity from him when the exigencies of the state demanded vigour, and courted back by the people as the bulwark of their rights. I respect in him a Roman Censor in a British Senate; a Minister far transcending my praise, since no language less powerful than his own can speak his ability and uprightness.

Yours, &c. E. D.*

R. G. *to* R. P.

DEAR SIR, July 9, 1789.

* * * * * * * *

Your Sermons, I have the satisfaction of informing you, have considerably increased your literary reputation. They are felt and admired, in no small degree, by every one to whom I have sent them. There is a something in the style that produces an effect that I cannot account for: one is impressed with a feeling that you are, with all your "soul, your mind and heart," a sincere

* The above was written with a degree of rapidity which astonished me. I was present at the time. It was copied with scarcely the alteration of a word. But I print it here because I think it supremely eloquent; and not more eloquent than just.

Christian. Over the productions of the generality of our modern Divines a species of philosophic coolness is diffused, that tends considerably to lessen the dignity of the cause they are defending. To influence the will to action, the affections should be appealed to; it is through that medium that morality produces the sublimest effects; the language declaratory of her laws should consequently be eloquent and persuasive. In this requisite you have admirably succeeded; so much so, that I declare there is no writer that makes deeper impressions upon me concerning the beauty of the Christian dispensation than yourself.

Your Poem, too, (that flattering monument of our friendship, *ære perennius)* has afforded me the highest gratification, without viewing it through the medium of affectionate partiality. I consider it as one of your best effusions; it is mild and insinuating; it breathes no tones of tumult; riots in no sounds of discordant harshness; exhibits no instance of eccentric metaphor, or flaunting imagery; but is uniformly conspicuous for its melody, simplicity, and variety, except a few lines and some rhimes, which I shall touch upon in my next; and it is as perfect a little thing as ever came out.

Adieu—Believe me to be yours affectionately,

R. G.

FRANCIS GREGOR, *Esq. to* R. P.

DEAR SIR, Restormel Park, May 30, 1790.

I take the liberty of informing you that Friday, July the second, is the day appointed by the Sheriff for the election of the representatives of Cornwall. I shall esteem your attendance and support at the poll, a peculiar honour and obligation.

I am your obliged and obedient servant,

F. GREGOR *.

* Mr. G. had before promised "with confidence, an active faithful discharge of his duty if elected one of the representatives of Cornwall, and had declared himself wholly independent of all men and parties." On all occasions I have been ready to recur to Mr. Gregor, and to contemplate his merits. That I may recal to mind so worthy a character, I have introduced the above letter. The late Archdeacon Andrew and myself had the pleasure of travelling together on horseback, from the neighbourhood of Exeter to Lestwithiel "to vote for Gregor." That a gentleman of so liberal a mind as Sir John St. Aubyn should have been opposed to Gregor, was painful to us both; but we had many reasons to determine our suffrages in favour of the possessor of Restormel Park.

In the booth where "*Quæsitor Minos*," &c. &c. the fluent elocution of Lens surprised us. It was one continued flow, without the slightest agitation, neither rising nor sinking, for upwards of two hours. Many have I heard speak most eloquently from passion; but never before or since have I heard any one speak like Lens, so smoothly and eloquently, and yet so correctly. On this emergency, the parish clerks were pressed into the service; some had their salaries increased from thirty to *forty* shillings, and one man, thus dubbed a vote, lost his horse on the road, which he said was "a judgment." But to return to Mr. Gregor. In the "Cornwall History," or rather *sketch*, and in the little volume of "Essays," I have drawn his character, and have little more to

R. Hole *to* R. P.

Dear Sir,

Dr. Downman yesterday called on me, and desired I would send you the Ode prefixed to Fingal, &c. which is inclosed. He said you had changed sexes with my ideal beings, in the Ode to Melancholy (strictly speaking, I believe, they are both feminine), and that in one of the first lines you had said,

——— whom of yore,
To *Grief*, loose tressed *Fancy* bore.

I think Grief, unpersonified, follows just after, therefore recommend

——— whom of yore,
To pensive *Sorrow*, *Fancy* bore.

Within about thirty or thirty-five lines of the conclusion of the Ode to Terror, is this passage,

Now they bid its pinions sweep
The raging billows: wide around
They foam, &c.

Would it not be better,

They bid its wings of darkness sweep
The raging billows: ——

---

add here than *qualis ab incepto*, &c. &c. We might say, indeed, *crescit eundo*; for every day and every hour his conduct was such as to excite the admiration and conciliate the esteem of all who knew him.

Or, Its outstretch'd wings in darkness sweep
The raging billows."

Yours sincerely, R. H*.

* The Rev. Rich. Hole, born at Exeter, was son of Archdeacon Hole, of Exeter College, Oxford, where he proceeded B.C.L. in 1771, and at his death, 28 May 1803, rector of Faringdon and Inwardleigh, in Devon. His Ode to Terror is the best of all his poetry.

"Now wildly thro' the extended plain,
With the moon's mild light array'd,
I gaze; yet all dismay'd
Would fain, yet dare not, close their lids again.
See thro' the path in yonder grove,
Silent and slow a phantom move!
He stops, he turns, on me he bends his view,
His course unknown he waves me to pursue.
Alas! in vain I seek to fly;
My powerless limbs their aid deny;
And fear, that gave the spectre birth,
Rivets me motionless to earth."

This is the finest passage in the Ode to Terror.

Six or seven years before, we met with the following passage in Miss Williams's Poems.

"My feet are fixed! dismay has bound
My step on this polluted ground;
But lo! the pitying moon a line of light
Athwart the horrid darkness dimly throws,
And from yon grated window chases night.

Ye visions, that before me roll,
That freeze my blood, that shake my soul,
Are ye the phantoms of a dream?
Pale spectres! are ye what ye seem?
They glide more near.—
Their forms unfold!
Fix'd are their eyes! on me they bend!
Their glaring look is cold."

Mrs. SIMCOE *to* R. P.

Wolford-lodge, Oct. 13, 1790.

Mrs. Simcoe presents her compliments to Mr. Polwhele, and begs to inform him that Miss Hunt has, at last, at the solicitations of her friends, consented to have her name affixed to the Verses on Dunkswell Abbey. She desires it may be inserted, "Miss Hunt, daughter of Doctor Hunt, rector of Stoke Doyle, in Northamptonshire."

I insert the above, for the sake of the ruins of Dunkeswell, and the romantic air in which they rise to imagination. It was there Badcock first caught the flame of poetry. Colonel (afterwards General) Simcoe's house, Wolford-lodge, is situated at a short distance from the Abbey of Dunkeswell. And the Colonel himself, a man of taste, as well as an antiquary, delighted in bringing together, under his hospitable roof, "the choice spirits of the west," as he called them, and, indeed of the east; for Miss Hunt was not a Devonian poetess. This lady, Badcock met at Wolford-lodge; with her he conversed; with her he rambled; with her he visited "the ruins." On their return from Dunkeswell one morning, Simcoe proposed to them a trial of poetic skill. Badcock, it seems, shrank from the competition. But Miss Hunt produced, in a few hours, that fine Elegiac piece to which Mrs. Simcoe refers, and which I have printed in the first volume of the Devon Poems, at p. 134.

Badcock was certainly enamoured of this lady. In a letter * written at the house of our common friend, Archdeacon Moore, Sept. 27, 1786, he thus speaks of Miss H. "I think this excellent young lady, who is but just twenty, if so old, will snatch the laurel from every female brow. She hath great force of intellect, an acute and well furnished understanding, as well as an ardent and copious fancy; and her heart is as amiable and pure as her genius is vigorous and splendid. I was charmed with her manners. A sweet disposition softened her address; and a strong sense of Religion gave a dignity and weight to all her other accomplishments. She hath been for some months at Admiral Graves's; and both he and his lady, who is remarkably sensible, assured me that her mental talents are the least valuable part of what she possesses. I am now at the house of my most learned friend Mr. Moore, Canon of Exeter. We dine with the Bishop to-day."

Thus Badcock sprang up a Poet; but he died ("alas! how soon he died!") before our publication of that delicious Ode, which stands at the head of the Lyric pieces, (vol. i. p. 3.) and which deservedly stands there; for it gives Badcock the pre-eminence over our whole poetic corps, if Hole, perhaps, and Greville be excepted. I allude to Greville's "Ode to Fancy," (vol. i. p. 71.) in which there is more original imagery than in Collins's "Evening," and, I think, more beautiful.

* Addressed to his friend Mr. Nichols.

The Rev. JOHN SWETE *to* R. P.

MY DEAR SIR, Oxton-house, Oct. 1790.

I have been revising some of my poetic rhapsodies for your miscellany. Take them, and select from them what you please. I write from my pillow, where I am nursing a pretty severe cold. Excuse more from your faithful friend. J. S.

The following are some of Mr. Swete's effusions, which were not printed for want of room. These, and several little poems of Whitaker, Weston, Drewe, Giffard, &c. &c. were laid aside, in reserve for a third volume. That volume, if my friend Sir Hardinge Giffard furnish me with some additional poems, may still be printed. His poetry would truly enrich the collection.

ALL FOR THE BEST; A TALE.

Two friends by chance together met,
Who long had liv'd, and far asunder;
And while they took a morning's whet,
They told such news as raised their wonder.
But soon from politics and powers majestic,
Their converse dropt, and turn'd on themes domestic.

Says Hodge, 'how fares it with you, friend?
I hope as how you're in a state of thriving.'—
'Why since we parted, I've had much to spend,
And that I got without much care by wiving.'—
'Ah! that looks well.'—'Nay not so good:
The wife I wedded was a cursed scold.'—

'That truly might all other joys exclude.'—
'Not so—for she was worth her weight in gold.'—
'Well, there indeed, you had your consolation;
For wealth will doubtless heal the worst vexation.'
'Would that it had so happened; but, alas!
Fate otherwise decreed. It came to pass,
That with her cash I bought a numerous flock!
Then farmer turned, I ranged my fertile plains,
And, buoyed with hope, I counted boundless gains;
The murrain came, and perished all my stock.'—

'Good lack, good lack! nay that indeed's distressing.'—
'Nay not so bad! in every ill's a blessing.
You little think it; yet your wonder 'll cease,
When I inform you, from the woolly fleece
I even had a full redressing.'

'Indeed! well that was lucky! Fortune, sure,
Hath now been kind, and made your state secure.'

'Ah no! one night, one fatal night,
My sorrows reach'd their utmost height;
Ere from the market I could home return,
My goods, my houses and my cattle burn.'

'Alas, my friend! the Fates here spun thy threadful!
Sure, never yet was heard a case so dreadful.'—
'Why so at first 'twould seem; but yet, believe me,
Kind fortune now did most of all relieve me;
What! can't you guess? why, odds my life!
With house and goods and cattle, burnt—my wife.'

Epigram.

To my Lord, exclaims Roscius, whilst sipping his glass,
'No Claret did ever your lordship's surpass.'—
'Eh, Garrick! 'tis true; and I speak within bounds,
When I say 'twas a gift for a *couple of hounds*!'—
'Ah! could I, my lord, such a kennel but keep,
Then my Claret I'd quaff, as your lordship—*dog-cheap*.'

On Sir NICHOLAS BACON *passing Sentence of Death on a Malefactor of the name of* HOG.

On a Circuit Sir Nicholas held in the West,
For mercy a culprit his worship addrest:
'Have pity, your honour, for God's sake,' he cried:
Yet still it avail'd not: his suit was denied.
'And shall then your kinsman be hang'd as a dog?
Oh spare me, since Bacon's related to Hog!'
'In that,' says his lordship, 'you're sadly mistaken,
For till Hog shall be hang'd, it can never be Bacon.'

Dr. WOLCOT *to* R. P.

DEAR SIR, Plymouth, June 23, 1790.

I received your letter in London, the very day I left that place, so that I had not time to reply to it. At Exeter it totally escaped my memory. As I do not perfectly comprehend the scheme, I beg to leave it till we meet, which I hope may be in a few weeks. It is *your* fault that we did not renew our acquaintance, as you were at Exeter several times during my stay there. Had I been sure of seeing you at your own house (by the bye ten miles off, and a great uncertainty), I should have waived all ceremony, to have talked over the days of old. How goes on your History? Such a publication is much wanted. Pray do you touch the mineralogical part? If I do not mistake, you will find the work swell as you proceed; *crescit eundo* is not inapplicable.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

J. WOLCOT.

When Wolcot returned to Exeter, the "scheme which he did not comprehend," was explained to him by Dr. Downman and myself. But, he said (I believe justly enough) that a "coalition of poets" was only a "competition,"—"invidious at best, and terminating often in unpleasant consequences," and therefore "begged leave to decline the honour of becoming a member of our Heliconian fraternity." Whilst at Exeter, he employed Trewman in preparing for the public some of his Pindaric manufacture; and the following was part of a proof sheet submitted to his correction. I looked over it, and told him "it was indeed formed of the coarsest rags." He said that I was right, and that "I might take it, if I pleased." It was never printed.

Reader, one moment look me in the face;
A poet not quite destitute of grace;
And answer one not bred in Flatt'ry's school—
Art thou, or art thou not, a fool?

Pinning thy faith on Grandeur's sleeve,
Say, dost thou from thy conscience, man, believe,
That monarchs never can be weak or mean;
And that a monarch's wife, yclept a queen,
May not, (and why not?) be a downright slop,
Form'd of the coarsest rags of Nature's shop?
I read the answer in thy visage——"No."
And can it be? and is it so?
Put down my book—
Don't give it one contaminating look:
I stare on thee with pity—nay with pain—
Kearsley shall toss thy money back again.
Get thy crown shav'd, poor wretch—I wish thee well—
And hear me—Bedlam has a vacant cell.

Such were the stanzas that I wrote of yore,
When member of the Opposition-clan:
But now I curse those tenets o'er and o'er—
A convert quite—a virtuous, alter'd man.
Than live in one same dwelling with a Whig,
I'd sooner take up lodgings with a pig!

Mr. WHITAKER *to* R. P.

DEAR SIR, R. L. May 29, 1790.

* * * * * * *

Your first step towards acquiring a knowledge of Roman-Britain, is to make yourself well acquainted with Richard. This alone will make you "wiser than the aged." And I assure you there is a mine of valuable ore in him. I found the treasure, like the treasures of the ancient Gauls, all open to every hand, yet all untouched. I seized the spoils without delay and without sacrilege. And, on the strength of them, I set up for myself. The title of the book is, "Ricardi Cerinensis Commentariolum," printed at Copenhagen in 1757, together with Gildas and Hennius, and selling at times in London for five or six shillings. I have been intending these fourteen years to reprint it. I wish you was nearer to me, and I would lend it to you.

I have at length induced "my good neighbour," as you very justly call him, Mr. —— to apply his lively and brilliant talents to something beyond the entertainment of an hour. He has written a pamphlet, and has sent it up to London. It is to

be anonymous, and I am not at liberty to announce its title; but you will be pleased when you know it.

I have lately been revising your version of your Hymn of Orpheus. I had been struck with it when I read it as poetry. Mr. Trist recalled it to my memory, when I was reading the original, as theology. It is so fine, that you suppose it derived from the Scriptures. But it is finer, in my opinion, in its own real condition, as not derived from the Scriptures, which were then in an unknown language; but as derived from that great source of Religion to all mankind, without the Patriarchal or Jewish pale, the first unwritten Revelations *. The hymn is all evidently, I think, to the great Redeemer who had been promised to all ages. And it is a glorious proof of the Heathen belief in the Divinity of that Redeemer. I shall publish a translation of it, but literal, and in blank verse. Yours will shine at my expence in splendour of poetry; but mine will beat yours in accuracy and fidelity.

Yours, &c. J. W.

* From the contact of Wolcot and Whitaker in their letters, I am reminded of their meeting at Ruan, more than once. At first they were mutually surprised and delighted with each other. "Who can say," observed Wolcot to me, "that W. is a zealot?" "Who can say," cried Whitaker, "that W. is a Deist?" They had ventured to discourse on Revelation. Whitaker had described the beauties of Christianity, and Wolcot had admired them.

Mr. WHITAKER *to* R. P.

DEAR SIR, August 19, 1790.

I was exceedingly hurt at the receipt of your last favour, to find you had been so near to me, and I had not seen you. I should have been very glad to have talked over the subject of our letters, personally with you under this roof; and I can only regret my loss, in your departure without it. But I catch at the promise which you make me, though you say not when, of coming with Mrs. P. to see us; and let me hope it will not be long before you come.

With regard to your noticed plan, of a collection of Fugitive Poetry for Devonshire * and Cornwall, I am quite surprised at your calling on the heavy historian of Manchester for effusions of poetry. His taste lay, as his work shows, in quite another hemisphere; and not a ray from the Muse's sun could penetrate to him, through the thick cloud of historical disquisition in which he had wrapped himself round. I have, however, a few morsels of poetry by me, composed by a friend of his, and which I am at liberty to publish. These I shall be ready to communicate, if I can find a moment of leisure for the revisal of them, if I shall find any worthy of transcription, and

* I had the honour of introducing some of Mr. Whitaker's poetry in the "Cornwall and Devon Poets." Some pieces, never before printed, are given at the end of this letter.

if I can procure time for transcribing. I shall be at liberty, I suppose, in a month more; and you shall hear then from me on the subject.

Mr. Thomas *, the vicar of St. Merin, near Padstow, was with me a day or two after I received your letter. I therefore communicated the plan of a collection to him. I considered him as a very likely contributor; and I knew that, as such, he would be a very useful one. He is an excellent poet. You know well his "Country Curate," I presume. It is a poem full of spirit and sense; and he is a sound scholar, a lively converser, and a man of elegant manners. I am very intimate with him, and am using my influence to make him sit down in studiousness: this alone is wanting to render him a bright and substantial scholar. And he has promised me to revise a poem which I have seen, and to throw it into the Bath treasury. But, like me, I believe he wants leisure, though from different causes; I from overmuch business, he from overmuch company. He is now going, or gone, I fear, to meet the Marquiss of Bath and Lord Weymouth in Herefordshire, on a shooting party. If he is, his poetry will vanish with his shot, and be left with the partridges in Herefordshire.

I am much flattered by your and Dr. Downman's praises of my remarks upon my old friend Gibbon, in the English Review. I originally intended to have put my name to the conclud-

* The late Archdeacon Thomas.

ing part of them. But a project which Lord Lansdown suggested to me, of republishing the remarks in a pamphlet prevented this, and I have never been able to find time for revising, in order to execute the other. What I received for the remarks from the proprietor of the Review was so much as induced me to think of purchasing a piece of plate with it. I dwelt long enough upon the idea to determine upon a cup, and to meditate this inscription for it.

> This vase I owe to GIBBON's genius bold;
> Extracted silver from his spurious gold *.

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* Whitaker and Gibbon were once well acquainted. "Here is a letter," said W. to me, "which I do not value. Take it if you like."

E. GIBBON *to* J. Whitaker.

DEAR SIR, Bentinck-street, Oct. 16, 1775.

Though the hurry of a thousand avocations will not allow me to make you a very long epistolatory visit, they shall not prevent me from making a short enquiry into the present state of your health, your business, and your intentions, with regard to London, for the ensuing Winter.

For my own part, about February next, I intend to oppress the Public with a quarto of about five or six hundred pages, and am only concerned that the happy choice of the subject will leave no excuse for the feebleness of the execution. I do not say this from any false modesty, but from a real consciousness that I am below my own ideas of historical merit. In a few days our political campaign will open, and we shall find ourselves engaged in carrying on the most serious business, perhaps, that the Empire has ever known. A dark cloud still hangs over it, and though it may be necessary to proceed, the contest will be difficult, the event doubtful, and the consequence destruction.

Your

And then I abandoned the project, and bought books with the money.

This, however, with the eighth volume of the Archæologia, is all that ever I received. I have not leisure enough from my own works to review the works of others. I returned, some months ago, several volumes that had been sent me for reviewing; and I have now had two quartos by me these eight or nine weeks, waiting for my perusal. But I shall not be able to look at them till I have sent off my "Origin of Arianism" to the press. This will plead my excuse sufficiently with you for declining to review your Discourses, and your Engish Orator.

I am very much obliged to you, however, for the present of your Orator, and your discourses. I had read both with great pleasure, only your Discourses appeared to me to want what I should never expect to be wanting in a poet, a little more

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Your municipal glory is however secure, and Mancunium, in sounding the alarm, has displayed the zeal which generally succeeds a sincere and recent conversion. With regard to your old friend Ossian, the dogmatic language of Johnson, and the acquiescence or indifference of the Scotch, particularly of Macpherson, seem to have given the bard a dangerous, if not a mortal wound. It appears at least to be the prevailing opinion, that truth and falsehood, the Highland ballads, and the fancy of the translator are blended together in such a manner, that unless he himself should condescend to give the clue, there is no power of criticism capable of untwisting them.

I am, dear Sir, your faithful and obedient servant,

E. GIBBON.

of the affectionate. Popular addresses should always be directed, at the close, to the most active part of us all, our passions.

I shall be very glad to see your delineations of Roman and British Monuments in Devonshire. I will then give you my full sentiments upon them; and I remain, with Mrs. W.'s compliments and mine to Mrs. P.

Dear Sir, yours, very faithfully,

J. WHITAKER.

The Major Drewe, whom you mention, was of our college, I apprehend, and the younger brother.

The following pieces are the production of Mr. Whitaker, which were adverted to in the early part of the preceding letter, p. 248.

AN INSCRIPTION

for an Hermitage, at ——— in Wales.

I.

Avaunt, ye light fantastick train,
Ye daughters of the trifling vain,
That from the book of knowledge fair,
Ne'er caught a bright enlivening air;
Whose only aim, whose only power,
Is gaily murdering an hour.
Avaunt, nor to this cell intrude;
This is a *studious* solitude.

II.

Avaunt, ye souls of brighter fire,
Ye sisters of the reading quire,

But from your reading still untaught
To give your talk a single thought;
The mere tale tellers of the age,
The very parrots of a page;
Avaunt, nor to this cell intrude:
This is a *thoughtful* solitude.

III.

Avaunt too, all ye female route,
Who while ye've read, who while ye've thought,
Still to this wretched globe confined,
Raise not to Heaven the kindling mind,
But let your lettered bosoms share
Each vulgar joy, each vulgar care;
Avaunt, nor to this cell intrude:
This is a *serious* solitude.

ASCENSION-DAY.

An Ode.

I.

When now the deed magnificent was done,
That first withdrew him from the blest abode;
And all *redemption's* bloody prize was won
By the grave opening to the rising God:

II.

Then from his friends returning to his skies,
The world's great Saviour mounted in their sight;
His parting course they mark with aching eyes;
And see him lessening into light.

III.

A cloud, low stooping from its airy base,
Opes wide his bosom to transmit him on,
Snatched from their view, and hastening to his place,
On Nature's second and collateral throne.

IV.

Yet still amazement, grief, and joy, unite
To keep their eyes fast riveted above,
To paint him still just melting from their sight,
And casting down his last kind looks of love;

V.

When, lo! two spirits from the numerous band,
That waited on him all by them unseen,
Quick on the wing return at his command,
And call their senses back to earth again.

VI.

"Why does that cloud detain your eager gaze?
That track of white just mingling with the blue!
Your Lord long since has past yon vapoury maze,
And now, I ween, has Heaven's broad gates in view.

VII.

"There shall *your* nature in *his* Godhead shrined,
Sit on the throne on which he sat before;
And all the Hierarchy of Heaven combined,
The Deified humanity adore;

VIII.

"Till that dread hour, when once more he will come,
Just as ye 've seen him rising to the clouds,
Instant to seal creation's final doom,
And fetch his followers to his own abodes."

A Poetical Journey

from Manchester to Derby, in November 1763, addressed to a lady.

When that sad eve I breathed my last adieu,
And the door closing, snatched you from my view;

Plunged in the depth of silence and of shade *,
The streets I traverse, and retire to bed.
But long in vain; the shrill-voiced clock below,
Long finds me sleepless as the quarters go.
High round my limbs, no feathery softness swelled,
But the hard mattress spread a level field;
Not half asleep, the rousing call I hear,
And to the chamber of the coach repair.
Now o'er the town soft shines the lunar light,
And tips with silver every building's height;
Now locked in sleep each son of Commerce lies,
And dreams of *Touchet* and of bankruptcies;
While o'er the stones the coach its burden bears,
Of men and woodcocks, of a belle and hares.
First of the four, a lady takes her place;
A taste for books informed a handsome face:
Blue round her neck a tippet twined its down,
Blue round her hands a muff of feathers shone.
Full in her front appeared a Cambridge man;
The female finished what St. John's began:
He the fond title of her husband chose,
And a large plaister bridged his pimply nose.
Close by her side your reverend Damon sat,
In his bob grizzle and his beaver hat.
Young L——r last, on *Hodson's* † generous port,
Resolved with A—— and I—— B—— to sport;
But fate forbad; the knight and squire we met,
And Jack returned the next day with regret.
" Jumping high o'er the rocks of the rough grounds,
Rattles the clattering coach, and the shockt axle bounds ‡."
Thus rough we roll, where Stockport hangs with pride,
Prone from its steeps o'er Mersey's infant tide;
Thus rough we roll, where Disley's hills we scale,
Strain up the hill, and lumber to the vale.

* The hour being late, and the streets not then lighted with lamps.

† The inn-keeper then at the Bath inn. ‡ Pope.

Now a wide range of mountains meet the eyes,
" Alps peep o'er Alps, and hills on hills arise *."
" Late o'er these heights when Lincoln sent her host †,
From their low levels of her own smooth coast!
Wondering, the soldiers saw the hills appear,
And stopp'd and gazed, and half inclined to fear.
Mid this rude rumble oft in vain I try,
Propped on my stick, in sleep to close my eye.
Now then I talk; now letting down the glass,
Catch the wild landscapes living as they pass.
Art ne'er to littleness reformed the scene,
Still great in native majesty of mien.
Thus, as your squire in dreams of taste is lost,
The stopping coach invites to tea and toast;
Where Buxton, bearing o'er her dreary vale,
Calls from the hills her tinctured springs to heal;
And the gay sick, beneath the wax-lights blaze,
Swim through the minuets ever graceful maze.
Next we roll heavy o'er the smoother roads,
And in four hours reach Ashburne's mean abodes.
Tired with the tedious stage we light in haste;
And our keen stomachs hope a good repast.
Fools as we were, though innocent of blame,
The —— always had a starving fame.
And more, some hungry peasants from the fair
Had rudely ravished half our slender cheer.
Forced by our fate, on goose alone we dine,
But try in vain to drink the nauseous wine.
Fretted again we mount, again we roll;
Down streams the rain, and night steals o'er the pole.
For the first hour we all in silence move,
To the rain's rattling on the coach above.
But raised by chance, the converse freely flows,
Now swells in poetry, now glides in prose;
And Shakespeare, Jonson, Otway, Steele and Young,
Rise to receive their sentence from our tongue.

* Pope. † The Militia.

But critick converse can't for ever please;
Tired, we dismiss them to enjoy our ease.
Shrunk in our corners, we attempt to doze,
And wait impatient for the journey's close.
Till through each glass the lamps of DERBY glare,
And the loud curfew tolls us to our fare.

EPIGRAM.

When Deane, in gentle milkiness of mind
Framed an elysium for the brutal kind,
Had he but known how Catharine's cats are blest,
He ne'er had sought *their* paradise of rest;
To *other* brutes his second scene had given,
But left these pusses to their *present* heaven *.

J. ACLAND *to* R. P.

SIR, Broadclist, Jan. 17, 1791.

When a man of your parts and abilities submits to a laborious compilation of such uninteresting matters and events as the History of a County can afford, merely to gratify a little provincial vanity, I think he is justly entitled to every assistance that individuals can supply him with; and I should, therefore, most readily comply with your requisitions, were I at all capable of furnishing you with materials. But the truth is, that the subject of your enquiries is altogether out of my

* A Clergyman in the neighbourhood who had lately written a treatise, to prove that there is another world for brutal as well as for human souls. This Epigram succeeded in its intention. The cats came no longer upon the table to dinner.

walk. I concern myself as little about the memorabilia of Devon, as I do about those of the Cape of Good Hope. Exclusive of your two personal enquiries, (the answering of which alone would argue great vanity, and but little sense) there is scarce a single article upon which I could give you any information. I cannot so much as tell you to what Saint the Church is dedicated, and neither know nor care whether it was ever dedicated at all. But though I cannot, Mr. Hugh Acland of Exmouth can supply you with as much information respecting families, changes of property, &c. as most men.

Wishing you all possible success in your very ungrateful undertaking, I am Sir, with great respect, your humble servant, J. ACLAND.

R. P. *to* BENJAMIN INCLEDON, *Esq. of Pilton.*

SIR, Kenton, near Exeter, Feb. 15, 1791.

In his Preface to the Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland, Sir John Dalrymple observes:

"There are some family papers in London of great authority, which I wished much to have seen: but it required a train of solicitation to get access to them, to which no man of common pride could submit."

Of the humiliating nature of such solicitation, no author has more frequent experience than the writer of a County History. Pressed by his

friends and by the public to make repeated applications for MSS. which possibly derive their consequence from having been long deposited in the dust; though often repulsed, he is still compelled to solicit, and in the very moments of disappointment from fruitless assiduity, is accused, perhaps, of negligence!

Of the propriety of the last observation as addressed to yourself, you, Sir, are sufficiently conscious.

You are reported to possess the pedigrees of several families in this County. The representatives, therefore, of some of these families wished me to apply to you for genealogical assistance. I lost no time in the application. My letter was couched in respectful terms; but it received no answer. I addressed to you *another*, with apologies for my intrusion—it shared the same fate as the first. A *third* letter was alike unfortunate. Permit me to add, that one of these letters conveyed to you the intelligence, that I had searched, though fruitlessly, the Kenton Register for you, according to the instructions I had received from a common friend.

I am, Sir, your humble servant, R. P.

P. S. If you think my letters were improper, produce them to the public.

The following Sonnet, written about this time, was never published:

Though Acland, scowling midst his scatter'd plans,
May spots innumerous in my Book espy;

Though Incledon each fact severely scans,
In pedigrees, perhaps, more sage than I;
Yet whilst a DOWNMAN wishes to peruse
(His mind the seat of candor!) all I write;
Whilst YONGE still prompts me to enlarge my views,
And bids me soar with no ignoble flight;
Whilst WHITAKER approves my various scheme,
And wakes my ardor in each bold essay;
With friendly light illumining the theme
Of Roman relics sunk in dim decay;
Shall not the *Spirit of Research* proceed,
And, spurning *Envy*, grasp the historic meed?

JOHN JONES *to* R. P.

DEAR SIR, Inner Temple, March 22, 1791.

This afternoon I received your parcel, and have only time enough, at this moment, barely to acknowledge the receipt of it. I hope it will be in my power to give you satisfaction with respect to Domesday:—The Feodary, I must acknowledge, bears a very formidable aspect; but every thing that lies in my power shall be done, both with regard to this and the other MSS. I have hastily turned over a few leaves of the heraldic or genealogical MS. and met with nothing of much importance; but these, you observe, are to be the objects of future consideration. At present I propose to confine my attention wholly to Domesday, and shall allot as great a portion of my time to the investigation of it, as I can possibly afford. Upon the Feodary, I have reason to believe, I shall

be obliged to offer you a few observations before I encounter it: it is a most curious and valuable document, and little inferior, in point of importance, to Domesday itself *.

Dear Sir, your faithful humble servant,

JOHN JONES.

The same to the same.

DEAR SIR, Temple, Nov. 19, 1791.

* * * * * * *

With regard to this new plan of printing the first volume in octavo, previous to its appearance in folio, I have no doubt it is a very proper one, and by which you are countenanced by a great authority, Mr. Hume, who, I believe, printed the Dynasty of the Stuart Family many years before the publication of his History of England; but I am inclined to think that your subscribers will make objections to your printing the Appendix in the same form, as it would detach too much from the work, and injure its uniformity; especially as it will be a most valuable and essential part of the history.

I cannot yet determine, how far I may be able to offer my assistance in correcting the press, if you should come to a resolution of printing in town, as I shall, very shortly, study under a special

* At Powderham Castle, Lord Loughborough amused himself for some days, in inspecting the Feodary; and in a letter of his lordship now before me, it is styled "a most valuable document." I possess it entire in Jones's hand-writing.

pleader, and I do not know any person upon whose punctuality I may rely, in attending the examination of the sheets with me: but whatever lies in my power to do, shall be done. I have already taken some pains with your MS. and I have ransacked our library for memorials of the tenants *in capite* at the head of Domesday, in which search I have succeeded so well, that I have filled up eight folio pages; yet there are many of them, of whom I can discover nothing more than their names as witnesses to some ancient charters in the Monasticon. The account of them, that I have drawn up, seems correct, and is tolerably succinct, so that, I apprehend, you will not have occasion to retrench any part of it.

In my journey from Exeter to Bath I had the company of a very silent gentleman, whom I discovered, after my arrival in town, to have been Dr. Beddoes. I am really surprised at the pains he took to conceal himself; for, observing an Italian book in his hands (Strange's account of some volcano in Italy), I asked him some questions about it, to which he answered, that he knew nothing of the subject, and that he carried the book for some friend of his. In the book were some loose plates belonging to Sheldon's "Patella." I spoke of Sheldon, but he made no answer. I find since, that Sheldon gave him the book. At Cullompton, I afterwards read some pages of this book, and intimated that I had heard a Doctor Beddoes, a naturalist, had been to explore Cornwall, but the Doctor was still silent, and, though

we were *tête à tête* for an hour before we arrived at Bath, and though we passed the evening together at Pickwick's, and slept in the same room, yet I had not the least idea who he was till I reached town.

With my respectful compliments to Mrs. P. I remain, dear Sir, your obedient humble servant,

J. JONES.

J. C. *to* R. P.

MY DEAR FRIEND, David's Hill, 1791.

I hope you will not think me impertinent, as a medler in matters which do not immediately concern myself, if I cannot be wholly indifferent to what may concern you; for being upon all occasions your very sincere well-wisher, and interested, as such, for the success of the great work you have in hand, in all its branches, I hold it a part of my duty to communicate whatever may in any degree affect that, unimportant as it would otherwise be to me. After such a formal peroration, perhaps you will be apt to stare, and ere you read to the bottom of the page, exclaim *great cry, but little wool!* when you find that the occasion of my present scribbling is to caution you against entering into any formal engagement with the Doctor and Professor, who addressed you from the London or Oxford Inn (I forget which) when I was with you, at least till you know something more of him than either of us did at that time.

I have had some conversation to-day with a gentleman of his University, on his road thither, touching the said professor; from which I learn that he does not pass for any great things there, where he is best known. And since his journey into Cornwall was visibly as much in search of *gold* as any other baser metals, by his making a sort of trading voyage of it, doling out prescriptions for guineas, professionally, and professedly, and therefore, no doubt, as a true Professor; I cannot but infer from hence (I hope not uncandidly) that one of his objects is, *nummum in loculos dimittere, &c.* and, therefore, not to be engaged with at a venture, or without proper caution. This hint I could not but give you with the first opportunity. You'll esteem it only as a hint, (for it aims at nothing more than a hint) which you will make your own use of, by adopting it, or disregarding it, as seems best to you. At any rate it can do you no harm; at least it is well meant. *Si quid novisti rectius,* &c.; don't laugh at me for a vain display of *larning* by my tritical quotations, but believe me much yours. J. C.

Love to Mrs. P. &c. I hope you received my packet of trifles. The Doctor has been printing and publishing something about the C——— I———, so that you may probably be furnish'd easily with a specimen of his style, and form your judgment. I have not seen it. I only know such a thing exists, and, I suppose may be had by proper inquiry*.

* Another specimen of Mr. Collins's easy epistolary style.

J. C. *to* R. P.

My Dear Sir, Monday, 5 December, 1791.

As you have made up your mind respecting the Professor whom you write of, and we have but one opinion upon the subject, I did not trouble you with a reply to your letter of Thursday se'nnight. But this day I received a paper from Mr. Hardinge, which, to use his words, "relates to Lord Camden's Uncle, Wyatt Pratt, half brother to the Chief Justice". He adds, "keep it by you carefully, and I will send you the other document very soon. But pray remind me of them if I forget." I will obey my correspondent's injunctions: so there will be no occasion I hope, for your spurring him. I trespass no farther upon your time, which I know to be precious, whether it admits of your stirring out, as to day, or not, than merely to assure you, with love to Mrs. P. and the babes, of my sincere regard. *

Your affectionate, J. Collins.

C. Toogood *to* R. P.

My Dear Sir, Ashill, June 14, 1791.

An unexpected opportunity of sending a parcel to Exeter, has induced me to pack up your MSS,

* If evidence were wanting, I think these letters will sufficiently prove my historical diligence. Day and night was I labouring in an ungrateful vineyard!!

which I return with many thanks. I am sorry the time would not allow me to examine my collection, for some others to accompany them: but as I have lately lent a friend some of the most legible, I fear I should not have found any fit for your use.

I have not seen any good sermons lately. A friend lent me the third volume of Blair; from which I have extracted two or three. I cannot think that he improves in composition. Lloyd's of Westminster, the father of Robert Lloyd, were sent to me with high commendations. I found them wretched stuff. A Dr. Hood, of Newcastle, has called upon me this week, with another volume, into which I have peeped; and I believe the doctor will step into my pulpit once or twice. *

I hope you go on swimmingly with your history. Can you say with alacrity, "Nec me labor iste gravabit?"—say it; for you see, by the Gentleman's Magazine, what rewards await you. I beg my compliments, with Mrs. T. to Mrs. Polwhele, and I am, "learned Pausanias," your sincere friend, C. Toogood.

Rev. John Hayter *to* R. P.

Dear Sir, Chagford, September 8, 1791.

I am very sorry that your state of health should account for my disappointment in not seeing you

* Even of Dr. Knox's collection of sermons, Mr. Toogood entertained a very low opinion.

at Chagford, agreeably to your obliging promise. I hope neither indisposition nor any thing else will prevent you favouring me with your company soon. The compliment you pay me in your commendations of my endecasyllables to Dr. Downman is very flattering, and much valued by me, as yours. I should be very proud of being admitted into the "Damnoniensis Apollo" in Latin, but as it would be improper to place any school or college exercise there, I am afraid I have none to present for insertion; however that point might more easily be settled in the course of conversation. On the other side are answers to your queries; I wish they may be thought satisfactory.

I am, dear Sir,

With respect, your very faithful humble servant,

JOHN HAYTER.*

J. RANDOLPH *to* R. P.

SIR, Christ Church, March 13, 1791.

The paragraph which you sent me from the newspaper, is so far true as that money has been sent for the purpose there specified, and accepted by the Vice-Chancellor, who has accordingly given out the thesis for the prize, but the following extract from his notice will shew you that you are not yourself capable of being a candidate.

* Hayter, I am proud to say, was soon after one of my firmest literary frien ls.

"The subject is intended for those gentlemen of the University who have completed four years, and not exceeded seven, from their matriculation."

You must be much above the standing required. For the purpose of degrees any name, after it has been a statutable time on the books, may be taken out and replaced, when the party means to proceed.

I wish you success in the arduous task you have undertaken. Sir G. Yonge seems far gone in the regions of romance: I cannot call Cuthite and Baalim theories by any other name. I should think that of authentic history alone would furnish you with ample materials for your work.

I remain, our most yobedient servant,

JOHN RANDOLPH.

Sir G. YONGE *to* R. P.

SIR, Stratford Place, March 15, 1791.

I very much like your poetical ideas, and think they will do for Oxford very well.

The ode might be spoken by a bard from the top of the Promontory of Hercules.

I hope you have received all my packets, and am with great regard,

Sir, your most obedient servant,

G. YONGE.

J. WHITAKER *to* R. P.

DEAR SIR, May 28, 1791.

Your preliminary observations I have read with great pleasure. Your replies to Borlase, in my opinion, are quite satisfactory; and you came so near to what I consider as the secret truth of history, that I was half surprised at your ingenuity, and half sorry for your anticipation of me.

The four volumes of Hals are come safe. What I have seen of his printed parts, has given me rather a worse impression concerning him, than even you have expressed. As to any explanation that you think I can give of points in Worcester's Itinerary, I beg you will command me freely.

Dear Sir, your obedient friend and servant,

J. WHITAKER.

W. TASKER *to* R. P.

REV SIR, Exmouth, Friday 19 February, 1791.

I last Sunday at Iddisleigh (from which I had been absent some months) received an official letter from you, that had been written a long time ago. If there is any information required concerning that parish, which has not been already given, it shall be communicated at a future period. You are now addressed upon another occasion. I hear that you superintend a publication, printed by —— Cruttwell of Bath, professing to give a

collection of Devon and Cornwall poetry. I am now resident at Exmouth, and should be happy if your time would permit you, to honour me with any particulars of your plan; and which I should be proud to forward to the utmost extent of my slender abilities. I have by me several little pieces, never yet published, that originated from Bath and Bristol; and, therefore, if worthy of insertion, might claim a local propriety in a Bath publication. The little Bagatelle introduced below is a recent production, and has never yet appeared in print. Ever so short an acknowledgment of the receipt of this letter will very much oblige,

Your devoted humble servant, W. TASKER.

Lines addressed to —— Bampfylde Esq. of Hestercombe in the county of Somerset, on his arrival at Bath last spring, to drink the waters for the recovery of his health.

Genius of Bladud's healthful spring!
Descend with healing on thy wing;
In aid of med'cine's feeble art
Thy wondrous energy impart.
As erst Judæa's angel stood,
And mov'd Bethesda's sacred flood,
So thou with vernal suns conspire
To add new force to mineral fire:
New virtue from the mineral ore
Extract, and Bampfylde's health restore.
The stomach's genial warmth excite,
And wake the nerves to appetite:
Bid racking Gout and languor fly,
With lustre re-illumine his eye;
Bid shivering Palsy distant stand,
And strength confirm the painter's hand.

Ye streams of Bladud, as ye rise
In exhalations to the skies,
Your breath of incense kindly bear,
For Bampfylde's health present the prayer.
And may the prayer (dispers'd by no rude wind)
Before th' Almighty Throne acceptance find,
And long his life preserve in favour of mankind.

R. Hole *to* R. P.

Dear Polwhele, 1791.

Yesterday E—— told me that the publication drew to a conclusion, and shewed me a sonnet he intended to send this evening; and said that some lesser poems were wanting, if I understand him right, to make up the quantum. Last night gave birth to the following lines, the only ones I have written since "Good King Arthur's golden days," a sonnet to Downman excepted.

I think no title is necessary to be prefixed; possibly it might not be an improper finale to the publication. Yours very sincerely,

R. Hole.

Ah, wherefore urge my weary limbs to climb
Again with fruitless toil th' Aonian mount?
Why bid me quaff Castalia's nectar'd fount,
And stretch'd in rapture on the brow sublime,
Mark the fair forms that mid Parnassus stray,
Gliding thro' sunny glade, or shadowy bower,
Like orient beams that gild the vernal shower,
And trace each image in the living lay?

How vain th' attempt when envy mines the way, *
And Power beholds with eyes that glance disdain!
Whose aspect, colder than the icy ray
Of the pale star that chills the polar sky,
Withers the bay to Phœbus dear in vain,
That else would Time and Jove's red bolt defy.

R. S. DONKIN *to* R. P.

DEAR SIR, Bath, 13 November, 1791.

I have the pleasure to inform you, at the desire of my friend Mrs. Hope, the inconsolable widow for whom you were so kind as to write the following lines, that with your permission, they are to be placed on a monument in Westminster Abbey, now executing by Bacon, the sculptor; but the Dean and Chapter objecting to the length of the whole (*viz* prose and verse), Mr. Bacon intimates, that he believes he must not proceed farther than to the end of the sixteenth line, *viz.* "with pilgrim feet." Mrs. Hope admires so much the force of your lines, that she and I talked with the sculptor in London (whither we went on purpose) an entire morning, to have the whole of them engraved, but he cannot exceed the quantity I have mentioned; and she apprehending so sudden a break off may be improper, is the reason of my giving

* And Malice lends to Ignorance the sneer!
While power, with aspect colder than the ray
Shot from the orb that decks the polar sky,
Withers the sacred leaf to Phœbus dear,
That else, &c

you this trouble, to beg your revision of the whole and opinion how it will read by suppressing the remaining lines. Indeed to have had it all inserted, she would have sacrificed all the prose, had it not been written by a very near connection of her late husband, whom she wishes not to offend.

My family join me in warmest regards to yours; and should pleasure or business lead you this way, be assured of an hearty welcome to a joint and a bottle, in accepting of which, without ceremony, you'll confer an agreeable favour on us all.

I remain, very sincerely yours, R. DONKIN.

P. S. My house is at East Hayes, near the turnpike going to London. If you are pleased to make any alterations in the prose or the verse, just tear off the half sheet, and inclose it to me, as Mr. Bacon intends finishing it by February. We give 50 guineas to the Dean and Chapter for five feet broad, exactly between the monuments of Sir Eyre Coote and Jonas Hanway, and 200 more to the Sculptor.

To the Memory of
BRIGADIER-GENERAL HOPE,
Lieutenant-governor of the Province of Quebec,
where he died in 1789, aged 43.
To those who knew him
his name alone conveys the idea
of all that is amiable
in the human character.
Distinguished by splendor of family,
a cultivated taste for letters,
And superior elegance of manners:
as a public character,
disinterested, and ever actuated
by an unshaken regard to principle;

the patron of the oppressed,
the benefactor of the indigent:
in the camp renowned
for intrepid courage
tempered by unbounded humanity.
Called into the civil service
of his country,
he manifested the warmest zeal
for its interest,
and displayed such abilities and integrity,
as were the pride and blessing
of the people he governed.

Thee, Hope, so early sunk to rest,
Thy Country's warmest wishes blest;
Yet where thy relics are inurn'd,
Though by thy grateful Albion mourn'd,
'Tis thine a richer sigh to boast
From those who knew thee,—lov'd thee most!
There shall the generous soldier pause,
To give thy worth the heart's applause:
Thy milder virtues proud to own,
Though he rever'd thy Roman frown.
Oft the poor desolate shall bless
Thy shade, and feel each sorrow less,
As, sooth'd by thy memorial sweet,
He wanders there with pilgrim feet! *
There shall the youth who shar'd with thee
The flowing hours of festal glee,
Mark thy pale urn with melting eye,
And breathe a solitary sigh!
And on that spot, when all is still,
Shall, prime in grief, the widow thrill—
With many a feeling too severe!
Lo, her wan cheek—without a tear!—
But far from where thy ashes sleep,
If fortune waft her on the deep,

* To this the Sculptor confines us.

Thither her spirit shall repair,
And pour her sacred sorrows there;
And, when the forms of anguish fade,
Yet hail, how fond, thy hovering shade,
And gaze the soften'd vision o'er,
Till Love and Fancy charm no more!

JOHN GIFFARD, *Esq. to* R. P.

SIR, Dublin, Feb. 2, 1792.

From Mr. Rolle, who does me the honour of his friendship, I learn that you have lately made some inquiries from his steward, concerning my family. Your reputation, Sir, as a man of letters has reached even this part of the world, your character as a gentleman has borne it company, and, therefore, I do not hesitate to give you the satisfaction you desire.

My father dying while I was at the nurse's breast, it is impossible I should know much of him. To complete the impossibility, I had not even the melancholy pleasure of much oral information; for my mother died while I was yet an infant.

My father, John Giffard, was the eldest son of Henry Giffard, and was born about the time Prince wrote, consequently the annexed sketch completes the pedigree. He was an attorney, and sometime coroner of Devon. In 1742, or 43, he came to Ireland to attend at the great Anglesea trial, which took place in 1744 (see the printed account of that trial). Here he settled, and

married the daughter of Arthur Murphy, Esq. of Olardleigh, in co. Wexford; a gentleman lineally descended from, and actually possessing a fragment of the Royal Domain of Dermoid Mac Murrough, the King of Leinster, who first invited Henry the Second into Ireland, and with a pedigree ten times as long as the Giffards (see Keating's History) of Ireland, ending with Donald who was the father of Arthur, who was my grandfather. Of this marriage I was the only issue; and, as my father before his death had spent the greatest part, nay almost the whole of his property, I was brought up among my maternal relations, and when you learn that Arthur Murphy had more than an hundred and fifty persons descended from him, *i. e.* children, grand-children, great, and great great grand-children, you will perceive that the portion of his attention that fell to my share could not be very great; this was soon perceived by my friend and relation Counsellor Ambrose Harding, after whom my eldest son is named; he thereupon took me home, and became my guardian and protector. He lived to see me married.

I shall not speak of each distressful stroke that my youth suffered. I thank God I have, I hope, conquered them all, am the maker (under Providence) of my own fortune, which, though not great, or to be named with the possessions of my ancestors either Irish or English, either Leinster or Devon, is yet competent, and acquired with honourable reputation.

Early in life I married Sarah, the daughter of

William Morton, Esq. co. Wexford. With her I have lived many years, and hope to live many more, in perfect domestic happiness. We have had a good many children, several of whom died young, and we have five living, which promise us much comfort. My eldest son, Ambrose Harding Giffard, is a young man of excellent disposition and promising talents; he is a barrister. My second son, whom I intended for the army, lived till near seventeen, but then he departed to the place prepared for innocence and virtue; he was named John. My third son, William, I design for the army also. For my fourth, Stanly Lees Giffard, I expect a living in the Church; and my daughters, Harriet and Mary, I hope to marry to gentlemen of loyalty and honour.

In addition to a small private fortune, I enjoy under the government here a situation of emolument, and even trust and confidence, which sometimes encourages me to hope, that I may one day re-purchase some of those many estates which my forefathers sold in Devon; for believe me, Sir, speaking in the metaphor of my friend Goldsmith,

The hare pants to the place from whence at first it flew.

To shew you, Sir, the sentiments we cherish, I have added a little poem of my son. The occasion of it was this: in 1791 we had been in Devon; we visited the melancholy ruins of those mansions formerly inhabited by our ancestors; we visited their present habitations, their tombs in Chittlehampton and Parkham. In the November of the

same year, he being at the Temple in London and I here in Dublin, wrote in a gloomy moment those verses in a letter to me. As poetry I do not rate them high, but the sentiment and principle can never be surpassed.

I have scarce room to ask pardon for this long letter, but I beg you will accept of me as your humble and faithful servant,

JOHN GIFFARD.

P. S. I understand, Sir, that you have published, or intend to publish, some poetical works of Devonshire gentlemen. Now 'tis certain the young gentleman, whose verses I have sent you, has not the honour to be a Devonshire man born, but springing from that country. If you think his productions worthy a place, I can send you some very beautiful Poems.

VERSES *supposed to be written in a Wood near the Ruins of Brightley, co. Devon.*

If in the bosom of this devious wood
Far from the flight of man ye love to dwell,
Whence frighted TAW escapes with hurried flood,
While his wild waves with panting terror swell:

If in these awful shades in calm repose,
Forgetting mortal toils with mortal breath,
Where the brown oak around his mantle throws,
Ye haunt your favourite woodlands ev'n in death:

Souls of my fathers! guide my wandering feet
To that dark dell where sit your faded forms,
Where, far from strife, ye hold communion sweet,
And free from care deride the passing storms.

I hear the hallowed sounds! The yielding bough,
Obsequious, shews a passage through the grove!
I feel my thrill'd heart beating high; and now
They speak in strains of rapture and of love!

"Welcome, thrice welcome to these sacred shades,
To fathers for their loyalty renowned,
Who know the bloom of virtue never fades;
Who ne'er the stain of foul dishonour found!"

And now I see advance a manly shade,
Whose open features beam with stern delight,
His airy armour glitters thro' the glade,
And his plumed helmet sheds a gloomy night.

"My son," he cries, "I marked the rising sigh,
When thro' the tottering hall you took your way,
Where Brightley's walls in dreary ruin lie,
And even our memory hurries to decay.

"I saw, with rapture saw, thy tearful eye,
The pious offering to a grandsire's grave,
Where decked with sculptured pomp in silence lie,
Your mothers virtuous, and your fathers brave.

"Though proud achievements shew our spotless birth,
Our loyalty a prouder boast shall prove;
For while we trod in mortal form the earth,
Our King possess'd our lives, our swords, our love.

"And when Fanatic fury thro' the land
Raised her infernal head against the crown,
I saw a ruffian aim his murtherous hand—
This arm uplifted felled the traitor down.

"But ere my wearied limbs had sunk to rest,
I saw my Monarch's son regain his throne;
The glorious vision calmed my troubled breast,
I sunk in death without a parting groan.

"For you, my son, attend to this command,
Defend your King, be Loyalty your pride;
And should contending factions tear the land,
Prove it most firmly when most firmly tried.

G. B. *to* P.

My Dear Sir, Feb. 14, 1792.

The proposal which you mention of forming a Society of friends to meet every third week at the Globe, gives me real pleasure, and has, you may be assured, my hearty concurrence. To meet those whom I esteem and love, and to add to their number those whose abilities and virtues demand respect, has always been my wish and my ambition in life. The only thing which I have to object to on this occasion is, the *alphabetical pre-eminence* to which I shall be, at our first meeting exalted; but as I find the *letter of the law* is to be adhered to, it shall be my endeavour to conform to it, with as good a grace as I am able.

Since my friend Hale left this part of the country I have not seen the Gentleman's Magazine, and, of consequence, have not as yet experienced the uneasiness of reading in the Supplement the impertinent comment on your Queries which you allude to. If you will be so good as to furnish me with that part of the Gentleman's Magazine which contains the letter, I will attempt to answer it in the best manner I am able. I have always thought,

Qui non defendit, alio culpante.—

You know the rest.

Your faithful and affectionate friend,

G. B.

* * * * * * *

J. W. *to* R. P.

DEAR SIR, Feb. 7, 1792.

I have just received your favour, and reply to it instantly.

I am sorry to hear from you, for I have never heard of the fact before, that you have been wantonly and malignantly attacked in the Supplement to the Gentleman's Magazine. I feel for you. Much depends in a work like yours upon the reputation that you keep up in the county. You have also a large portion of envy to encounter, from the honour done you, in singling you out, so young in years, and so much a stranger, for writing the County History: every man has, who steps out of his rank in society, and leaves his equals and contemporaries behind him. I feel it even now myself, at this advanced stage of my authorship.

* * * * * * *

There, probably, your antagonist is Mr. I——, who has been long attempting mischief against you, was silenced by your bold attack in May last, but has now begun to spit his venom against you again. Whoever he is, I will grapple with him for your sake, and am glad you have invited me to do so.

I am just now in the right humour for panegyrizing you. I have been reviewing your Poems and Discourses. I finished the review of the latter only yesterday. When they will be published I do not know. I am now publishing a review of Archæologia, vol. IX. and of Bering-

ton's History of Henry the Second. I shall send, when these are published completely, a review of Lodge's Illustrations of British Biography, &c. in 3 vols. quarto; and your works will come next, I suppose, or perhaps with Lodge. I have written so much more upon the Archæologia than the Review can take, that I believe I shall print the whole in a pamphlet without a name.

I am almost sorry to hear that our Poems are ready for publication. I have been repeatedly vexed with myself, that I did not withdraw my share of them last visitation. I was inclined to do so, but did not act decisively. To go in company with you as an Antiquary might not disgrace me; but as a Poet, you will be ashamed of your partner. This, however, I say very unaffectedly, and so leave the Peer and the Pedlar to move on together.

In my Review of your Discourses and Poems I have taken care to do the full duty of a friend, and not, with extorted praises and cordial censures, stab the man that I was pretending to caress. I have, however, used the prudent policy of blaming you in some petty and incidental points. I thus throw a slight shade over the glare of my panegyrical colours, and conclude in a full radiation of praise.

In this, and in every other point, I shall always be happy to shew you how much I esteem and admire you. Perhaps I am the more ready to say so, because I know experimentally the envy that must beset you in every movement, and

would rejoice to strangle your rising lamp of day with darkness. I have, accordingly, taken the liberty of giving a *Scotch* hint, through the press, to my Lord of Exeter, that he ought to prefer you. And I remain, with great regard, dear Sir, your most obedient friend and servant,

J. WHITAKER.

Mrs. W. joins me in kindest compliments to Mrs. P.

N. B. Let me administer another medicine of consolation to you from my own experience. A gentleman in this neighbourhood, who has lately been at Oxford, wrote me word on his arrival, that my Arianism met with "great applause" there. I replied, that he flattered me very agreeably by the intelligence. This, I suppose, made him alter his note. A few days afterward he called, suppressed entirely the "great applause," and mentioned only what was an implied and general censure. I saw the meaning of all this. And the same gentleman has since assured me, that the "great applause" was true, and that the censure was only to one single point, to the manner too, and not to the matter; to the pointed manner in which I expose Mahomet's Paradise. But I have encountered more envy just at this moment, I believe, from a story that is in circulation here, and that I hear from the *laity*, of a nobleman in administration speaking very handsomely of my writings, and saying the King must do something for me. This, you will think, is enough to set up all the little souls about me, in open sedition against me. But "something too much of this."

The same to the same.

DEAR SIR, . Friday Evening, March 9, 1792.

* * * * * * * .

I threw aside all my own studies, and set to work upon answering D. H. I was busy at it when the Bishop of Derry, in Ireland, Earl of Bristol in England, came and spent a day with me. I thus lost the only post left me, of having my vindication even noticed in the February Magazine, and promised for March. I sent it, however, by the following post, and believe it will be inserted in the next. I wrote it hastily, under all these circumstances of delay, put the initials of my own name to it, and have spoken as warmly in your favour, as friendship itself would dictate.

Mr. Nichols seems, by your account, to have rather taken part *with* you than *against* you. He will also do you the justice, I doubt not, of inserting my vindication. The interest of his Magazine, which is of course the polar star of his movements, will put him upon this conduct. A reciprocation of attacks and defences, if not protracted to tediousness, lends a new life to his Miscellany.

I remain, in great haste, dear Sir, your affectionate friend, J. WHITAKER.

The same to the same.

My Dear Sir, Monday Evening, May 7, 1792.

I have received the two volumes of Poems. I did not mean to open them immediately, but the impatience of my girls opened them, unawares to me, while they were in the quest of pictures. I then looked at the preface, and thank you for the very friendly manner in which you have mentioned me.

You ask me in which of the English Reviews I shall have any of my criticisms. I answer, that some are now in publication there; and that you, who know my style so well, ought to have known me there. The criticisms on Berington's History of Henry the Second, and those on the Archæologia, vol. IX. which have now continued for three or four months past, were written beneath the shade of this academick bower. The criticisms on Lodge's Illustrations of British History, Biography, and Manners, in 3 vols. 4to. which were published (I believe) for the first time, on the first of this month, and will be continued for three or four months, are equally shots from the demi-culverin of R. L. But, in saying this, I say what few know, and none must tell. When these, and remarks upon your Orator and your Discourses are finished, I shall not have any thing more till next winter.

I embrace your proposal, with pleasure, of exchanging works for works. I shall write to one of

my booksellers in three or four weeks, with some more of my remarks upon Lodge, and of my praises of your writings. I shall then order down a set of my works; and I shall wait with impatience for your History of Devonshire. Only you shall send me in the mean time, if you please, the last edition of your Theocritus, &c.

As to the Parochial History of Cornwall, I certainly shall not undertake it. I never intended to do so. I was only prompted, in a paroxysm of local antiquarianism, to put a few notices together that related to general history, and that of my own parish; and to superadd a few detached observations that chance presented to my hand. All these I still reserve for you, when Devonshire shall have received its History from a Cornish man, and when the fugitive shall return to his native land. If I should ever leave this county before you return into it, I shall be happy to deposit my papers in your hands, as a pledge of my regard, a legacy of antiquarianism, and an incitement to undertake the History.

Your health, indeed, I apprehend from your account, is at times precarious. You should attend to this, my dear Sir; you are yet young, and have, probably a long race of usefulness to run. You should not abridge this, by too great sedentariness. Your poetical nerves will not bear the continued application that we prose men can undergo. "The Nemean lion's hardy nerve" can do feats of energy and strength, that the fine formed antelope cannot pretend to do. In other words,

strain not your health too much. Remember that, next to religion, the prime blessing of life is health.

I am going on, thank God, perfectly in health, yet wonderfully sedentary. My Private Life of Queen Mary, which I meant only to transcribe, I have been greatly enlarging. One volume I finished last week, and the other I shall begin in a day or two. I would gladly send it up to London before Michaelmas; but though three-fourths I consider as already written, yet, I believe I must not think of pushing on so rapidly. I love to write rapidly, and to revise leisurely.

We have had a singular character with us, the Bishop of Derry*. He is ingenious, lively, and a man of great taste in sculpture, painting, and architecture. He came and took a bed here, then went to Plymouth Dock, returned two or three weeks afterward, and came professedly to spend two days in talking Greek with me. "I have been devouring Polybius these three days," he said in his pre-monitory letter, "and want to chew the cud of it with you." He came accordingly; we talked over Polybius, and I have written to him since. He is not convinced, and I am not converted.

Dear Sir, your obedient friend and servant,

J. WHITAKER.

* Frederic Augustus, fourth Earl of Bristol.

R. G. *to* R. P.

My Dear P. B—— A——, Nov. 25, 1792.

I am almost sick of apologies; they are things of course; and are seldom looked upon as a sufficient reason for the *liberty* we take in procrastinating the acknowledgment of the letters of our friends. I believe it is now nearly seven months since I had the pleasure of receiving your last epistle, in which you wished me all the happiness that the state I had entered into was capable of affording. I shall, therefore, bring forward no excuse to palliate the charge which can be advanced against me; but by pleading "*guilty*," I most sincerely hope that you will make no comments on such an almost immeasurable interval of silence and inattention. I shall only hint, that though I have not written, not a day has scarcely rolled over my head without my mind being called away to visit in imagination the scenery of Kenton, with the interesting occupations of its parochial cottage.

That you should wish to know how I am situated, and whether or no I have experienced the felicity I expected in deserting the paths of celibacy, is no more than natural. But can you give credit to me if I assure you, that I am as completely happy, as I imagined anterior to possession. I ask the question because the generality, I suspect, are too proud to confess their disappointments, even to their intimates; consequently you have some reason to doubt me. Yet when I

tell you seriously, that instead of wishing I had postponed pronouncing the irrevocable "I will," I lament I had not the good sense to have exerted my influence to obtain permission to pronounce it sooner, you will do me the justice to believe me. I have reason, indeed, to look upon myself as one of the most fortunate of my species, since the woman to whom I have associated myself for life, possesses every possible requisite to render the most interesting of unions full and complete; and particularly that quality of mind which I look upon as indispensible,—I mean forbearance; a quality which softens down the original ruggedness of our nature, and establishes the claims the sex have upon us for gentleness and humanity of treatment more effectually than all the efforts of the most eloquent remonstrance put together.

It will give you pleasure, likewise, my dear friend, when I further tell you, that in the course of three or four months I look forwards to a situation no less interesting than that which I am now in; *viz.* the parental one. Men may say what they please upon the subject of the incumbrances of a family, but I am convinced that marriage receives no inconsiderable degree of felicity from the acquisition of those pledges of mutual affection. They are objects upon which we repose in the decline of life with the purest delight. They keep alive our social feelings, and excite an interest in our bosoms which prevents old age from becoming torpid and insensible. I have not unfrequently envied you the satisfaction you have

experienced in being a father. What *that* satisfaction is, and whether or no I have over-estimated its nature, the approaching year will inform me.

The situation of this place is extremely beautiful. Our house adjoins the B—— of D———'s park, which is diversified with all the requisites of a perfect landscape, and in which we have the liberty of walking. At the bottom of the garden the W—, a wild unruly stream, trails his immeasurable length along; and just beyond it, is a hill rising abruptly, whose summit was once a Roman station but which is now crowned with a mansion, built in the venerable days of Queen Elizabeth. To *me* these are things which afford the highest degree of mental luxury. I was ever, you know, an enthusiastic admirer of nature; but when to nature you add the works of art, particularly those which carry back the mind into remote times, admiration is more rational. Sensations and reflections are then more closely and intimately linked together.

Nov. 26.—I have no right, my dear friend, to expect to have the pleasure of hearing from you before a lapse of six or seven months. Yet when I consider that nature has mixed up the materials that compose your character with more attention to the laws of moral harmony than she usually observes, I am led to flatter myself, that that ingredient termed charity, or forgiveness, has not been omitted by her. If so, I shall look for a letter on the tiptoe of expectation in the course of a month or two; in which I trust you will give me an account of your proceedings,

both literary and domestic. You will reflect that I am *now* a family man; that I no longer exist in that most miserable of situations, an unhoused bachelor; and that of course I shall for the future turn out a more regular and interesting correspondent than I have hitherto proved myself, since we parted from each other at the University.

In the Monthly Review and the Gentleman's Magazine I have seen an account of the Devon and Cornwall Poems. You will easily conceive that I was not a little surprised on reading the extract from the "Ode to Fancy." It will encourage me to devote an evening occasionally to the cultivation of the Muse. I have sent for them to my bookseller, and promise myself much gratification in the perusal. The copy which you have, you will keep till you see me, which I have great reason to hope will be in the course of next summer.

The two following Sonnets I send for your correction; the first was addressed to my wife a little before I married her; the other I wrote a few evenings since.

Yours affectionately, R. G.

TO SHEA.

Say, lovely Shea, whose attractive mien
Rivals the grace of fair Idalia's Queen!
Ah! say, as o'er thy charms I fondly gaze,
Lost in the wildering turns of Rapture's maze!
Why sinks my heart! why starts the lucid tear,
Or heaves my bosom fraught with many a fear?
Can that angelic mind, so chaste, so pure,
So free from Vanity's fantastic lure,

Ere dim the views those bright'ning smiles illume,
Or drive sweet Hope to Sorrow's sick'ning gloom,—
Injurious thought;—yet Fancy's torturing train,
Still pierce my breast! still fire my madd'ning brain!
Alas! 'tis heaven alone can sooth my soul to rest,
That Heaven that 's seated in thy spotless breast.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Sweet Harbinger of Rest! who pour'st a stream—
Pour'st a pale stream of shadowy light,
Till blue-eyed Cynthia with her silvery beam
Shall rise and press thy trembling flight!

See, from yon bower, chaste Eve in dew-drops dress'd
Serenely leads her fragrant train!
To *thee*, meek soother of the troubled breast,
They raise the tributary strain!

Fair Star! beneath whose mild and genial ray,
Oft have I tun'd the vocal shell,
And oft have breath'd Love's plaintive lay,
And lur'd sweet Echo from her cell;—

Still be it *mine* to greet thy rising beam,
Still *mine* to mourn thy silver setting gleam.

DR. KNOX *to* R. P.

REV. SIR, Tunbridge, Apr. 30, 1792.

Your letter cannot but afford me great satisfaction. To be approved by men of acknowledged abilities, must be a flattering circumstance. I have read several of your poems with great pleasure; and the present you intend to make me, will be very acceptable. The book is not yet come to my hands. I delayed answering your letter a few

days, thinking I might receive it. But I was fearful lest a longer delay might have the appearance of neglect; and therefore I have resolved to acknowledge your favour previously to the receipt of the book, which, I have no doubt, will be a valuable addition to my little library.

Give me leave to thank you for this mark of your esteem, and believe me to be, with real respect, your obliged humble servant,

V. KNOX.

MISS SEWARD *to* R. P.

SIR, Lichfield, May 25, 1792.

I think myself much honoured and obliged, by a present from the Bards of Devonshire and Cornwall, of their collected poetic orbs; and that the brightest star in the galaxy bends its auspicious rays on my muse, in an elegant manuscript sonnet, their harbinger. I am not insensible of the many emanations of genius and fancy in these volumes; though it has been my lot, alas! to bend upon them an eye languid from indisposition, an attention wandering, and robbed of all its energy by the dangerous illness of a friend, long, very long beloved, in whose sight and dear society I have lived from my earliest youth; in whose clear spirit I never saw one cold shade of selfishness, one spot of depravity.

It concerns me to find you have been so unfortunate in the loss of your infants; yet to how sweet

a sonnet has that loss given birth! The general fault, to my taste, of most of the sonnets in these volumes, is the want of Miltonic breaks in their measure, which breaks appear to me a necessary characteristic in that species of poetry; but the sonnet to the infant Maria has them, and with them every thing that can endear it to the heart and the imagination. Beneath the perhaps too self-flattering idea that there is some resemblance in the style of a couple of my former-day sonnets to this, which I so much admire of yours, and to the 11th bearing your signature, I am tempted to insert them at the termination of this letter. The 8th and 10th, which are also yours, are scarce less my favourites; and I am pleased with the sonnets marked S. The ode signed G. is a pleasing imitation of Collins; yet I cannot think, with the Editor, that it is of equal excellence to the rhymeless Ode to Evening by that fine poet, though its manner is strikingly copied. The Four Odes on Public Occasions, signed V. have great merit. I am but too highly honoured in one of them. Your lyrics, which open the second volume, are very fine. The Ode to Sleep, and the Mona, are sublime; that to the River Coly, picturesque, interesting, and lively. The Picture Gallery I like the least of any thing which bears your signature, because I understand it least.

My grateful devotion to the charming, though now neglected Muse of Shenstone, will not permit me to restrain my expression of the regret and disgust I feel, to see those pleasing volumes dis-

graced by a feeble attempt to ridicule her natural and beautiful effusions. Shenstone appears to me the only professed pastoral writer, who has struck the true pastoral chords; who possesses the graceful simplicity which those of Virgil and Pope want, without any of that coarseness, into which, attempting to be more natural by painting vulgar nature, Spenser, Gay, and Philips fell. Shenstone, actually living amidst rural cares, and in the cultivation of scenic beauty, "wrote as he felt." He places before us the landscapes by which he was surrounded; and all the coy graces of a refined imagination and a feeling heart, flow naturally in his verse. Ample is their power to elevate and render interesting the benevolent employments of the country gentleman, blended with the pursuits of the scholar and the man of taste; the easy dignity of fervent friendship, and the animated yet delicate solicitude of growing passion. Something, surely, of excellence must be wanting in the head or heart of those who perceive not the magic influence of these unobtrusive, these genuine beauties of description, and of sentiment; who forget that we owe the happiest imitation of Spenser's best manner to this poet. "The School-mistress" is alone sufficient to entitle its author to a high seat in the poetic fane of Britain.

When you see Dr. Downman, have the goodness to make my best compliments to him, and present my thanks for the letter with which he lately favoured me. My pen had made its acknow-

ledgments to himself, if the state of my health and spirits permitted the cultivation of any *new* correspondence in addition to the too extended one in which I have been long involved.

I remain, with the highest esteem, Sir, your obliged, and faithful humble servant,

ANNA SEWARD.

SONNET *written by* A. S. 1773; *inserted for its resemblance to the* 11th SONNET, *by Mr.* POLWHELE.

TO MISS H. SNEYD.

Honora, should that cruel time arrive
When 'gainst my truth thou should'st mine errors poise,
Scorning remembrance of our vanish'd joys;
When for the love-warm looks, in which I live,
But cold respect must greet me, that shall give
No tender glance, no soft regretful sighs;
When thou shalt pass me with averted eyes,
Feigning thou se'est me not, to sting, and grieve,
And sicken my sad heart, I cou'd not bear
Such dire eclipse of thy soul-cheering rays;
I could not learn my struggling heart to tear
From thy lov'd form, that thro' my memory strays;
Nor, in the pale horizon of Despair,
Endure the wint'ry, and the darken'd days.

SONNET *by* A. S. *written* 1788; *inserted for its resemblance to the 9th, by Mr.* P.

Dim grows the vital flame in his dear breast
From whom my life I drew!—and thrice has Spring
Bloom'd; and fierce Winter thrice, on stormy wing,
Howl'd o'er the grey, wild fields, since he possest
Or strength of frame, or intellect.—Now bring
Nor morn, nor eve, his cheerful steps that press'd
Thy pavement, Lichfield, in the spirit blest
Of social gladness. They have fail'd and cling

Feebly to the fix'd chair!—no more to rise
Elastic!—Ah! my heart forbodes that soon
The full of days shall sleep!—nor Spring's soft sighs
Nor winter's blast awaken him:—begun
The twilight;—night is long!—but o'er his eyes
Life-weary slumbers weigh the pale lids down.

W. Hayley, *Esq.* to R. P.

Dear Sir, Eartham, June 11, 1792.

On my return from an excursion to the North, I have just found two poetical volumes, that, arriving here long ago, deserved much earlier thanks; and a letter, which, though dated the 29th of May, did not reach my house till last night; wanting the name of our Post Town (Chichester), it wandered to East Ham, in Essex.

This brief prosaic history is a sorry return for so much elegant verse; but your candour will receive it kindly, and, be assured, that I lament the untoward circumstances which must have made me appear to you, for some time, extremely deficient, not only in gratitude, but good manners.

Though accident has rendered my thanks to you abominably slow, I entreat you to believe them sincere. I am, in truth, much indebted to you for a collection of poems, in which the Muses appear in their most amiable character, as the promoters of friendship. My obligation to you would be infinitely heightened by the very flattering sonnet that introduces me in so honourable a manner to an interesting group of poetical associates,

could I believe myself justly entitled to such high distinction; but you gracious poets of the West have an amiable tendency to overvalue a distant brother of Parnassus; and who would wish to be cured of a graceful foible that he shares with Dr. Downman?

Instead, therefore, of protesting against your kind partiality, allow me to beg you will assure your accomplished physician and poetical neighbour of my regard. I am pleased to discover the happy effects of his medical skill, in the energy of your verse; and sincerely wish to you both a long enjoyment of those prime blessings in human life, health, literature, and friendship.

Believe me, dear Sir, your much obliged, and faithful servant, W. HAYLEY.

W. COWPER *to* R. P.

REV. SIR, Weston-Underwood, June 15, 1792.

You will not, I hope, judge the sense that I entertain of my obligation to you by the tardiness of my acknowledgment. That it reaches you so late is no fault of mine, for I received your most acceptable present, the two volumes of poetry by gentlemen of Devonshire and Cornwall, no longer since than yesterday evening. You do me great honour, Sir, in some beautiful lines written by yourself on a blank leaf of the publication, of which, were any other poet than myself the subject of them, I should be proud to have been the author. The chief glory of any poet is to have

pleased those whose writings please others, and on this account you may be sure that I shall always set the highest value on the compliment paid me by you.

I am, Sir, with much respect, your obliged and obedient humble servant, W. COWPER.

DR. DARWIN *to* R. P.

DEAR SIR, Derby, July 17, 1792.

I have waited some weeks in vain for a frank to thank you for an elegant collection of poems by bards of Devonshire and Cornwall, and for a more elegant complimental Idyllium, written in the first page, on my Botanic Garden. Approbation from poet to poet is more grateful, as they who have laboured in the art can best judge of its excellencies and difficulties; and praise therefore comes with a better grace from one who has himself written so well. I shall take the liberty of prefixing your elegant lines to the next edition of my work, along with others I have received from Mr. Hayley and Mr. Cowper.

My son Erasmus, who remembers passing some days on a journey with you, speaks of you with great pleasure. He is settled as an attorney in Derby, and is in great business, built on the most lasting foundation of ingenuity and integrity.

If any thing should ever call you into this country, your company would give great pleasure to us both. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

E. DARWIN

J. Jones *to* R. P.

Dear Sir, Temple, June 19, 1792.

A pacquet goes this afternoon to my father, by which I shall take the liberty of sending a few lines in answer to your letter; for I cannot be at ease till I have expressed my regret for having so hastily, and, perhaps, so ignorantly given my opinion on a subject upon which it is more than probable I am unqualified to speak. But if I have occasion to regret that natural warmth of temper which continually hurries me into the most flagrant absurdities and embarrassments, I have still more reason to deplore my insufficiency to discuss a point involved in such difficulty and obscurity as the present; and I ought to have considered that neither my judgment nor my learning would justify such presumption. The only apology I can offer for treating this subject with an air of ridicule, or the Armenians* with any disrespect, will be to call

* "It is evident, that by Armenians are meant Armoricans: that the Armoricans were a people who inhabited the provinces on the coast of Gaul, as Flanders, Picardy, Normandy, and Britany: and that Mr. Badcock, with due reverence to his manes be it spoken, would not have been guilty of a much greater absurdity, had he taken his aboriginal Britons from the Ark upon Ararat, from the bottom of the Red Sea, or from the bowels of Mount Ætna.

"With respect to fairy rings and cromlechs, I fear, Mr. Polwhele must content himself with hypothesis. When electricity was Dr. Priestley's hobby horse—when he was a philosophical rather than a political incendiary, he endeavoured to account for fairy rings on electrical principles; and I think, in his History of

back your attention to the manner in which it was originally introduced, from which nothing else could be collected, than that the hypothesis was solely built on the passage in the Chronicle. The foundation I proved to be a rotten one, consequently imagined the superstructure must inevitably fall to the ground, and fondly exulted in the discovery I thought I had made, without the most remote conception of any further arguments or proofs that were lurking behind. Besides this, I had to plead against the Armenian project, the uniform authorities of our best historians, and my own inveterate attachment to the old British history, which, though commonly deemed spurious, and indeed a forgery of Jeffrey of Monmouth, I have ever considered as being in the main, a genuine and veritable piece of history. You must be conscious of the little ability I possess, and the little disposition I feel to exhibit any of your writings or opinions in a ludicrous light, and how little attention would be paid by the publick to any thing I should advance: if I have been betrayed into any impropriety of expression, I confess I am heartily sorry for it; and the only reparation I can make is to inform myself fully on the subject, and in future to give my sentiments with more caution and diffidence.

Electricity, he has intimated his opinion that they must have been formed by lightning."

To the above, Jones alludes in his letter of June 19, 1792. It was sent to the Gentleman's Magazine: but Mr. Nichols, [kinder to R. P. than even his friend Jones,] suppressed it.

To the Stannary History, I promise you, I shall devote all the time that is not employed in the office, till it is finished. Drayton is not to be met with at any of the principal booksellers in London; for I have applied to all of them. I hope to procure a copy from a private library.

The summer I shall pass in your neighbourhood, at my favourite Newhouse, and shall go down in less than a month's time.

Dear Sir, yours ever, JOHN JONES.

The same to the same.

DEAR SIR, St. Paul's Street, 29 August.

I yesterday accomplished "the Exeter Domesday." I have extracted as much as will serve your purpose—a great deal concerning Exeter, and eleven other towns. This morning I shall devote to the deciphering, and will attend you at any time between this and Saturday se'nnight, except next Saturday, either at Kenton or Exeter, as you please. The *Nomina Villarum* can only be settled when we meet. At the end of this letter you will see how K—— employed himself in the Exchequer Chamber, and you will, I am sure, compassionate my distresses. To drudge for six hours together, and to be derided for my industry by such a trull of a Muse as his, is far beyond what mortal patience can endure!

Dear Sir, yours ever,

J. JONES.

ON AN ANTIQUARIAN AMATEUR.

(Written in the Exchequer Chamber of Exeter Cathedral.)

Dimly thro' the Gothic gloom
Jones* in sullen state I see!
Pondering o'er his dusty doom—
How sublimely blest is he!

Rugged accents charm his ear,
Liquid lays the youth disdains:
Hides and Carucates† appear
Sweeter than the Muse's strains.

Mouldy legends, antique lore,
Yield his polish'd soul delight;
Who like gentle Jones can pore,
Who in dulness shine so bright?

The same to the same.

Middle Temple, Dec. 4, 1792.

* * * * * * *

It gives me great concern to find that you do not consider your health to be improved by your excursion to Dawlish. But, my good Sir, do not you think that, at least, some of your complaints arise partly from a poetical imagination, which, I understand, is apt to create things which have really no existence in nature? The inflammation in your back, of which you complained some time ago, you will admit to be a very unusual kind of

* This gentleman being engaged in collating the Exeter Domesday Book, and appearing to derive considerable satisfaction from his elegant occupation, invited an extempore effusion of the Muse!

† Domesday language.

distemper. I have in vain searched Quincy and Buchan for some information on the subject, but can find nothing except an account of a disease which they call *Tabes Dorsalis*, which I do not suppose is exactly your case, inasmuch as I apprehend it to be rather a consequence of inflammation, than an inflammation itself. My own health is never so much benefited as by early rising and horse-exercise. With the most earnest wishes for the full establishment of your health, and a long continuance of your valuable life, I conclude, Dear Sir, yours most sincerely,

J. JONES.

P. S. The time seems to approach when true patriots must openly declare their sentiments, and use the most strenuous means of suppressing rebellion and republicanism. I hear this morning that the King's friends will be shortly directed to distinguish themselves from reformers, by wearing cocked hats. I think it a bad plan; it will occasion perpetual affrays in the London streets; and it will be attended with equal danger to the personal safety of each party. Better means might be taken to estimate the inclinations of the people.

The King is putting the Tower in complete order—the old cannons are removed, and new ones slung—the outworks repaired—ammunition provided—the barracks fitted up, and a regiment of artillery sent in. A proclamation on Sunday directs the embodying of the Militia—Parliament is called the 23rd instant—a camp in Hyde Park is talked of. In short, we seem preparing for a

civil war. As soon as disturbances begin, I shall probably be off. The first volley will send me into peaceful Devonshire.

The same to the same.

DEAR SIR, Temple, December 7, 1791.

As I am not certain that you have seen a late number of the Gentleman's Magazine, wherein a very good-natured Correspondent speaks of you, I will copy, by your leave, his remarks.—"One of your Reviewers (says a 'Southern Faunist') has taken an exception to the first two stanzas of Mr. Polwhele's 'Ode after a Thunderstorm,' that appears to me unjust. Mr. Polwhele I know not; but I think his stanzas entitled to vindication. The stanzas excepted to, form a sublime piece of poetic painting strictly consonant to nature, and drawn in a style of poesy correspondent with the style of Salvator Rosa in painting. Mr. Polwhele's meaning is forcible and clear; insomuch that I not only comprehend but behold it. I see the forest-steep, the stream bordering its base, and the narrow intervening level filled with trees and underwood! Furious gusts setting directly against the slope, impel the saplings, and the underwood to "lash" it: the foliage, separated from the boughs by the violence, descends into the bourne, and, mixing with the aqueous foam therein, "shrinks" into the interstices of the

banks. The application of the verb 'lash' to the action of the trees influenced by the wind, is perfectly familiar in sylvan life." This much and more also said the "Southern Faunist." Qu. who is he? Many of his papers are very amusing. He is evidently a Botanist; and, indeed, possest of various information. Having nothing to spin out of my own brain, you see, I fall to copying. In fact I am in the habit of writing so much in the way of our profession, in pleading, conveyances, &c. that I absolutely write as if I were to be paid per sheet, so that I may be said to draw, rather than compose or compile a letter. However this be, still patience and meekness are truly Christian virtues, and perhaps you ought to be as much obliged to such of your friends as compel you to exercise those virtues, as your predecessors, the martyrs of Holy Church, gloried in suffering other persecutions.

Dear Sir, most faithfully yours,

JOHN JONES.

MAJOR DREWE *to* R. P.

Exeter, 1792.

Where, my friend, is your Simonides? Doubtless, it is equal to your other juvenile performance. "The Rape of Claudian" which you have inserted among other good things.

* * * * * * *

Yours, &c. E. D.

From the pointedness of its satire, it was, doubtless, superior in the Major's estimation. And here it is

"With all its imperfections on its head."

The ORIGIN OF WOMEN. *Imitated from the Greek of Simonides. A School Exercise.*

When sovereign Jove the female race design'd,
He cast in different moulds each different mind,
And, as on various substances his eyes
He turn'd, thence bade a strange creation rise.
A *sow* (in sooth it pains me while I sing)
Was the first model of the first made *thing*;
Whose house unswept, with dirt is covered o'er...
Pepetual litters on the greasy floor,
Tables, on which the name of slut to write,
While she, with face unwasht, a sordid wight,
And linen soiled, which hurts the sense of smelling,
Wallows, and fattens, in her nasty dwelling.
A crafty *fox* supplied the model next,
And well the comment answer'd to the text:
Of wondrous cunning, and all piercing view,
Both good and evil equally she knew.
Women thus formed, are often very devils,
Decent at times, and necessary evils,
One hour are passing cold, then passing hot,
And numerous are the tricks they boast, God wot!
A *bitch*, (the truth I cannot but display)
Railing and barking, brought the next to day;
Nor to her type disgraceful was the fair,
Curious to see, and curious still to hear;
Darting her glances quick, and shifting round,
With wandering footsteps traversing the ground,

And yelping, though she sees no mortal nigh,
What power alas! her ceaseless tongue can tie?
Threats she contemns, nor heeds the offer'd bone;
In vain you dash her teeth out with a stone:
In vain you lift the whip, in vain you flatter,
In presence of your guests, she still must chatter.
Skill'd a perpetual larum to excite,
Growl at the Sun, and bay the Moon by night!
Formed from a *lump of earth*, another came,
And the gods cursed an husband with the dame.
Women like her, are heavy, stupid, slow;
Nothing they know, nor ever wish to know.
Give black for white, they see not the deceit,
Nor understand one office—but to eat;
And when keen wintry frosts the field attire,
To shiver, draw the chair, and hug the fire.
Another, lo! from the *salt deep* ascends,
Whom Laughter now, and pleasing Mirth attends:
A stranger seeing her, would swear her face,
Her manners deckt by every gentler grace;
That none in elegance could her exceed,
Her mind, a sweet parterre without a weed.
Let but one hour elapse, this fair so mild
Approach you dare not—she is frantic, wild;
You turn your eyes away and shun the sight,
And feelingly exclaim, gods! what a sprite!
Robb'd of her young, a tigress thus would rage,
Her vixen passion heeds nor youth, nor age,
Nor friends, nor foes;—most like her parent deep,
On which the lingering winds now seem to sleep,
Clad in its summer vest, while, every smart
Forgotten, joy inspires the sailor's heart:
But, on a sudden, vengeful storms arise,
And lift its mountain billows to the skies.
Creating yet, Jove saw before him pass
A sack of ashes on a *loaded ass*.
Hence he composed a dame, who stood stock still,
No words could make her move against her will;

But strong necessity, at length impell'd,
The patient-bearing drudge no more rebell'd;
She toil'd and labour'd like an errant slave,
Obey'd her lord, and did the work he gave.
Meanwhile, by stealth, her stomach claims her care,
On any food she dines, and any where;
Eats or by day, or night, or as she can,
Roasts a potatoe, claps a sop i'the pan.
A meagre *weasel* struck his godship's mind,
Who a sad discontented wretch design'd;
Nothing to her is beauteous, nothing gay,
She sees December 'midst the radiant May.
For her, alas! not love itself hath charms,
She pines and frets e'en in her husband's arms;
Filches her neighbour's fame, spoils all their meetings,
And every dish of tea with scandal sweetens.
Now from a *mare*, high-mettled, prancing, young,
With loose and flowing mane, another sprung.
No servile deeds for her, the haughty elf!
To make a pudding! Oh! 'twere death itself.
Plain-work! good heaven preserve her aching head!
Were fingers such as her's for plain-work bred?
Freedom she prizes, duty is a joke;
She kicks and winces at the marriage-yoke.
Her dainty person, lo! the important care,
She paints her cheeks, and combs her spreading hair,
With feathers, or with flowers, her head adorning,
And at her toilette wastes the hours of morning;
Views in a pocket glass her face, or neck,
And smiles and wipes off an imagined speck.
Strangers with pleasure mark this buxom bride,
But O! how curs'd is he to whom she's tied;
Unless, indeed, a nabob or a king
Should for a mistress choose so vain a thing!
An *ape* supplied the next creative plan,
And a most loathsome present gave to man.
With wrinkled forehead, and a flatten'd nose
A laugh she raises wheresoe'er she goes.

Her neck is short, she scarce can turn her head;
Her lips cling close, while wide her back is spread.
Oh wretch! who takes this partner to his bed!
Artful and cunning, like her parent, she,
With her obnoxious form her thoughts agree.
Ugly without, and ugly too within,
And if she cannot smile, the fright can grin.
From her a kindness no one ever proves,
For mischief is the diet which she loves.
Jove saw the industrious *inmates of the hive*,
And straight appeared the loveliest dame alive.
Happy the man to whom is thus consign'd
A blameless being both in form and mind;
Happy the house which boasts this spotless fair,
Tranquillity, content, and wealth are there.
She still retains her husband's constant heart;
At both, to late old age, Death wings his dart;
Their grateful offspring weeping o'er the tomb,
Blest with the father's sense, the mother's bloom.
Transcending all the sex, she soars above:
Celestial grace is her's, she breathes celestial love.
She scorns the light and vain: how pure! how chaste!
Virtue is her's, and unaffected taste.
Such, on its favourites, partial heaven bestows;
And rare from partial heaven such bounty flows!

The same to the same.

DEAR POLWHELE, November, 1792.

I am sorry you was prevented dining with me. And I am vex'd at not meeting you this day. Downman was ill; I took the chair for him. Swete will tell you that our society promises to be on a grand basis; no trifling essays. Parr has

followed up my idea of Rome with a pretty compliment to me as his leader, and with much knowledge and a style he does not give himself proper credit for.

With a little dash to the *pro* and *con* I think our poetical work mends in the page of criticism. Suppose we tempt it further by taking out in another volume those threads which are too rough to assimilate with the general texture.

Write to me upon all this. I shall be absent about three weeks; and then I am my friend's for the winter.

Your servant, E. DREWE.

[During Major Drewe's travels, a short time before the date of the preceding, Hole and myself were favoured with some excellent letters from our eccentric friend. I have preserved the following.]

The same to the same.

DEAR P——, London, 1792.

I am waiting here for an old military friend who wants to ramble somewhere with me; his name is Massey, the companion of my battles and the firmest supporter of my fallen cause. He tells me he shall come hither from Ireland as soon as he can, so I have not time to come down to you at present; for not to meet him here after a ten years' absence would be a violation of all that friend-

ship, heightened by absence, requires from the generous mind. I can only tell you that I possess an American paper of 1783, advertising a third edition of my letter to a young soldier, price a dollar; which, after a very good analysis of the contents, concludes thus, "It may with confidence be asserted that this is an elegant and most useful composition, hardly to be exceeded in the British language."

I am told, the whole impression was bought up by the rebel army. So I have become a lecture reader on war to the enemies I fought against. What an odd life would mine make!

N. B. I see the names are at length in Dodsley. Surrounded, however, as I shall be by genius, obscurity might be what I ought to court, but there will be no harm in showing that a human butcher could at times humanize himself by the politer arts. E. DREWE.

The same to the same.

MY GOOD FRIEND, Sacheron, near Geneva, Sept. 3.

You mentioned that a line from abroad would not be unacceptable to you. I should have written to you before, but have been almost incessantly on the move, giving but little respite for necessary refreshment. I passed through France with danger and difficulty; and since that I have visited the glaciers of Italy, made a complete tour of Switzerland, and that part of Germany which lies through the Black Forest from Constance to Ba-

sil, and am now on the point of visiting Italy in earnest, crossing the Alps at Mount Cenis. You expect a description, but a whole ream of paper would not be sufficient to contain it. I have given Hole some slight sketch of my route with a few observations on the Alps in general, which I begged he would shew you. But where the features are simple, as in lakes or mountains, it is very difficult to convey to any one's idea the striking points in which the resemblance differs. I attempted this once in a description of the lake of Killarney. I scarcely satisfied myself, and did not convey any adequate ideas to my friends. I shall only add to these remarks, that I can easily suppose a learned man in Cornwall, or whom you please, to trace on a map with tolerable accuracy the marches of Parma and Spinola in a country perfectly level; but how he can accomplish the task of delineating the march of Hannibal through the highest Alps baffles my conjecture; and though I may read the work with pleasure, yet I believe Hannibal, could he peruse it, would treat your ingenious friend as he did the Sophist who read him a lecture on war—receive it with loud peals of laughter. The place I now write from is a grand caravansera, filled with English unwhipped school-boys, who are so noisy I scarce know what I write, so I must content myself with a few cursory observations. Your Theocritus came into my memory as I passed through the country of the Grisons; the cheese country, shepherds and shepherdesses in straw hats adorned with rib-

bons and braided locks, &c; but the men had universally beards; and the women, with the garment which is to cover unto the feet tucked as high as the arm pits, resembled Ouran Outangs in a progressive state :. this display of limb shows great honesty, as in an unarmed state you see the limbs you cheapen for. A more delicate proof of honesty is to be found amongst the ladies who form clubs of those of equal age, called the 16, the 25, nay, the 35 and 40 clubs. Our ladies will doubt the existence of these clubs, because they doubt the existence of such an æra in life; from 25 to 50 being the long and *mirabilis annus* of an English spinster. This great country is amazingly populous, and Switzerland is so overpeopled and so wanting in manufactures that the surplus is hired out to war. If countries overpeopled expend the surplus by the bloody merchandise of foreign wars, bachelors there deserve premiums not taxes, laurels not taunts; civic crowns for having preserved the citizen by not giving him existence to lose—one use for a bachelor: bachelors also serve to restore the balance of a near relation's fortune, frittered away amongst too many children: bachelors therefore have their use, acting on the constitution of the public as a preventative and a restorative.

You will be surprised at my visiting Zurich without seeing Lavater, but quacks and conjurors are not in my travelling list. Socrates, confessing the vices attributed to him by the physiognomist of Athens, and saying he had cured them by phi-

losophy, paid an elegant compliment to his favourite pursuit, though at the expence of truth; however Zurich gave birth to a train of ideas which you may think fantastic as Lavater, in the latter end, though founded on some solidity at its birth. The town house of Zurich is adorned on the outside with the busts of Grecian heroes; by their side those of heroes less known, with rough faces, and rougher names, whose language excludes all wish in their historians to celebrate them. But why has not the resemblance between the Swiss and the Greeks engaged more of literary attention? Both nations occupied a small space of Europe, divided into communities, separate in government, but bound to assist the common cause. Their Diet at Friburg resembled the wise Council of the Amphyctions. Both inhabited a country of lakes, mountains, and strong passes, surrounded alike by powerful and jealous enemies, Macedon and Persia, Austria and Burgundy. The one was invaded by Xerxes, and winning battles over superior numbers at Thermopylæ and Marathon: the other by Burgundy, and gaining no less distinguished honour at Morat and at Nancy. These victories, in great measure, were owing to the same causes, the rashness of the assailants, and a choice of posts in the defendants; for whatever may be said in favour of Grecian discipline, though they knew the advantage of moving in contact from the days of Ajax, and had a judicious eye as to ground; yet that point of tactics, which like a snake evolves an army

into every various form which exigencies require, without losing its strength or continuity, hence called evolution, was reserved for the skill of Epaminondas. No traces of the Grecian victories are to be found in the records of Persia: in those of Burgundy the Swiss victories are treated slightly, and I remember a small history of France with no other elision than the entire campaigns of Marlborough. The petty divisions of the Swiss, when released from a foreign enemy, have sunk almost indeed into oblivion; whilst the vigour of Thucydides has embalmed those of Greece in their immortal language, and given to petty contests, where the loss of one thousand men at Leuctra ruined their most powerful commonwealth, the dignified name of the Peloponnesian war. A more fanciful mind may carry the parallel further. The Catholic states of Lucerne and Friburg may be compared to those of Elis and Delphi, who preserved all the antient ceremonies of their deities, which the more polished states had in some measure cast aside here; Geneva, rich in goldsmiths' work and jewellery may be Corinth; Zurich, first in rank and state, may be Athens; it also boasts its statuary. Athens mixed the statues of their citizens with those of the gods; Zurich also has fountains adorned with statues of the four seasons; Spring and Autumn represented by Flora and Bacchus, Summer and Winter by a Swiss husbandman in his large breeches, and a venerable magistrate in his fur robes. Berne, situated inland, deprived of the resources of lakes and rivers, powerful,

warlike, and ambitious, of course must represent Sparta; but, alas! I could find no law that admitted amongst its military virtues the *honourable* practice of thievery!

I have, in my journal, some more trash of the sort; therefore, perhaps, you are not sorry that my paper, not my perseverance, is nearly at an end. I beg my very best respects to Mrs. P.

The same to the same.

DEAR POLWHELE,

There is a point where the proud waves of the sea must be stopped, and where must cease the peregrinations of a wanderer. Naples then has been the high water of my travelling tide, and I am now on my ebb as far as Rome. At the sound of mighty Rome your eyes doubtless catch the enthusiastic fire, and your expectations beat high; what will you say when I tell you I shall leave it in two days for Florence, after spending little more than three weeks in it, though I have read that it requires three months, nay years, to see it properly; but is it proper to see every thing in Rome: Rome, like other fine places, with many fine things, has much of duplicate in the statues and pictures, much of trash and trinket under the name of private collection, and which are much too minute; for one wishes to see Art on its largest and most impressive scale. The arabesques, frescos, inscriptions, basso relievos,

&c. are copied into books, and may be perused with more comfort by one's fire side at home, than in their original mutilated state. There are people who live daily by shewing these things, and whose interest it is to detain you long amongst them. Many people come, ignorant of history; all must be shewn to them; much time is lost in visiting those who care not for you. People suffer themselves to be dragged from the capitol to see a solitary Cameo, or from a moon-light walk in the Colliseo, to a Conversazione, well defined by Moore to be a place without conversation. Men of this sort must blame themselves if they waste much time in not seeing Rome, and content themselves with having seen the Italians, who have as little connection with the idea of Rome in a classic sense, as the Arabs have with Palmyra, because they hut amidst its ruins. I have seen all worth seeing in Rome, and much more; and I will give you its fair outline. Rome is a cabinet of rarities contained in a very plain case; the town, literally poor and dirty, yet appears splendid in prints; *e. g.*—the Piazza del Populo in these presents three streets, as broad as Oxford Road, but each street is miserably narrow. The Pantheon appears in a noble square; but it stands in a wretched market-place, surrounded with filth and wretchedness. The Palaces are outside without architecture, with grated windows, and appear like hospitals and prisons. Almost all the great ruins stand, luckily for them, out of the present town to wonderful advantage; nay, St. Peter's

itself, though of modern date, seems to have skulk'd away, in hopes of a better situation. The exaggerations of travellers bring to disappointment many an industrious man who would have been of some use in his native land; and having heard that after a view of Rome, all other things hide their diminished heads, every honest man must declare, that on the view of the external of Rome, he felt himself woefully disappointed. In the internal is blended all that taste and majesty can produce. No casts can give any idea of the statues, or copies of the pictures. In some palaces, tapestry, damask, and other silk are held as nought; all is gold, marble and Mosaic; and the churches are so gorgeously arrayed, that the mind is almost surfeited with splendor; such is the strong contrast that modern Rome presents.

I have seen in all its parts St. Peter's. It swells on all sides, by visiting it minutely. I do not think the smallness of its first appearance on entering arises from proportion; but that you see the whole at once; so the eye that is used to multiply into a nave, choir, and chapel, our Gothic churches, finds its expectations end too quickly, by seeing at once the termination of the building. The outer effect is far inferior to St. Paul's, notwithstanding the advantage of its magnificent colonnade; within, it is all fresh and glorious, and is a canopy under which even Angels might repose, and lose little of their celestial glory. Perhaps

> The lengthened isles and windows dight
> Shedding a dim religious light,

which we have in our churches, York particularly, might better suit their dignified solemnity. I have had the Pope's benediction in it, and been sprinkled with holy water.

The paper draws short—one word of Italy. Whether it ever was the garden of the world, or may now be made so, I am sure it is not so at present, and is exceeded by most parts of France. The Romans described the best situations their country admitted of, as I mean to prove from Anxur, &c. We have fancied them the best in the world; perhaps I saw the Tropics first, which, as England is the granary, are really the paradise of the globe. Orange, myrtle, and pomegranate groves sound well, because they are exotic; but most of the *Campania felice* is calcined, and white as ashes; and not a blade of grass clothes the hill that surrounds the gorgeous bay of Naples. All these things I hope to explain to you more fully over our fire-side in the winter, of which we have here no approach; as I yesterday saw a party dining *al fresco* on a cold collation, on a bank covered with daisies under the mausoleum of the wife of Crassus.

* * * * * * *

Yours ever, E. D.

DEAR POLWHELE, Exeter, 1792.

Herewith accept the "Wasp Petition," and the "Punning Will." If in any miscellany you may think these papers worthy of a place, they are at your service.

Ever yours, E. DREWE.

To the PRINTER *of the St. James's Chronicle. Written in* 1769.

SIR,

As the rage of petitioning every day increases, it would appear unpardonable, if so antient and respectable a town as this of Gotham should omit joining in the cry. But it would be equally unpardonable (since we have hitherto been remarkable for the singularity of our proceedings) should we urge the same hackneyed grievances which half the nation have already complained of, and not rather strike out some new grievance, sufficiently original, whereon to build a petition consistent with the antient oddity of our conduct. An opportunity has, at length, presented itself, which we have eagerly embraced.

A paragraph lately appeared in the London Chronicle, complaining of the great damage done to the kingdom in general by Wasps; and as the parish of Gotham has by no means been less a sufferer than other parishes, and has severely felt the devastations of these dreadful insects, the

Committee of Grievances and Apprehensions established in this town have thought this nuisance sufficient ground-work for erecting the following petition:. But as we are willing that it should be correct, and as free from exceptionable passages as possible before it meets the royal ear, we beg leave, through your paper, to lay it before the publick; entreating it to deal candidly by us; and in return, through the same vehicle, convey us any strictures either on the sense or language, that though last, it may not be least, and appear every way equal to the credit and singularity of Gotham.

We are, Sir, your most humble servants,

GOTHAMATICI *.

The Petition of the Committee of Grievances and Apprehensions, at Gotham.

TO THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,

We, your true and loyal subjects, Members of the Committee of Grievances and Apprehensions, at Gotham, impressed with a due sense of your Majesty's goodness and humanity, in redressing the grievances, and quieting the doleful apprehensions of your people, presume to throw ourselves at your royal feet, relying on that justice to

* There is much humour in this letter. The number of Addresses and Petitions in 1769 is almost incredible. See Dodsley's Annual Register.

right our complaints, which has hitherto so distinguishingly marked your conduct.

It is with the deepest concern, and most lamentable anxiety of heart, that we are under the miserable necessity of adding to the numberless grievances which have been already complained of; yet a grievance tending to disfigure the faces of your Majesty's loyal subjects, will not be thought unworthy of royal redress.

Be it known then to your Majesty, that this, our parish of Gotham, has been lately punished with a plague scarcely inferior to an Egyptian; the instrument of vengeance being an insect with a deadly pestiferous sting, commonly called a Wasp. And that these Wasps do greatly annoy your Majesty's loyal subjects, by disfiguring their faces, hands, and other uncovered parts of their bodies, by raising numerous boils, and pestilential blotches with their spears.

And whereas, we have tried every method to destroy these, the enemies of your Majesty and people, with clay, sulphur, straw, and other such instruments of destruction, without having been able by any of these means to remove this grievance; and are, moreover, under the most doleful apprehensions, lest the increase of these Wasps should be further detrimental to the beauty of your Majesty's faithful subjects; and having from frequent observation, remarked that these your Majesty's enemies are chiefly resident in fruit-gardens, apple-orchards, corn-fields, meadows, and other such places of shelter; we your Majesty's loyal sub-

jects, nothing doubting your love for your people, and anxiety to redress any further grievance, and quiet every doleful apprehension, presume to make the following humble request.

That your Majesty, out of your gracious will and pleasure, and to promote the convenience and happiness of the realm in general, as well as of this our parish of Gotham, would be pleased to order the immediate destruction of all * fruit-gardens, apple-orchards, corn-fields, meadows, and other such detrimental conveniences, as may in any sort afford shelter to these your Majesty's enemies.

And we, moreover, think it highly necessary, that your Majesty out of your great goodness would be pleased to station detachments from the Militia appointed for the defence of these your Majesty's realms, headed by gallant and able officers, in such parts of your dominions as are most infested with Wasps, as well as in this our parish, who may prevent the increase of these your Majesty's enemies, and be in some measure useful, by destroying with fire and sword these pestiferous insects, to the quieting of the grievances, and removing the doleful apprehensions, of your Majesty's faithful subjects.

And your petitioners shall ever pray †.

* Dissolve the Parliament, *i. e.* prop the constitution by striking off one of its greatest pillars. Well done John Bull!

† The year 1769 had been remarkable for Wasps.—So has been the year 1823.—A shilling was offered by a gentleman who resides near Truro, for every Wasp's nest destroyed by the labourers on his farm; and he was astonished to find the claims upon his purse amounting to more than seven pounds.

Major DREWE *to Captain* C. *in ridicule of Lieutenant* R. *a notorious punster.*

SIR,

Lieut. R. of punning memory, is lately deceased, and as he has made you his executor, I hereby transmit you his will. Sometime before his death, being seized with a sudden qualm of conscience, which neither his vivacity nor the reflections on the many excellent improvements he had made in the art of punning could alleviate, he sent for a lawyer, who being seated, with all his implements ready, our friend began in his usual style, thus: "As my opinion is *well founded*, that as I am not *well*, I shall be *found dead*. And, as I have *slighted* that *Gospel* which, when a boy, with my *slight head* I used to *go spell*; for which I fear that my *soul* will *flounder* in Erebus; and that it will *plaice God* to *goad* me with his *displeasure*, unless my *dice* I *play sure*, and am *willing* to trust my *Will in* your hands—I desire, Mr. *Morgan*, as you wish for *more gain*, that you will write without preamble what I shall *dictate*; and I will beg as a witness my friend *Dick Tate*. *Ha Dick?*" Here our friend was stopped from proceeding by an immoderate fit of laughing, which was occasioned by his finding a wonderful analogy between the question *Ha Dick?* and the name of a sea fish called an *haddick*; but after some minutes, having been recovered by the strength of cordials, and Morgan having resumed his pen, he went on as follows: "Item, I give and bequeath to my

friend the *Honey Muse*, Captain *Gall*, who, because he is *musicall*, a *Muse I call*, all my *musick*, *hoping* it will not make his *Muse sick*, but set him an *hopping*." Here the Attorney stopped short, amazed at the strangeness of the language; but our friend, with a smile of self exultation that diffused an additional glow over his countenance, asked him, if he did not take him *? and then triumphantly proceeded to point out the similarity between *Honey* and *Gall*, *musicall* and *Muse I call*, *hoping* and *hopping*; but on the quill-driver's instantly confessing his own want of apprehension, thus resumed his discourse: "Item, I give and bequeath to the *Lieutenants* of the 35th regiment all my *real* estate, that they may be worth a *real*, and *really* have something to *rely* on, and no longer be obliged to *live tenant*.

And as in this worldly *lottery* I have had a *lot awry*, *as we go* I beg to speak a word about *Oswego*, where I made an *Epaulment* †, that did terribly *appall men*—Ha, ha, ha, haugh, haugh." Here he fell into a second fit of laughing, from which in about an hour's time he might probably have recovered, had he not unluckily, as he pronounced the sounds *ha, ha*, recollected that the graves resembled in shape that modern ditch called an *Ha, Ha*: his fit returned with redoubled violence, and he expired in about ten minutes laughing violently,

* A common expression of our hero's.

† He used to boast of a slight fortification he had erected when on detachment at Oswego.

and by starts exclaiming, "grave, ditch, admirable, and ha, ha."

Thus fell, as he lived, W. R. He was by far the greatest punster of his age. And having arrived at that matchless perfection in punning, the art of being entirely incomprehensible to all inferior wits, he fell like the Theban in the midst of victory, triumphing over taste, common sense, and the purity of the English language.

Mr. Morgan, who (like all who had ever approached this prodigy of punning) had caught some little of the celestial fire of his patron, ordered him to be buried *decently*, that he might *decent lie*, and the following *grave* epitaph to be *engraved* on his *grave* stone.

EPITAPH.

Here R——y lies. In Punning quaint and witty,
Whom *Mors* has laid in tomb, the *more's* the pity.
From earth, this man so *punnish*, and so clever,
Mors, men to *punish*, took away for ever.
Yet wail him not; again your R——y view;
Rejoice, ye Punsters; R——y lives in Drewe.

Mr. TEMPLE *to* R. P. *relative to the "Cornwall Library."*

SIR, St. Gluvias, January 15, 1793.

I am much obliged to you for your remarks, and hope soon to be favoured with the hints you promise us. The committee will avail themselves

of your polite offer with regard to the purchase of books. You shall have a list of what we have got, and of what we intend to purchase. Your recommendation of any particular books will also be attended to. I thought the inclosed pamphlet might be of use in promoting the success of the Library among the Clergy, and in discouraging the pernicious opinions that are so industriously circulated.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

W. J. TEMPLE *.

A. B. *to Dr.* DOWNMAN.

SIR, London, Feb. 14, 1793.

As I was reading the paper a few evenings since at the Turk's-head Coffee-house, my attention was taken up by the conversation of two gentlemen in the adjoining box, upon the subject of literary publications. After mentioning the works of several authors, one of them said, "I see the Monthly Review gives a great character to some plays of Downman's of Exeter." "Does it?" said the other—"have you met with them yourself?" "No." "If you do, kick them out of

* The author of that memoir of Gray which Johnson and Mason unite in praising. He is the author, also, of a volume of Essays, and of a little pamphlet on Jacobinism, noticed in the above letter. Resident afterwards at Manaccan in the neighbourhood of St. Gluvias, I lost no time in cultivating Mr. Temple's acquaintance.

your way, or ********* with them; for **** me, if ever the man wrote a line of poetry in his life. There are a parcel of mud-headed fellows down in that country, who write the **** things ever were read, which they have the impudence to call poems. There is a little spitting toad of a parson, and a blustering son of Mars, who write and review their own nonsense. Downman and several of them have got hold of Williams, and they are likewise intimate with that old Scotch son of a **** in Fleet-street; but their career is almost over. A new society of Reviewers will soon make their appearance, and will lay all their impositions before the publick. I intend giving them a lash or two on reviewing their own works. There is one devilish clever fellow, however, among them, who has more genius and understanding than all the rest put together—I mean Kendal. He is the son of an architect at Exeter. Take out him and Polwhele, and the others are only fit to be ***** upon."—Here I was called out of the room, by a friend, on business. I do not recollect having ever seen either of these gentlemen before. One of them was a thin man, of a pale complexion, about forty. The other, who seemed to condemn every thing without mercy, was a set fat man *, of a dark complexion, who appeared to be five or six and fifty, or more. He swore most abominably. Understanding you to be a man of character in your

* Dr. Wolcot.

profession, and having received some pleasure in reading your poem on Infancy, I think it proper to put you on your guard, though I can scarcely think that any author of reputation can condescend to such a pitiful meanness, as this gentleman asserted.

Yours, &c. A. B.

J. W. *to* R. P.

My Dear Sir, Thursday, Feb. 14, 1793.

It was with great pain that I heard of a mournful event which has happened in your family. I feel very keenly for you. I feel also for those that are too young yet to know the extent of their loss. May Religion, my dear Sir, be your support under a calamity which nothing but Religion can support! May you feel that ray of Heaven darting into your soul to cheer you in this gloomy hour, and to make you live for the sake of the present and the rising generation.

If any thing could soften the severity of such a dispensation, I should comfort myself with the report, that you are now come to Truro in order to settle there. If this is true, I shall be glad of it. I have long wished you to be in this neighbourhood, for both our sakes. Men of congenial minds, and partly of congenial studies, studious of letters, fond of writing, and always writing in order to publish, should be near to each other. And, so near as Truro and Ruan, the two candles will often mingle lights, and burn each the brighter.

I beg, my dear Sir, to hear from you by my man, to hear how you are, and to know how you mean to settle yourself. I take a lively interest in your fortunes, and remain with Mrs. W.'s compliments, my dear Sir, your affectionate friend,

JOHN WHITAKER.

Lines on the Death of Mrs. P. by Dr. Downman.

Could magic verse recal the fleeted breath,
The lyre, sweet warbling, charm the ear of Death,
Thy husband, tuning his Orphean strain,
Might lure thee to the bower of Love again.
But thou, chaste soul! for highest bliss designed,
He knows, art present with the eternal mind.
Hence, doomed to silence, sleeps his harp unstrung,
Controul'd each thought sublime, and mute his tongue.
Why join the sainted spirit to its clod?
Why sever the pure essence from its God?

Dr. DOWNMAN *to* R. P.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Exeter, Feb. 16, 1793.

Without entering on your feelings, or mine for you, which can be better conceived than expressed, I have paid some attention to your affairs, though perhaps not all that I ought. I have sent six copies of your sermon to the Bishop, with a letter explanatory of circumstances; this I thought essentially necessary. One copy in confidence I gave to A. D. Moore, who expresses himself much pleased with it both as to sentiments and composition.

You have determined very rightly to come here; had there been occasion, I should have inculcated it by every means in my power; not on my own account, for the pleasure of your society I could give up for your advantage, but because I am convinced you ought not to hide yourself in Cornwall; and because your duty to the public and your own honour require that you should finish your work. I am glad indeed, however troublesome, you have that work on your hands; it will shorten the tediousness, fill up the vacuity of time, and in some degree abstract your thoughts, if not amuse. Resignation I know you have; comfort and satisfaction can only proceed from the *longa dies*, and a superior power. You shall have a bed, and a room where no mixed company shall intrude on you. Let me know when you intend to come. Suffer me on this occasion to say to you, that I truly value your worth, and, independent of literary or mental qualifications, that goodness of heart which alone could ever command my friendship. My wife joins in the most affectionate good wishes, with yours, most sincerely, H. DOWNMAN.

Bishop BULLER *to Dr.* DOWNMAN.

DEAR SIR, Lower Grosvenor-street, Feb. 22, 1793.

I have read Mr. Polwhele's sermon, which was sent to me by your direction with great pleasure, as the work of a man of parts and learning, writ-

ten with great animation, and well calculated to do good in the present times, when we are unhappily obliged to engage in that bad thing, war, and to fight with desperate madmen. It is to be feared that this country has some enemies within its own bosom, but I flatter myself that we shall be benefactors to the world by bearing a principal part in stemming the torrent of French anarchy, and surely nothing can be more adverse to the liberty of mankind than the present state of that country.

The author's dedication is very kind to one who knows himself well enough to think he has no claim to be so distinguished, but who will make the best use of the benevolence and partiality of his countrymen, by bearing it constantly in his mind, and endeavouring to make himself more worthy of such favour. My wife and family join in best compliments to yourself and Mrs. Downman. I am, dear Sir, your most obedient and faithful humble servant,

WILLIAM EXETER.

The Rev. Prebendary SWETE *to* R. P.

MY DEAR SIR, Oxton-house, Feb. 24, 1793.

I received great pleasure in the communication of your health, and returning calmness of mind? The detail of business in your letter gave confirmation to your expressions, and I rejoice (as doth

Mrs. S.) that the poignancy of your distress hath begun to feel some abatement! To find your spirits somewhat revived, and your thoughts at intervals collected, is as much as your most sanguine friends can have any present expectation of; to time only, the great comforter, we must leave the *summum mali remedium*, but even this may be assisted; we may accelerate the cure; and I am very happy to learn that you are disposed to adopt the plan which hath a likely tendency to give you the readiest aid. A mind in distress should have no leisure to ponder on its sorrows; it should be fully occupied, it matters not with what, so that it be interesting; it should assume some engagements, and be *totus in illis*. Your returning to us, and plunging deeply into your History (that great work, which, if it brings you not emolument, though I trust it will not in this point be defective, will give you fame, and erect for you a monument "*ære perennius*,") will I doubt not be found the happiest expedient. As to your continuance in the curacy of Kenton, and your fixing yourself; of these, and other similar matters I would dismiss all thoughts during your stay in Cornwall, and leave them to be determined when you are again amongst us. I have been to day much shocked, having learnt (after morning service) from Mrs. Cooke, that our friend Drewe had been taken off by a fit of epilepsy. At the Society (Thursday se'nnight) he struck me as being astonishingly altered; he imputed the change in

his appearance to a bad cold, which had confined him for some weeks. After he had left us, however (and he took himself off very early), Downman, Hole, and others, coincided in the opinion, that his looks were 'ominous,' and that they foreboded an early dissolution. He was, poor fellow! remarkably captious with ——, and being sulky at our denying him a patient ear, expressed himself in some such manner aside to the President, and quitted us rather abruptly.

* * * * * * * *

Yours very affectionately, JOHN SWETE.

C. T. *to* R. P.

MY DEAR SIR, Ashill, 1793.

It has been remarked by Paley, with much truth, though with little elegance, that "Man is a bundle of habits." I find it by experience; and amongst the habits of which I am composed, there is a very evil one of procrastination; especially with respect to circumstances of a disagreeable nature. What it gives me pain to perform, I am always ready to postpone; and this, my dear friend, must account to you, if not apologize for my long silence respecting that severe trial with which it has pleased God to visit you. It is our comfort to know that we are in his hands; but the steady recollection of this great truth is too apt to forsake us when we need it most.

Every thing that can offer itself to a reflecting mind upon such an occasion, has, I doubt not, engaged your thoughts. It would therefore be idle and impertinent to intrude upon you with topics of consolation, the strength and the weakness of which you have already experienced. Permit me, however, whilst I assure you of my sincerest sympathy, to mention an observation of Bishop Newton, when he had suffered a similar loss; which is, that he was engaged at the time in writing his dissertations; "and happy" (he says) it was for him; for in any affliction he never found a better or more effectual remedy than plunging deep into study, and fixing his thoughts as intensely as he possibly could upon other subjects."

I hope your great work goes on successfully, and I heartily wish you health and patience to complete it.

A venerable old gentleman has just put into my hands no less than three MSS. which he has thoughts of committing to the press. One is an exposition of the Apocalypse, and the other two are on such abstruse subjects that they surpass my comprehension. But to the author it is all as clear as the light.

I am, dear Sir, with affectionate regard, very sincerely yours, C. T.

CHAPTER VI.

SECTION I.

Residence in Exeter.

"Philosophy, with the aid of Religion, soon reconciled Mr. P. to the loss of his wife;" and at Exeter, pitching his tent near his Paul-street friends (Downman and Jones), he resumed his History *.

SECTION II.

Letters from Mr. Jones, the Bishop of Cork, &c. &c.

Epistle to Archdeacon MOORE.

Gandy's-lane, Exeter, 1793.

O with what cordial pleasure, to refresh
The drooping spirit, my venerable friend!
I ponder over "the sweet hour of prime,"
When to my trembling Muse thy smile vouchsafed

* See Public Characters, p. 268.

The gracious aid, and bade me far aspire
Above the vulgar flight of new-fledg'd bards*;
What time along the banks of Fal† I traced
My steps beside thee, and its various scene—
Creek after creek unfolding to the view,
Described—familiar to my boyish days.
'Twas then, two other reverend priests, whose age
Had with assiduous care my rising youth
Screen'd from corruption, to thy cultur'd mind
Look'd for rich stores of intellectual worth;
And I, the young aspirer, now from *one*,
Now from *another*, seem'd to catch the words
Of Wisdom!—Pleasant as the spicy breath
Of Hadramut—O pleasant as the rose
Of Sharon, were those moments!—They are gone!
But they have left a fragrance to restore
My fainting soul, e'en now, to life and light,
Tho' widow'd sorrow, to the pathless wild,
Point thro' pale gloom my solitary way.
Yet, had not still thine hand sustain'd thy voice,
Still cheer'd me, I had sunk, long since, a prey
To calumny. Full oft an envious imp
Assail'd me, but his impotence, by thee
Repell'd—a specious bubble, disappear'd.
And thine, united with a DOWNMAN'S praise,
Bade o'er the historic chaplet (guerdon fair
Of patient toil) the wreath of poesy
With livelier tincture—brighter lustre bloom‡.

* Such was his encouraging voice. But then there was no Campbell, no Southey, no Coleridge.

† At his Truro Visitation.

‡ The above Epistle to Archdeacon Moore was an effusion of gratitude, in consequence of his truly paternal attentions after my wife's death. I soon left Truro, hastening to Exeter, in order to superintend the press at Trewman's. There I enjoyed the society of my old friends; in addition to whom, the benevolent Dr. Harvey, who lived opposite to my lodgings in Gandy's-lane, must not be forgotten. But I had lost Major Drewe!—In

J. JONES *to* R. P.

DEAR SIR, Temple, Saturday-night, 1793.

On the next leaf you have such an account of Athelstan, and of that King's abode in Exeter, as I have been able to collect. My father never found any coins, or other remains of antiquity on this spot. One thing indeed I have forborne to mention; that is, that he found a vault well walled round, and arched over, with a small aperture on the top. The use of this vault is obvious, but it is worthy remark that my father never found but one or two instances of such a convenience in the whole course of his business, in ancient houses, and these were in very respectable mansions. I beg you would not laugh at my vault—Nichols would leap out of his skin for joy, at the acquisition of such a drawing and description as I would make of this venerable cloaca for his Magazine, and I would engage to swell a dissertation upon it to four good columns of his letter-press. It is a circumstance which undoubtedly speaks to the antiquity of the place, though I conclude you will *not* chuse to state it to the publick.

By the merest accident I met with Sir Philip Warwick, after having regularly called at every bookseller's that lay in my walks about town. I have put my name in the book, as I collect every

his genius what bursts of wild originality! It was the very genius to go off in epilepsy!—My friend Sheldon's was equally eccentric, though of a different complexion; and Sheldon died suddenly.

treatise that relates to English History, and shall, in time, form a complete historical library, the only department in literature that I ever mean to sound to its full depth. However, if you shall want it after it has served your purpose for making extracts, by all means keep it. In Warwick's words—"I make you a complete vendition of it;" it is an entertaining book—Hume, I observe, has availed himself of it.

I remain, dear Sir, faithfully yours,

J. JONES.

Mr. Sheldon takes charge of this other book.

P. S. Have you ever seen Dr. Veryard's Travels, printed in folio, London, 1701, with a long title, and dedicated to the "Worshipful Thomas Drew, Esq." brother of an Archdeacon of Cornwall of that name? Copies of this work are very common in Devonshire, from which circumstance, as well as from the dedication, I suspect Veryard to have been an Exeter man. I have met with few books of travels more entertaining or better written. I recollect, from the everlasting repetition of the word "divers," some ladies at a house where I passed a day gave the book the name of *divers*, and during my stay there, their chief amusement consisted in marking a line with a pencil under every "Divers," and I believe their collection amounted to some thousands before they got to the end of the book. All hands were at work in this agreeable employment, and I was consequently excluded from all conversation dur-



A Front View of the Remains of King ATHELSTAN's Palace, *in* Cary Street, EXETER; *now used as a Builder's Store-house: shewing its Entrance as in* 1772, *before it was alter'd & enlarg'd.*

ing the process. I became absolutely irritated, seized Divers, and threw him upon the roof of the house, where he was safely lodged in a lead gutter, and there, I believe, remains to this day.

SPORTIVE LINES, *written, currente calamo, on the Palace of King Athelstan, in possession of* JONES *the Architect, in Corry-lane, now Paul-street, Exeter.*

Say, gentle Jones *! if o'er this town we range,
And view the fleeting owners of its domes;
How sad in all the buildings is the change
From kings to lords, from lords, perchance, to grooms!
Here mighty mansions are made mercers' shops!
There butchers, ancient fabrics to profane,
Beneath a Roman arch sell mutton-chops!
—But let us fix our views to Corry-lane.
" A little tottering house " here " fronts St. Paul's;"
(So Stukeley says or sings) " with niches deckt!"
But lo, no more a crumbling fragment falls,
Awed by the presence of an architect.
In short, this house belong'd to Athelstan,
" A royal palace built with large square stones;"
But now, 'tis fashion'd on a prettier plan,
Possest at length by thee, O gentle Jones!

The Bishop of CORK *to* R. P.

SIR, Dublin, 1793.

I have been favoured with your answer to my letter, and am much obliged to you for the polite sentiments it contains. I fear I shall not be able to find much countenance to your proposals

* Son of the architect, a well-favoured youth, a lad of parts, a patient quill-driver, A.SS.

in this distant country; but I beg you would put down my name among your subscribers — Dr. *Bennet*, Bishop of Cork. I mention the family name, because we change our sees in this country more frequently than you are accustomed in England.

I hope, from your taste and abilities, to see a History of Devonshire well executed: at the same time you must expect to be violently attacked at your first appearance, and will have I trust the good sense to despise all cavils. It is the fate of County Histories more than any others, to meet this treatment. I know Devonshire well enough to know there is much of this spirit in it. One man's place is not said enough of, his neighbour's too much, such a thing contradicts the tradition of one's grandfather, &c. &c.; but you well know this nonsense dies away before a work of real merit, and I trust you will prove it does before yours.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

WM. CORK.

E. S. *to* R. P.

MY DEAR SIR, 1793.

Please to accept my best thanks for the pleasure I received from the favour of your kind letter, which came to this place while I was attending at the Encænia (or, from the behaviour of the young men there, the *Insania,)* at Oxford.



CATA- - RACT,
CHUDLEIGH ROCKS.

published by R. Polwhele, June 11. 1793

* * * * * * *

From the elegant and edifying discourses which you published, I always receive a gratification; and, having adorned my library (or rather small collection of books) with all your present publications, it will be a great object to me to study them.

* * * * * * *

The pieces of poetry contained in your letter deserve our most hearty acknowledgments, and have given me much entertainment; the last, addressed to Miss E. S. is particularly pleasing; and the two others do credit even to Mr. Polwhele himself; though, at the same time (in a high degree), more than justice to the *subject* of them; they are all very picturesque and pathetic.

My daughter, I am sure, will be very happy to find that you have viewed in so favourable a light her infant sketches, or the rude attempts and faint essays with her pencil *, which she made and requested your sanction of.

* * * * * * *

P. S. I have lately been with my daughter to our friends Lord and Lady Hampden, at their seat in Bedfordshire. The mania of the day in those parts seems to be hunting; the prices given for horses in the Duke of Bedford's, Lady Salisbury's, and Lord Melbourne's hunts, are astonishing. Six hunters have been sold, three for £1050; the other three for £1200; and Mr. Whitbread,

* See an Engraving of CHUDLEIGH-ROCK, very inferior to the Drawing.

jun. would not take (and, as I understood, had refused) £1000 for his hunter; and from one to two hundred pounds was said to be the common estimated value of each horse among them; so that one would think there was no want of resources to carry on the war, if it should be necessary.

Yours truly, E. S.

Dr. DOWNMAN *to* R. P.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Exeter, Nov. 16, 1793.

I find you were not at the last meeting, which was very ill attended, only four members being present; two indeed were absent on a melancholy occasion—Mrs. Parr's illness.

I talked with the Bishop a good while about a fortnight ago concerning you; he said many kind things of you, and said he should subscribe five guineas for a small plate, which I suppose he has done, and handsomely apologized for not giving more. Archdeacon Moore has likewise mentioned his calling to pay the subscription of the Chapter at Trewman's, but it was not done, as he had *no receipts*. He said he would *try* the Chapter for a plate, but could not promise success. It is good to be in the memory of such men, and I write to you now to acquaint you that they both interest themselves about your welfare. Mr. Moore has the disposal of the curacy of Exmouth from Mr. Simons, and offers it to you.

He is so kind as to think that with your abilities, style of preaching, &c. you may much increase the profits. If you go there, *by all means call on Mr. Eyre*, and acquaint him with the offer which has been made you, and your intent to accept it.

Coming from the quarter it does, I do not see how it can be refused, without your immediately waiting on both, and giving those satisfactory reasons which determine you against it; and this from the circumstances you will not delay.

I am, in much haste, most sincerely yours,

H. DOWNMAN.

Archdeacon MOORE *to* R. P.

DEAR SIR, 1793.

I had this morning your favour of the 25th, which I have since communicated to my good friend Mr. Simons. He is very much pleased with your acceptance of the curacy, and will write to his friends at Exmouth to do his part in preparing every thing there for your reception upon the footing to which your character and abilities so justly entitled you.

I shall be extremely obliged by the favour of your company. I dine at a quarter before four; but to avoid a disappointment I hope you will call at an earlier hour of the day.

I am, with very sincere respect, and all good wishes, Sir, your faithful humble servant,

GEO. MOORE.

I am under obligations to you, which I am now in too much haste to express.

H. D. *to* R. P.

MY DEAR FRIEND, 1793.

Have you met with Dr. Valpy's "Two Assize Sermons," just published?—Perhaps not. For your amusement, therefore, I have brought together some passages from these Sermons and your Discourses. The coincidencies in sentiment, and even in expression, will surprise you. Yet I by no means accuse the Doctor of plagiarism.

Yours, in haste, H. D.

The parallel passages are as follow:

"That the world is in a state of constant and regular degeneracy (says Dr. Valpy), and that every age is inferior to the preceding in sentiments of virtue, and in religious practice—moralists have established as a principle—the error has become general." Page 2.—"That the world grows worse (says Mr. Polwhele) in proportion as it grows old, hath been a common complaint from the time of Homer to the present day. To the eye of the multitude every new generation of men seems marked with some striking defects before unknown—the criteria of degeneracy, and the presages of ruin. To superficial minds the declension of learning and of virtue appears too plain a fact to be proved by demonstration. But, what is most surprising, the learned and intelligent join the general voice, and industriously proclaim to the disgrace of their contemporaries, the increasing ignorance and viciousness of the times." P. 191.

"To account for this discouraging opinion, it may be observed, that the acts of injustice and iniquity, of which we are the witnesses or the victims, strike us much more forcibly than those of which we only read the effects, imperfectly and partially described." *Valpy*, p. 2.—"The vices which they see are more striking than those which they remember. In vain would they find parallels in the times over which they fondly brood, to match the glaring instances of iniquity that are daily inspiring them

with horror. In their speculation on former times they find nothing to affect their quiet, or endanger their safety. 'Thus, whether the experienced compare their own observations with the records of history, or consider the objects which forcibly strike their senses, in opposition to what they feebly collect from memory, they are ever disposed to think better of their predecessors than their contemporaries." *Polwhele*, p. 195.

"It is difficult to rise so far above the prejudices of education as to reprove the manners of ancient Greece and Rome. From our early youth we have imbibed, in the writers of those celebrated states, an admiration for the heroic deeds which they describe. Our hearts have glowed with the flame of liberty at the contemplation of a Brutus or a Leonidas. Our sensibilities have been awakened by the characters of an Aristides and a Cato; and we have formed higher conceptions of the dignity of human nature from the virtues of a Titus or an Epaminondas." *Valpy*, p. 14.—"But the prejudices of the learned in favour of antiquity disqualify them for a task which others are incapable of undertaking. For his stores of knowledge, the scholar is chiefly indebted to the ancients. From a school-boy he hath been taught to venerate the classic writers as shedding a glory over Greece and Rome. From a child he hath imbibed the pagan morals. To Socrates or to Minos he hath looked up as to splendid examples of philosophical and political wisdom; and he hath regarded the warriors of Marathon or Philippi as the models of heroic virtue. On reviewing classic scenes, he connects with them the years of puerility, when they first were opened to his gay and vivid fancy." *Polwhele*, p. 193.

"On the first inhabitants of the world it is painful to dwell. Without wounding your imagination with the crimes and the fate of the flourishing cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, we may observe, that the truest feature with which the primitive ages can be delineated is, that they displayed vice in all its deformity. Led by the hand of the Almighty, the Jews, it might have been supposed, should have been a pattern of moral virtue; but melancholy is the description of their perfidy and ingratitude.—The history of the Jews presents the most horrible spectacles, and the most bloody catastrophes." *Valpy*, p. 9.—"I shall not go back to the infancy of the world for a view of large and popu-

lous cities, where scarcely any righteous persons were to be found; I shall not mark them abandoned to the most unnatural crimes, and drawing down destruction from on high. Were we only to glance over the history of the Jews, a race selected from the nations as God's peculiar people, we should be sufficiently shocked by every species of barbarity and profligacy. Though under the immediate direction of God, they were incredulous, obstinate, and cruel. They were repeatedly guilty of incest, of fratricide, of parricide; and in their punishments they displayed the most brutal disposition." *Polwhele*, p. 229.

"The Grecian states may be described as a people imperious, gloomy, and perfidious, heedless of the rights of nations, delighting in civil massacre, savage in their warfare, and treating their slaves and prisoners as victims devoted to cruelty. By the consistent cruelty of the laws of Sparta, it was lawful for a parent to destroy a weak or deformed child." *Valpy*, p. 14.—"The best ages of Greece will shrink from a comparison with modern times. The laws of Lycurgus, so repeatedly the theme of oratorical panegyric, are little else than a mass of corruption. They are founded in false and vicious principles. Among a variety of other barbarities, they directed the exposure, and consequently the destruction, of such children as were born too delicate or weak for the military functions of a Spartan." *Polwhele*, p. 233.

"The republic of Athens, the boast of some modern philosophers, was alternately made the scene of the most atrocious tyranny and unbridled anarchy. The conjugal infidelity of the Greeks had become so fashionable, that, in the time of Pericles, almost 5000 Athenian citizens were illegitimate." *Valpy*, p. 16. —"The influence of polite literature on the morals is certainly visible in every community; and the sages and poets of Athens were generally her best moral men. These, however, were comparatively few. The great body of the people were a contaminated mass. Polished as Athens is said to have been, she was very deficient in that pure refinement which includes chastity and delicacy. Her courtezans were her only women of education. They were absolutely the only women who were easily approachable by the other sex, who appeared at public places, who adorned and enlivened society by their polite address and spark-

ling conversation, who presided over the fashions, and influenced the manners." *Polwhele*, p. 237.

"The moral virtues of those civilized nations were, in general, the effect of ostentation; and their religion only proved the weakness of human reason, when it is unassisted by Revelation. Their very deities were represented as giving the sanction of example to all the vices that degrade the human mind. No period of their history exhibits the Romans as a virtuous nation. We are apt to annex the idea of virtue to frugality and austerity, without reflecting, that in particular ages of all nations, they have been imposed by necessity. They can only deserve the name of virtue, when they are found in a rich and flourishing country." *Valpy*, p. 6.—"The Romans seem to have blended the sternness of Spartan fortitude with the grossness of Athenian superstition. It is true, they have plumed themselves on illustrious instances of courage, frugality, and temperance; but these virtues apparently originated in constitutional austerity; in a haughtiness without dignity, a fastidiousness without sentiment. During the republican government, it was natural pride—a loftiness of spirit—an intolerance that brooked not control—which created the patriot and the warrior. Under the emperors these constitutional stamina were gradually enfeebled and destroyed. Literature was not compatible with bravery, nor affluence with sobriety." *Polwhele*, p. 240.

These coincidences, at the same time that they prove a congeniality of mind, confirm the doctrines maintained by both writers; as men may more readily meet in the way of truth, which is one, than in the paths of error, which are various and infinite.

CHAPTER VII.

Section I.

Exmouth, 1794.

"Mr. P. married a daughter of Captain R. Tyrrell, of Starcross, and removed to Exmouth, of which he served the cure *."

This again was a delightful spot. From Exmouth, the views of Powderham and Mamhead †, with the course of the river Exe (to say nothing of the more distant prospect), are beautiful beyond description.

But we had scarcely settled at Exmouth, introduced to Acland, Eyre, and other society of the first respectability, before the good Bishop offered me the vicarage of Manaccan in Cornwall, "not (he said) worthy of my acceptance, but as an earnest for something better."—Its income was scarcely £.80 a year, and its vicarage-house, a cottage. When I thanked his Lordship for a gift thus unsolicited,—"I had no person to thank (he observed) but myself;" and begged that I would continue at Exmouth till I had finished my History ‡.

* Public Characters, p. 275.

† See History of Devon, for plates of Powderham, and Mamhead.

‡ For *History of Devon*, vol. II. see British Critic, December 1794; and *Historical Views*, British Critic, March 1794, &c. &c.

"Polwhele's 'Historical Views,' drew from us, and deserved,

SECTION II.

Letters in 1794.

J. JONES *to* R. P. *Esq.*

MY DEAR SIR, Temple, 1794.

A few days since I bought, at a book-stall, Howel's Familiar Letters, and to save myself the trouble of composing, I will transcribe from him. "Signor Milo, it is now a great while methinks since any act of friendship or other interchangeable offices of love hath passed between us, either by letters or other accustomed ways of correspondence; and as I will not accuse, so I go not about to clear myself in this point; let this long silence be termed, therefore, a cessation rather than neglect on both sides: a bow that lies awhile unbent, and a field that remains fallow for a time, grow never the worse; but afterwards the one sends forth an arrow more strongly, the other yields a better crop being re-cultivated; let this be also verified in us, let our friendship grow more fruitful after this pause, let it be more active for

such commendations as the pen of such a writer will always command."—*Brit. Critic, Pref. to* vol. III.

In Collinson's Somerset, a Biographical Sketch is thus noticed:

"We consider Mr. P.'s Life of Mr. Rack, which has a conspicuous place in this History, as an affectionate tribute to his memory."—*Crit. Rev.* [*Collinson's Somersetshire*] 1793.

the future; you see I begin and "shoot the first shaft."

Accept my unfeigned congratulations on your marriage, and believe that I speak sincerely, when I assure you that every accession of happiness to you affords me great satisfaction. I would, however, rather have had the first intimation of it from any other source than the common prints; but I am not, perhaps, entitled to complain. A bridegroom has little time upon his hands, either to write to his friends, or to visit them. In my letters from St. Paul's I hear nothing of you, and thence conclude that you do not *very often* call upon my family.

I know not where to direct to you, and therefore shall send this to Downman. If you have not altogether forgotten me, pray give me some news of yourself; and if you retain any portion of regard for me, do excuse this awkward way of resuming our correspondence. May I offer my humble ceremonies to Mrs. Polwhele?

Yours ever, J. JONES.

I have seen the Critical, and I am astounded! What do you say to it? You cannot be silent.

R. P. *to* R. G.

My Dear G. April 29, 1794.

I have just been favoured with an interesting letter from our old Ch. Ch. friend B ——. The following extract will amuse you.

* * * * * * *

"O how (says B.) will Boswell envy me! No less than Dr. Johnson's watch is now in my possession! This watch was the regulator you know of the famous literary club; it was made by the very celebrated Mudge (who I have heard was a Devonshire man) on purpose for Dr. Johnson. Mudge's brother or relation published a volume of Sermons, which Johnson spoke well of, and promoted a subscription for them. Mudge the watch-maker was pleased with Johnson's attention to his kinsman, and promised to exert himself in making this watch; and Johnson always expressed himself highly pleased with it. I purchased it of Francis Barber, his black servant, who is now settled at Lichfield, and I am afraid in great want, though his master left him almost all his property. But he has a wife, poor fellow, that brings him both black and white children (alternately); this strange chemical mixture has produced that bitter portion poverty. This is not the Philosopher's stone."

Yours ever, R. P

Dr. Downman *to* R. P.

My Dear Friend, April 29, 1794.

You have here the Epigram applied to *Gibbon's* Portrait, which our learned Archdeacon repeated to us the other day, though not as his own. I believe, however, that it is his own, and that the translation is Major Drewe's.

"Felix qui Satanæ potuisti frangere vires;
Sed quod fecisti, mi Sophe! non satis est.
Dæmonis ut nostrâ de mente recedat imago,
Horribilem vultum, *Gibbone!* tolle tuum."

To sinners, wonderfully civil,
Gibbon declares there is no Devil.
Ah! trust him not! For, if we look
Upon his portrait in his book,
The boldest infidel would swear
He sees the very Devil there.

Yours, &c. H. D.

E. S *to* R. P.

Dear Sir, 1794.

* * * * * * * *

I think your "Historical Views" * have not yet been noticed in the Monthly Review; I am truly concerned that you have been so illiberally treated

* Of "The Historical Views," the most interesting features are perhaps the *Cromlech* and *Dunheved* Castle.—See the *Engravings*.

in the Critical, and, as you conjecture, by a person who only received from you and from others his deserts.

* * * * * * *

By this time, I presume you have crossed the water to your new situation at Exmouth, which I was glad to find you purposed doing, as the curacy was pointed out to you in so handsome and desirable a manner; and which I hope may be the means (if eligible to yourself) of introducing you hereafter into the living, or proving eventually more valuable to you in other respects. The fatigue of duty, likewise, in the parish church of Kenton, was certainly too trying to your constitution; and I conceive, therefore, that the duty at Exmouth will be an immediate advantage both to yourself and your audience. I never read any work of Delaney, not even his life of David; there were some Sermons published on relative duties two or three years ago, advertised as written by the late Dr. Franklin, preacher at a chapel in London, but I have not seen them; but you cannot preach any better discourses than those on moral subjects, which you have already composed, and such as I heard you deliver at Kenton. In my opinion, Tillotson, or the other old divines, can furnish the best groundwork and occasional assistance that may be wished, in framing the most useful and desirable addresses from the pulpit. I hope you will not find a public place too interrupting to you. I cannot say what point of etiquette is expected from the clergyman, but at

Bath I think he usually pays his personal respects to those who write their names in his subscription book. This I fear will be a troublesome ceremony to you; but your well-known studious inclinations and engagements may probably prove a great relief to you in this respect, and be considered as a plea in freeing you from such an attendance (in so high a degree I mean) as another might have been subject to.

* * * * * * *

I know it will give you pleasure to be informed that we continue to find our rural retreat very comfortable. I seem to realize and enjoy your classical allusion,

> " Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno, et inertibus horis
> Ducere solicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ.
> ——— fuge magna; licet sub paupere tecto,
> Reges, et regum vitâ præcurrere amicos.

I am, indeed, so pleased with the spot, that sometimes I almost imagine every thing classical about it but the possessor of it, and flatter myself, if you saw it, you would call it the Sabine Farm—

> Hoc erat in votis;———
> Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons;

These I can shew you, &c. and ought I not then to add (the grand point)—" nihil amplius opto?"

> Cur valle permutem Sabinâ
> Divitias operosiores?
> ——————— tamen
> Curtæ nescio quid semper abest rei.

Let me mention to you two circumstances more respecting my present situation, before I extri-

cate you from the labyrinth of fatigue in which you have involved yourself, by being so good to be pleased with the particulars I have already sent you. In walking around my house, and only at a few yards distance from it, I find I can discern no less number than thirteen churches,—a singular thing I should think attending a place in a vale; but which plainly shews (though the spot is almost inaccessible) that the country itself is not uninhabitable.

Last Saturday died at R. about four miles from hence, Mrs. T. a lady near ninety years of age, mother of General T. late governor of East Florida, and who was said to have brought into the world twenty-seven children, only one of whom is now living, the minister of R.

Since I have written the above my daughter has returned from London, and brings with her the very pleasing intelligence, that a friend informed her in town, that you have lately had a living given you in Cornwall, but she does not know the name of it, nor has heard the value of it; but waiting to be resolved in these points by you, we are happy to present yourself and Mrs. Polwhele with our hearty congratulations on this occasion, which we trust are not premature; and, were we confirmed in this respect by yourself, I should subscribe myself with the greatest satisfaction, dear Sir,

Your most obliged friend and servant, E. S.

E. S. *to* R. P.

DEAR SIR, 1794.

I troubled you with a line some time ago, returning you my best thanks for your interesting letter; and I address you now, as I think I have it my power to present you with a classical treat, and have transcribed for that purpose the annexed pages from a Poem, entitled *Britannia*, composed by the late Lord Hampden, about the year 1761, but never printed till just now by his executors, who have printed seventy copies of it (but no more) in a very handsome folio manner, one volume of which has been presented to his Majesty, and the others given to some publick libraries (Christ Church College I think is one), and to some of his Lordship's surviving particular friends. I trust it will hereafter be presented to the public eye, probably in a smaller size; but as I do not find any determination of the kind likely to be made at present, I thought that the few parts of it which I have transcribed and inclosed for you would not be unacceptable; and these will give you a fair specimen of the work in general, as the *whole composition* runs, in point of merit, as nearly upon an equality as possible. It consists of sixteen or seventeen hundred lines, and is divided into two parts; with it is likewise printed and bound up *Lathmon*, translated by the author of the above Poem, in Latin hexameters, from the English of Macpherson's Ossian; and, moreover, a Latin Lyric Ode, composed by his

Lordship, styled *Villa Bromhamensis*, representing in an elegant manner his mode of life at his seat at Bromham in Bedfordshire; and which is preceded with this motto:

——————— tota
Votivâ veluti patet hìc depicta tabellâ
Vita senis. HORAT.

And the first stanza is thus—

Villulæ laudes, lyra, dic paternæ,
Dum hìc, invitâ comitante musâ,
Lentus umbroso spatior propinqui
Aggere rivi.

Yours sincerely, E. S.

BRITANNIA, *pars prima.*

Hinc celebrare tuas, dîs cara, Britannia, laudes,
Longum opus aggredior. Nec me labor iste gravabit
Ingenitæ Patriæ, percussum pectus amore.
Mite prius cœlum, pluviisq. juvantibus arva,
Humida solstitia. An felices ubere glebas,
Et flavas segetes, atq. herbæ prodiga multæ
Pascua, lanigerosq. greges, armentaq. læta,
Dicere summatis, gaudentes rure, camœnæ,
Versibus, aut urbana meis spectacula pandam?
Anne opera, ac variis ·litatas mercibus urbes?
Anne salutiferos fontes, amnesq. in amœnis
Vallibus irriguos, et navibus apta vehendis
Flumina commemorem? Seu circum rura beata,
Et nitidas villas, captus vectabor amore?
Nec non fœmineam, quâ flores, Anglia, prolem,
Quamq. omni Charites armârunt arte placendi,
Integer ipse canam; mox bellica gesta virorum,
Exemptumq. suum Neptuno pene tridentem;

Inventasq. artes, sacrataq. nomina Musis;
Haud humili (neq. fas) accingar pangere versu.
Regales usus quas publicus occupat ædes;
Imo mores, ludos, nec inertia gaudia ruris
Musa recensebit, vario lætata labore.
Principis inde pio celebrentur carmine manes;
Et sua sceptra manu non debiliore gerenda;
In tantam incepti spem tollor imagine regni;
Quodq. coronet opus tandem, neq. lassa salubres
Musa refer leges, aras, ac otia gentis;
Otia, queîs vigilat Thetis extra, queîs Themis intra.
Insula tota placet fidâ depicta tabellâ
Poussini, blandivè manu dignissima Claudi.
Robustum procera solum querceta coronant;
Fatidicis quondam Druidis oracula visco
Sacra; sed oceano melius nunc jura datura.
Umbrantur patulis cretosa cacumina fagis;
Silva latus vestit redivivis cædua ramis,
Alitibus latebræ gratæ, pecoriq. ferino;
Canescit glaucis fluvialis ripa salictis;
Gramineos sepes spinosa tuetur agellos;
Triticeâ campi flavescunt messe patentes,
Unde (nec invideo) saturantur et extera regna;
Aut onerat sulcos, siliquâ nigrante, legumen.
Nec procul assurgunt, anfractu vallis opimæ,
Densæ floriferis redimitæ vitibus hastæ,
Cultori ac fisco vectigal grande daturæ.
Infra prata virent, sinuosaq. flumina propter.
Luxuriat sonipes, armentaq. bucera ludunt;
Lanigeriq. greges fastigia glabra coronant;
Hirsutæve scabrâ pendent de rupe capellæ,

&c. &c. &c.


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on 03 December, 2015